

The Dragon Girl

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Adventure, Fantasy

Language: English

Characters: Hiccup, OC, Toothless

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-04-02 03:57:58

Updated: 2015-12-24 02:26:52

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:14:30

Rating: T

Chapters: 48

Words: 106,901

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: This is based off the 1st movie. This story is about Hiccup. One day he is having fun on his dragon, when he encounters a mysterious girl in a black hooded cloak. When he finds out who it is, he also finds out that she knows much more about the conflicts brewing in the dragon world than she cares to let on. What secrets is she hiding and why? (OC x OC), (Toothless x OC)

1. Hiccup's encounter

****Author's note: Cover photo is from devianart. I don't own it****

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV

Okay, I know what you're thinking, that I'm crazy, but I'm telling you, it's true. I saw her. I'm sorry, I'm not making any sense. Let's go back to this morning.

It was a clear, sunny day, not a cloud in sight. Perfect for flying, so naturally Toothless and I couldn't resist. The gang and I were on the cliffs, having fun on our dragons, seeing who could do the best trick (Me and Toothless, obviously), when suddenly, Fishlegs yelled, "Guys, look!". So we looked, and saw a flash of light across the sky, so bright it nearly blinded me. As soon as my eyes adjusted again, I could see that it was a dragon and a rider. They flew right past us and were flying above the beach, to the right of us, then flew out above the ocean, but stayed close. They were doing flips and spins and dives, and were moving so fast that they were almost a blur, and they finally stopped to rest on one of the sea stacks. I could then make out what they looked like. The dragon was a night fury with pearly white scales, and deep golden eyes. The rider wore a cloak, a black hooded cloak. He/She bent over to get something in their saddle bag, and I saw the insignia.

****Flashback****

The figure first showed in the middle of a raid when I was 12 years old. I had been observing the figure, and it took me about 10 minutes before I figured out that it was a girl. She helped all the dragons that we caught get free. She cut through the nets with her daggers, then threw them at any vikings that got near. She flew away on dragons that she set free. Henceforth and forevermore, she would be known as the Dragon Rider. As she rode away, I saw the symbol on the back of her cloak. It was a dragon that I would later find out was a Night Fury. For the next 3 years, she was part of every raid that went on at Berk. The tribe members tried and tried again to kidnap her, but she was too slippery.

****Present Day****

As I saw the insignia, I knew who she was. The people of Berk hadn't seen her since I ended the war between vikings and dragons . She and her dragon began to ascend again and fly off, and like the curious person I was, I decided to follow them. Toothless must've been thinking the same thing, because he watched the dragon and the rider both with something that looked like concern in his eyes for some reason. We lifted off and we were then following them, and catching up to them. When Toothless and I were at least 20 feet away from them, the girl must've heard us, because she turned her head and saw us. Most of her face was covered by a black cloth and the hood of her cloak, but all I could see was her eyes wide with shock, and it was just like looking in a mirror.

2. I need to find her

****Still Hiccup****

She had my eyes, and once I snapped back into reality, I could see her bending down, whispering something in her dragon's ear. Then they started to speed away, but I wouldn't let them get away so easily. Neither would Toothless, and he sped up before I even told him to. They were getting away. "Come on, Bud!" I yelled as the chase heated up. We were getting close, but then they dove straight down into the water. Toothless dove after them. "Toothless, stop!", I said, and he had just barely skimmed the water with his wing. "We'll find them later, Bud" I reassured Toothless. I couldn't figure out why Toothless was so worried about those two, who he didn't even know, or did he? But I had bigger things to worry about, like how I was gonna find that girl. Who was under the cloak? Could it have been who I thought it was? As I headed back to the cliff where I left the gang, I pondered this possibility. When I got back, Astrid had a bone to pick with me. Saw that one coming.

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, what the hell was that all about?! You just took off!

****Me:**** Look, I was trying to figure out what she was doing here.

****Astrid:**** Why would you do that?!

****Fishlegs:**** Yeah, I'm going with Astrid on this one Hiccup. You do realize that was _the_ Dragon Rider you were chasing? You're lucky

that she didn't call one of her dragon friends to do away with you, or that she didn't try doing away with you herself. I mean, what in the name of Thor were you thinking?

****Me:**** Guys, she wouldn't have done either of those things

****Astrid:** ****And** why not?

****Me:** ****I** don't know. I could just tell.

****Later that night****

I couldn't stop thinking about what happened this morning. A million questions buzzed through my head, and I wanted answers. I wasn't sure I could trust my eyes, because I couldn't believe what I had seen, because I saw my eyes in that girl. All I knew was that I had to find her. I had to know, if it was really who I thought it was, and I wasn't going to tell anyone about what I had seen until I was sure. As I drifted off to sleep, I dreamt, and in my dreams, the memories all came back at once.

3. Hiccup's Flashback

****Author's note:** Hey guys. For those of you that haven't read this story, I got the eye color wrong and put hazelish-gray instead of green. For those of you that have read this and are reading this again, and are HTTYD fans, sorry I got the eye color wrong. I changed it to the proper color. ******

* * *

><p>Flashback

When I was little, I had a sister. Her name was Jane. We were identical twins, and we looked exactly alike(except that her hair ended just below her shoulders, her lips were a little fuller, and she had all the feminine features she was born with, but still). We both had the same brown hair, the same hint of freckles on our face, the same emerald green eyes, the same curved jawline (hers was a little more curved than mine, but no one could really tell the difference), the same pale skin, and the same extremely skinny body. We were an odd bunch, us two. We never really fit in with all the other little viking children. We were always the outsiders, we were taunted and teased, but it didn't matter to us, because we had each other. We played together, we shared our food, we always got along, we were partners in crime, and we finished each other's sentences for Thor's sake. Although, Jane and I were different, in a few ways. Back then, she didn't know when to keep her mouth shut so she always spoke her mind. She was extremely clever(I was too, but she used her cleverness in different ways), and she had an unexplainable affinity for dragons. She was always caught hugging the Terrible Terrors being kept in the arena. She didn't see what was wrong with it, but the whole island became wary of her at that point. They get wary of a four-year-old hugging a tiny dragon, how messed up is that? The villagers thought it was just a phase. The children made fun of her and started calling her "The Dragon Girl", and the nickname stuck. She didn't care though, because she had me at least. It was total bliss, but that all came crashing down the night of our 5th birthday.

It was midnight, and the village was in the middle of a dragon raid. We both had an equal sense of curiosity, so naturally, we looked outside the window to see what was going on. Fireball upon fireball was being shot, and viking after viking jumped onto dragon after dragon. Our mother yelled to us "Get away from there!". We obeyed. She came up to us and said "You both are to stay in the house. Do not go outside under any circumstances, understand?". We nodded yes, and she ran outside to join the fight. She told Dad to stay with us. Jane went to look outside the back door. I turned around and watched the raid from the window. I turned around to tell her to come and join me, but she was gone. She must've gone outside, why she did, I didn't know. Yes I could expect her to disobey Dad, but never once did she disobey Mom. I became frightened and I panicked. I wanted to go outside to look for her, but my dad held me back and took me upstairs. It wasn't until half an hour later that I heard my mother come back with Jane in her arms. When she put her down, she gave her a good scolding. After she was done, Jane pleaded something. I couldn't remember what, but I didn't care. I was instantly relieved that she was home. I thought that something terrible had happened to her. I ran downstairs, and wrapped her in a tight hug, and she hugged back. Then our parents sent us up to bed. The next morning, I woke up to find that Jane wasn't asleep in our room. No one had seen her. She had vanished, she was missing. My mother was frantic. She wanted to search for her missing daughter, for no one else would. I wanted to go to, but my mother insisted I stay behind, for fear that she might lose me too. She never came back from that search. The villagers gave us their condolences. I was devastated. I'd lost my mother and my sister. For the next 10 years I was utterly alone._

****Back to the Present****

That night, I dreamt about when my sister disappeared. Not a day passed by when I didn't think about it. I needed to find that girl, to see if it was really her, if it was really my sister. These thoughts took up my mind as I dreamt. 'I have to know' I kept thinking as I slept. 'I have to know, I have to know'.

4. The Rider and her Dragon

****Midnight****

****The islanders of Berk are sleeping and snoring peacefully. Hiccup is still asleep, dreaming of what happened that morning, and of his long-lost sister. Meanwhile...**

****Jane's POV****

We were flying, and we'd been spotted. I heard the flapping of wings, I turned around, and there they were. My eyes went wide with shock, and the boy's gaze mirrored my own. I knew who he was the instant I saw him, and I saw the black Night Fury, Fennrys. I was relieved to see that he had survived. He was a good friend of mine, and a really good friend of Aurora's. The last time we saw him, he was bound and tied up on a burning ship. I was also shocked to see my brother, after all these years. Now that he'd seen me, there was no doubt that he would search for me, and that would just put him at risk, which I really wanted to prevent. What was I thinking? What the hell is wrong with me? How could I have been so stupid?! How? This is what I get for letting my guard down. Now he's going to be looking for me, and

Aurora. I was angry with myself, for putting someone that I cared about at risk. That night, Aurora and I sat in the cove by a fire that we'd lit, and pondered what had happened earlier today.

****Me:**** This is all my fault.

****Aurora:**** It is not your fault, Jane.

****Me:**** Yes it is. I was the one who suggested we go flying.

****Aurora:**** Yes, and I went along with it. If I thought it would've been dangerous, I would've stopped you. Besides, they are the least of our problems.

Uggghhhh. Sometimes, I hated it when she was right. We should be worried, not about being discovered by islanders, but about being caught by the ones who wanted us dead, but I was still mad at myself. We had to keep our identities an airtight secret, to ensure our safety, and to keep from putting anyone else in danger. With that, I curled up next to Aurora and I knew, that no matter how hard I tried, I wouldn't get even the tiniest wink of sleep.

* * *

><p>After Jane falls asleep, Aurora is still awake, thinking about Fennrys.

****Aurora's POV****

After what I'd seen today, I still couldn't believe it. Fenn was alive. He'd survived the fire. When I saw him today, it was like a gigantic weight had been lifted off my shoulders, I was that relieved. As I sat by the fire, I thought about the last time I'd seen him, about what he said to me, which was something that I had carried with me, something that weighed on me until I saw him this morning:

****Flashback****

_It happened the day the Red Death was being fought. They'd captured Fenn so he would lead them to Dragon Island. I was so frightened that the vikings would kill him once they were done with him, so I insisted that Jane and I should go to Dragon Island and save him. We'd arrived on one of the mountains ledges and my eyes searched for Fenn. I finally saw him, in a burning ship, struggling to get out of his binds. "Jane, I'm sorry, but I have to save him", I said. I immediately flew down to the burning ship and started to melt the metal bars. _

**Fenn:** Aurora, what are you doing?_

**Me:** What does it look like I'm doing? I'm getting you out of here_

**Fenn:** Aurora, you need to go, now._

**Me:** I'm not leaving here without you!_

**Fenn:** Aurora-_

**Me:** What?!_

**Fenn:** Listen to me (pauses), I love you. I have loved you ever since the day that we met, and I don't want to see you die today, alright?! Now go!_

**Me:** Fenn, I-_

**Fenn:** Go!_

I didn't want to leave him, but I didn't have a choice, because I needed to keep my existence a secret for the time being. That and Jane had sent a Nadder to fetch me.

* * *

><p>Present Day; Still Midnight; Still Aurora

All these thoughts and memories flooded through my mind as I stared into the fire. They haunted me to this day. They filled me with regret. How could I have been so selfish, thinking about how I would be discovered by Vikings? I should've stayed with him, I should've gotten him out of there, despite the consequences. I should've told him how I felt about him, but I couldn't think about that right now. I stomped out the fire, and drifted off to sleep, thinking about what I would say to Fenn when I got to see him again.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Hey guys. Just a heads-up, this story is gonna have a ton of flashbacks. And I know that a few things aren't explained in this chapter, like how Aurora and Fenn met, and how exactly Jane is talking to her dragon and all that, but I promise it'll all be explained as the story unfolds, don't you worry. Disclaimer: I don't own HTTYD, and most of the names that I use for the characters are from books that I've read and movies that I've seen.

5. The night she disappeared

Jane's POV

As it turned out, I actually did get some sleep. I dreamt of that night that I snuck out, and I dreamt about what had happened, what I had done. In my dreams, it was literally like taking a walk down memory lane.

Flashback/Dream Sequence

_I was standing in my house and I was 5 years old again. My brother and I were leaning so close together, looking out the window, trying to watch the fight. My mother was yelling at us to get away from the window, ordering us not to go outside. I went to the back door, hearing cries for help, but to my brother and my father, they sounded like shrill, high-pitched roars. My curiosity got the better of me. I looked over my shoulder to make sure that my brother and my father weren't watching, and I snuck out the back door. I followed the sound

into the woods, where I had gone on that day, ten years ago. I was following the cries for help, and they came from a young Nadder, about the size of one of our sheep. I instantly knew that it was a girl (at the time I didn't know how I knew that, but I would find out later on). She was trapped in one of the dragon nets that my father and a group of his vikings had set up earlier that day. "Help, Help!" she screamed. I looked at the little Nadder and saw her face, a mix of fear and terror. So I did what I thought was right. I bent down, took off my dragon tooth necklace that I always kept sharp, and started to cut the net loose. When I had finished, the little Nadder ran off, and I had started run back home before my family noticed I was gone, when I heard a voice calling for me. "Wait, hey wait up!" it said. I turned around to find that it was the young Nadder, and she'd brought her mother with her. "Look mommy, look. This is the little human girl that helped me get out of the net. Look mommy!" the little Nadder squealed. I was terrified, because at that time, I had never been that up close to a fully grown dragon before. The mother Nadder walked toward me, bent low to the ground so she met my eyes, and said with deep gratitude, "Thank you, for saving my Neveah". I was speechless; I didn't know what to say. 'Neveah' walked over to me and nuzzled me affectionately. "Bye", she chimed, and rode away on her mother's back. That was the first time I realized, that I had the gift. I was a Dragon Whisperer. Little did I know, my mother saw the whole thing, and I didn't realize it until she grabbed me from behind, and carried me as she ran back home. She took me inside, and put me down. "What did I tell ye?! You were not to leave this house. You could've been killed!" she scolded. "But mommy, that little dragon needed my help. Her mommy even told me thank you", I pleaded. My father looked at me, with concerned eyes. "What did she just say?" said my father, his tone in-denial, as if not wanting to believe what he just heard. Just then, Hiccup ran into the room, wrapped me in a hug, and held on tight, as if he'd never let go. Then our parents sent us up to bed. But after what had happened to me that night, I was giddy with excitement. I wasn't gonna tell anyone about it, not even my brother, because I thought if I did, I'd never get to see dragons up close again, and I didn't want that to be taken from me. So I held my tongue, and laid down to go to sleep, but I couldn't though, because I couldn't stop thinking about dragons. I'd just been lying in my bed awake for a few hours, and everyone else was asleep, or so I thought. I heard someone coming upstairs, so I quickly shut my eyes, and pretended to be asleep. I felt myself being picked up and carried out of the house, and thenâ€¦|_

6. The search is on

****Morning; Still Jane****

I woke up. The sky was a blend of dark purple and pale yellow light, the dawn of a new day. Aurora was still asleep, and curled up next to me, warmth radiating from inside her. No wonder I slept like a log. I walked over to the pond and splashed my face, then looked at my reflection. I thought of my dreams, how I'd lived through my memories, about what had happened to me all those years ago, of being carried out of the house and what happened after. It hurt too much to remember, so I pushed the memory aside. I saw Aurora stretching out her wings as she was waking up. She looked over at me, and saw my lost-in-thought expression. Her golden eyes bore into me, giving me a look that said: 'I know something's wrong'.

****Aurora:**** Alright, what's the matter?

****Me:**** What do you think is the matter Aurora?

****Aurora:**** Jane, you know we're gonna have come out of hiding sooner or later.

****Me:**** I know, just not yet. Not until I'm sure I can trust him.

****Aurora:**** Jane, he's your brother. From what you've told me, you two were pretty solid.

****Me:**** Yes Aurora, were being the key word.

****Aurora:** ****Jane,** are you sure this is about trust, or are you just afraid?

She knew me too well. I opened my mouth to say something, but then I pulled back. It was pointless to argue with Aurora, when she was right at least. And she was right, I was afraid. Afraid that showing back up in my brother's life would put him in even more danger. Afraid that he'd be angry with me for disappearing all those years ago, without a word, thinking that I ran away. If only he knew the truth about what really happened. Aurora and I went off on our morning hunt, checking our snare traps like we normally did. Aurora had just been finished killing a wild boar, when we heard rustling of the bushes. I immediately mounted Aurora and we flew up to a high and surprisingly thick tree branch. We looked down and saw my brother and Fennrys, with a blonde girl that I remembered nothing good about.

****Hiccup's POV****

I woke up this morning determined to find the girl in the cloak. I cancelled class and prepared for my search. I packed a big lunch for myself and Toothless, because I figured it was gonna be a long day. We were just about to head out the back door, when I heard a knock at the front. I opened the door, and sure enough it was Astrid.

****Me:**** Astrid, hey uh, what are you doing here? (sounding nervous)

****Astrid:**** I wanna know what's going on.

****Me:**** Why would you assume that something's going on?

****Astrid:**** Because A) you've been acting weird since yesterday when you chased the Dragon Rider, and B) you cancelled class, so out with it.

She had this determined look on her face, and it didn't look like she was going anywhere, anytime soon, so I figured I may as well tell her what I was doing.

****Me:**** Astrid, I'm going after the Dragon Rider

****Astrid:**** What?! Are you nuts?!

****Me:**** Why does everyone keep asking me that? (Annoyed)

****Astrid:**** Because you basically have a death wish. Hiccup, what are you thinking? This is the Dragon Rider we're talking about. I think you should just leave her alone. That's kind of what she wants, right? What if she tries to kill you?

****Me:**** Don't you think that if she wanted to kill me, she would've done it by now?

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, why are you suddenly so set on finding this girl?

****Me:**** I can't tell you

****Astrid:**** Why not?

****Me:**** Look Astrid, I am asking you to please just trust me on this one, okay?

****Astrid:**** You're going through with this no matter what I say, aren't you?

****Me:**** Yes

****Astrid:**** Okay, but I'm coming with you

****Me:**** Astrid-

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, you're asking me to trust you on this and I am. But just in case the Dragon Rider tries anything, someone needs to be there to kick her ass. Might as well be me.

As soon as she said that, Toothless started to growl at her.

****Astrid:**** What's his problem?

****Me:**** I don't know. _He's _been acting weird since yesterday morning.

****Astrid:**** Maybe he _knows_ the Dragon Rider

****Me:**** Maybe.

****Astrid:**** Alright, let's get going.

So now here we are, in the woods, searching for the one who I knew just might be my long-lost sister. We'd heard rustling in the woods, and we followed the sound. No one was there, except a dead wild boar that we found by a tree along the outskirts of the forest. Its blood was fresh, and coming out of what looked like a bite mark. They must be close. Toothless glanced at the wild boar for a split second, and immediately his eyes darted around, like he was looking for something, or someone. He looked up for a few seconds at the tree, and then started to run back into the woods.

****Me:**** Hey Astrid, I think Toothless found something.

****Astrid:**** Alright, let's go.

7. No more hiding

****Jane's POV****

When Fenn looked up at us, I shook my head 'no'. I gave him a terrified look that said, 'No, Fenn please, don't give us away'. He seemed to get the message, and started to head back into the forest, acting like he had caught the scent or something, and the other's followed him. I hadn't realized I was holding my breath until it came out as soon as they were gone. That was way too close. I looked over at Aurora and she was looking in the direction that Fenn had gone. We headed back to the cove, and went under the large tree roots that hung over the rock walls of it. We were going to stay out of sight, out of mind, until nightfall. When the sky finally went dark, we slowly inched out from under the tree roots. Aurora's scales gleamed and glimmered in the moonlight, and I saw this expression of sorrow on her face. I knew instantly what was causing it. She wanted to see Fenn, so badly, but she knew she couldn't, because she knew that she had to protect him. I hated seeing her in pain, I really did. I suddenly understood why she wasn't worried about being seen that day. I walked over to her, and hugged her around her neck. She leaned into me, appreciating my attempt to comfort her.

****Aurora:**** Jane, I'm tired of hiding

****Me:**** I know, me too

****Aurora:**** Really? (looking me in the eye)

****Me:**** Yes. Believe it or not, I wanna see my brother

Aurora laughed quietly at that.

****Aurora:**** Jane, when can we stop hiding?

****Me:**** Soon. We just need the right time to come out (stroking the back of Aurora's neck, looking up at the night sky)

****Aurora:**** When is that time?

****Me:**** I don't know

* * *

><p>The next morning

I woke up, and I'd been thinking about what Aurora said last night. I couldn't go check the snare traps after what happened yesterday. I was going to have to get breakfast the old fashioned way. I'd left Aurora a note that said: "Gone hunting, be back soon, J". I took out my favorite throwing/hunting knives and into the woods I went. I'd killed 3 rabbits, and 1 wild boar, which should've sufficed, and I carried them back to the cove (I am strong for a 90-pound-girl). Aurora was awake by the time I got back.

****Aurora:**** (looking at the food) Nice catch. That for both of us?

****Me:**** Yeah. Hey, I've been thinking about what you said, and you're

right, we should stop hiding.

****Aurora:**** But?

****Me:**** But we have to plan this carefully. We can't just rush in there. We might cause a riot.

****Aurora:**** True, so what's the plan?

****Me:**** First we need a new hideout

We waited until late evening, until we were sure that everyone on the island had gone to sleep. We packed up all our things, our knives, our saddlebag, and all that, got out of the cove, and headed to Changewing Island, which was only about, half an hour by air-travel. Once we got there, we found a spot to settle down, and started to come up with a plan.

* * *

><p>One week later

Once we had finished perfecting our plan, we packed and prepared. We left for Berk that night to put the first part of our plan into place. Aurora flew at her one of her top speeds, which shaved 25 minutes off the normal time it would've taken us on any other day, and she didn't even break a sweat. We arrived in the woods near the chief's house. We sat in a tree, and waited. I could see in the window of the bedroom that Hiccup and I used to share, and would share again, if all went according to plan. Hiccup came up the stairs and into the room. He looked really distressed, and a wave of guilt swept over me. I had to do this. I had to make things right with him. So Aurora and I got into position. "Now", I whispered. She shot a fireball down next to the bedroom window, and then we flew into the next tree back, watching if Hiccup would get the message that only he would be able to see.

8. Day of Reckoning

****Hiccup's POV****

I've been searching for her for the past week. I was beginning to lose hope, and then I heard the blast. It came from outside my bedroom window. I ran downstairs and went outside. I looked at the burn mark and I couldn't believe my eyes.

****Villagers:**** She's declarin' war on us- We need to find her and kill her before she destroys us all!

****Me:**** No! No one's going to kill her. She doesn't want to hurt anyone

****A villager:**** How are you to know that?! (Panicked and frightened)

****Me:**** Because if she wanted to declare war on us or destroy us all, she would have dragons attacking us from all sides

****Dad:**** Everyone go home, and get some rest. We've got it under

control

Everyone went home, while Dad and I thought about what this meant.

****Dad:**** Alright, well what do ye suppose she wants?

****Me:**** I think she wanted to get my attention

****Dad:**** What do ye suppose she wants with ye?

****Me:**** She wants to talk to me

What my Dad didn't know, was that in the burn mark, there was a message, a message that somehow, I knew only I was able to see. The message said:

_If you want answers, meet us at the cove tomorrow, when the sun is at its highest. You may bring your dragon, but you must come alone. Don't be late- _

The Dragon Rider

As I read the message, I knew what I had to do. I was going to the cove tomorrow, and no one was going to stop me.

* * *

><p>Once Jane saw that Hiccup got the message, she and Aurora headed back to the cove to prepare for the next day.

****Jane's POV****

We did it. We'd put the first part of the plan into action, and there was no turning back. Aurora and I were sitting in the cove. The moon was full, so there was no need for a fire.

****Me:**** We did it. This is it

****Aurora:**** I'm gonna see him. I'm gonna see Fenn

****Me:**** And I'm gonna see my brother. (Pause) Are you nervous?

****Aurora:**** Completely. What I'm I gonna say to him?

****Me:**** Tell him how you feel about him

****Aurora:**** Are you sure?

****Me:**** Listen, I've known about Fenn's feelings for you for a while now. He loves you, and he needs to know that you love him. You can do this.

****Aurora:**** I know, I'm just, afraid. What about you, are you nervous?

****Me:**** You know it. What if Hiccup is angry with me?

****Aurora:**** Jane, your brother's been feverishly trying to find you for the past week. Maybe he just wants to talk to you

****Me:**** I hope you're right

With that, we both drifted off to sleep. Tomorrow, after 10 years, I would see my brother, and Aurora would see her loved one, and everything would be set right.

* * *

><p>Morning; Hiccup's POV

I woke up, and shook Toothless. He awoke with a low growl, and I knew he was grumpy. He didn't know about the message, he couldn't see it. "Hey bud, we're going to see them today. The rider and her dragon", I said, trying to give him some motive to get out of bed. It worked. As soon as I said we were going to see them, he shot up from his bed and started to dart all around the room, grabbing his tail flap and my vest and running downstairs and coming back up with stuff that we might need. He gave me a look that said, 'Come on Hiccup, we're burning daylight!'. We went downstairs to get some breakfast, and I thought about what was going to happen today. What was going to happen today? Could she really be my sister? Was the message in my head? And if it wasn't, was she telling the truth? I would just have to find out. Just then, I heard a knock at the door. It was Astrid.

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, you didn't show up for class again. What is it? Did you find her?

****Me:**** Yes, and I'm going to meet her today.

****Astrid:**** You're going to meet her today? Then I'm coming with you

****Me:**** Astrid, please-

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, how am I supposed to trust you on this if I don't know what's going on? What aren't you telling me?

****Me:**** Listen, if all goes well with this meeting, then everything will be explained, I promise, ok?

****Astrid:**** How can I know for sure that it went well if I don't come along?

****Me:**** You'll just have to trust me. Besides, she wants me to come alone.

****Astrid:**** And why are you letting her call all the shots? Hiccup, we have to think this through.

****Me:**** I have thought it through. I'm going alone, alright? And you're not coming with me, end of discussion.

Astrid looked hurt and irritated, so she stalked off to the arena, to tell everyone that class was cancelled again. Toothless and I waited patiently, and before we knew it, the sun was directly overhead. We ascended and headed to the cove, and waited. She was there, but she

was hiding, I just knew it. I started to look around the top of the cove, in the trees, just waiting for her to come out, waiting for her to finally show her face.

9. Moment of truth

****Jane's POV****

Aurora and I woke up this morning, knowing that everything would be set right. I didn't know what I would say to my brother when I saw him, if he even came at all. Aurora had this far-off and frightened look on her face, and I knew why. We were so terrified. We didn't know what was gonna happen, but we just had to hope that everything would work itself out the way it was supposed to. Aurora and I had just finished our morning hunt and lunch. We looked up, and the sun was directly overhead. It was time. This was it. We headed back to the cove, but stayed out of sight. We'd found them both, just waiting, and waiting. I was instantly relieved. He was down there, with Fenn. They had both come. As soon as we landed, Fenn's ears pricked up, alerting them both of our presence. Hiccup started to look around the top of the cove, his eyes searching for us.

****Hiccup:**** I know you're there. I'm here. I came just like you asked in your message. Now please, just, just come out.

His voice faltered a bit, he was having doubts, and I could feel it. I smiled. It was good to see that our twin telepathy was still intact after all these years. I was at the top of the cove, and his back was to me. I mounted Aurora, and we flew above the cove, landing gracefully behind them, literally without a sound. Not even Fenn could hear us. This was it, the moment of truth, no turning back.

****Me:**** I was wondering when you'd show up

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV

When I heard her voice, I turned around startled, jumping a little. I couldn't believe it. The Dragon Rider was standing right in front of me. This was the closest that anyone has ever gotten to the Dragon Rider. "Are you alright? I didn't mean to startle you" she said as she was scratching her dragon behind the ear.

****Me:**** Uh, yeah I'm fine

****Dragon Rider:**** That's good

****Me:**** So, what do you want with me exactly?

****Dragon Rider:**** I might ask you the same thing, seeing as you were the one who was searching feverishly for me the past week. I figured we could take it somewhere more quiet, where we wouldn't cause a ruckus, wouldn't you agree Hiccup?

****Me:**** Yeah, I guess. Wait, how did you know my name?

She didn't say anything, and she looked away. I had to know who she was. I had to.

****Me:**** Who_ are_ you?

****Dragon Rider:**** No one of consequence

****Me:**** You didn't answer my question. Who _are_ you?

She turned to face me. She wore her cloak and the black cloth that covered her face from the eyes down. She pulled the hood over more so her face went deeper into it. She reached in, and undid the cloth that covered her face, and pulled it out. Then, ever so slowly, she pulled back the hood. What I saw next, I couldn't believe. It was her. It was my sister. She was here, right now, after 10 years she was here, with me. I was speechless; I didn't know what to say. Even after 10 years, it was still like looking in a mirror. I walked toward her slowly, and thankfully, she didn't back away. I carefully reached out my hand, and placed my palm on her cheek. She smiled, a deep, happy, closed mouthed smile, and leaned into my palm. We both exhaled a little, and I quickly put my arms around her shoulders, pulling her into a tight hug, which she reciprocated. My sister, my best friend, was back in my life, and I wasn't planning letting her go, anytime soon.

10. Reunited

****Jane's POV****

I didn't realize how much I'd missed my brother until now. We hugged each other in such a tight embrace, that we almost couldn't breathe. Hiccup slowly pulled back until he was an arm's length away from me, his hands still on my shoulders. "You're here", he said, barely a whisper.

****Hiccup:**** This is unbelievable (still shocked)

****Me:**** Yeah, I know. It's so good to see you

****Hiccup:**** It's good to see _you_. _I_-

****Me:**** You missed your big sister? (joking, light-hearted tone)

****Hiccup:**** Like you wouldn't believe.

****Me:**** (laugh/exhale) I missed you too

****Hiccup:**** Glad to hear it (looks at Aurora, who is standing beside me). Who's this?

****Me:**** This is Aurora

****Hiccup:**** She's beautiful (reaches out to touch her, and then looks at me). Can I?

****Me:**** Of course

Hiccup reached out his hand again, and Aurora lifted her head to it.

She started to nuzzle him, and then her gaze shifted to Fenn. Hiccup noticed me looking at Fenn, and got up from scratching Aurora under her chin.

****Hiccup:**** Do you know Toothless?

****Me:**** Yes I do, actually. We go way back. His real name is Fennrys, but we call him Fenn for short

****Hiccup:**** Really?

****Me:**** Yeah. Dragon parents like to give their kids cool names like that.

****Hiccup:**** Do you speak Dragonese?

****Me:**** No. I don't

****Hiccup:**** Then how can you talk to dragons?

****Me:**** It's a long story

It continued like that for the rest of the afternoon. He asked me question upon question upon question relentlessly, and I couldn't remember the last time I talked so much. He asked me about all my adventures, the dragons I had saved, what I knew about them, what it was like to be the Dragon Rider, and how I met Aurora, but I answered most of his questions with "All in good time, Hiccup". We also talked a little about him.

****Me:**** Enough about me. I'm not the hero here. You're the one that killed the Red Death

****Hiccup:**** Yeah. Wait, how did you know?

****Me:**** I was there long enough to see the Red Death go up in flames. It was awesome. (Pause) I'm so proud of you (hugging him)

****Hiccup:**** What were you doing there?

****Me:**** I'll tell you later (getting up, picking up the saddlebag and packing)

****Hiccup:**** Whoa, where are you going?

****Me:**** I think I'm gonna take Aurora and head out

****Hiccup:**** You can't leave, you just got here

****Me:**** I've been back on Berk for 3 years

****Hiccup:**** Yeah, well you know what I mean. Look you don't have to go, you can come home

****Me:**** Really?

****Hiccup:**** Of course you can. You could even join the Dragon Academy

****Me:**** I'm not sure it's a good idea (sounding uncertain). I mean, I would love to come home, but joining the Dragon Academyâ€¦|.

****Hiccup:**** Listen, I promise, everything is gonna be just fine. Okay? You can sleep on it

****Me:**** (sigh) Alright

****Hiccup:**** Now come on, let's go home

****Me:**** (smiling) Okay

It was sunset by the time we all started to walk home. The sky was a blend of pink and purple and pale gold. It was always a sight to behold. I was waiting outside the bedroom window. My heart was beating so hard I thought it might fall out of my chest.

****Hiccup:**** What's wrong?

****Me:**** I don't know. I guess I'm just nervous. I haven't been here in so long.

****Hiccup:**** There's nothing to be afraid of. I promise

He and Fenn flew through the window and settled all of their stuff in the room. "Jane?", Aurora questioned.

****Me:**** I'm fine. Take me up

****Aurora:**** Are you sure?

****Me:**** Yeah, I'm fine.

****Me:** ****(Talking to myself as Aurora takes me up)** I can do this, I can do this

Aurora took me through the window, and I was in my room again. It hadn't changed a bit, except that my bed was gone. They must've removed it after I 'disappeared'. Figures.

****Hiccup:**** I don't think Dad's home yet. You can look around if you want

****Me:**** Thanks

I walked around the bedroom and took it all in. I walked downstairs, running my fingers along the rough, wooden wall that was lined with shields. I remembered the fire pit in the middle of the living room. I remember I used to sit by it with Hiccup for dinner, when we shared our mutton and smoked fish or whatever we had for dinner. I smiled at the memory. I went back upstairs to wait for my dad. Hiccup had more questions for me.

****Hiccup:**** I almost forgot to ask, how did that message work, the one in the burn mark?

****Me:**** Oh you mean the flame message? It's a form of communication between dragons, and only humans with a strong connection to dragons can read the messages within the flame. Either that or the dragon has

to will the message to be shown to an, unsighted human we'll call it. The dragon simply has to think of what to say in the message, then they simply have to fire, and the message is either shown in a burn mark or it shows itself in a mid-air . Does that make sense?

****Hiccup:**** Yeah. That's pretty amazing. (Pauses) One more thing.

****Me:**** Yeah?

****Hiccup:**** The night you disappeared, did you run away?

I nodded my head 'no'. I didn't really want to bring up such a sensitive subject. I would tell him soon, but I didn't know when.

****Hiccup:**** Do you remember anything about that night?

****Me:**** Yes, and I don't really want to talk about it.

****Hiccup:**** Oh, okay. (Pauses) I'm sorry

****Me:**** No, no it's fine.

Just then, we heard the door open and slam shut. I saw a flash of a red beard. My father. My heart started to beat out of my chest again. I was standing at the top of the stairs, and you couldn't imagine the shock and surprise on his face the second he laid eyes on me.

11. Getting Settled and Making Confessions

****Author's Note:** Hey guys. If you hate chick-flicks, skip this chapter. Just a heads-up**

* * *

><p>Jane's POV

My dad stood there for a good 10 minutes, bug-eyed, and open-mouthed. Hiccup came and stood next to me at the top of the stairs. I didn't want to look at my father, not after-

I pushed the memory aside, because it threatened to bring tears to my eyes, and put on a brave face for Hiccup.

****Me:**** Stoick (formal tone)

****Dad:**** Jane. (Pauses) It's you. How-

****Hiccup:**** Hey Dad. Did I tell you we had a visitor? (nervous and excited)

****Dad:**** No son, ye didn't.

I walked down to the bottom of the stairs. He put down the buckets of fish he was carrying, and wrapped me in a tight embrace, just as Hiccup did, only Dad was much more muscular, so I almost literally had the life squeezed out of me. He then let go so he could get a

good look at me.

****Dad:**** How, how are ye here? (talking to me)

****Hiccup:**** She wanted to meet with me

****Dad:**** What do ye mean she wanted to meet with ye?

****Hiccup:**** (looks at me, then Dad) Uh, Dad? There's something you need to know. You may wanna sit down for this.

Dad gave him a puzzled look. I knew what Hiccup was talking about. I tied the black cloth around my neck so it covered my mouth, and pulled the hood of my cloak over my head. My dad looked at me with his eyes bugged out even more than they were 10 minutes ago.

****Dad:**** You. You're-

****Me:**** Yes. I'm the Dragon Rider. It was me this entire time. Is that so hard to believe?

My dad went to sit down. He got the same look he did 10 years ago, when I claimed that I spoke to a young Nadder. Going home was part of the plan, but I hadn't thought that part through like I did the rest.

****Me:**** I'm sorry. This was a bad idea. I shouldn't have come. (Pause) I should probably leave.

****Hiccup and Dad:**** NO!

****Dad: ****(Pauses) I'm sorry. It's just a lot to take in all at once

I didn't believe him for one second, but Hiccup was in the room, so my dad and I would settle our issues later.

****Dad:**** Are ye stayin'?

****Me:**** I guess so

****Dad:**** Alright, well in that case, we'll have to build ye a new bed. Hiccup, you'll be sleepin' downstairs 'till it's finished

****Me:**** No, no. It's fine. I can sleep on the floor upstairs.

****Dad:**** Are ye sure?

****Me:**** Yeah, absolutely.

So that night, I was in my room again, and I was getting ready to go to sleep. Aurora had this distant look on her face, as she so often did lately. I knew what it was about, and I also knew that everything would work itself out the way it was supposed to.

* * *

><p>After Jane and Hiccup are asleep, Fennrys and Aurora are still awake, thinking about the unresolved things between them. Aurora goes outside to think, and is unaware that Fenn has followed her.

****Aurora's POV****

I went outside because I couldn't sleep. I couldn't sleep because I needed to talk to Fenn. I needed to tell him how I felt. It was a full moon, and I couldn't help but notice that my scales illuminated as the moonlight touched me.

****Fenn:**** (coming up from behind) Hey.

****Me:**** (jumping startled and gasps, then looks behind) Oh Fenn, it's just you.

The full moon shone on him, making his usually jet black scales look midnight bluish.

****Fenn:**** I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scare you

****Me:**** No, no. It's fine (Pauses, then bites lip) Hey, can we talk?

****Fenn:**** Of course.

He followed me into the woods, and we kept walking until we reached the peak where Jane and I had been spotted. I stopped and sat, staring at the stars as I so often did. Fenn sat next to me, which made my heart flutter.

****Fenn:**** Is this about what I said?

I nodded 'yes'. He sighed and looked away, as if he were ashamed.

****Me:**** What? What's the matter?

****Fenn: ****Nothing. I-

He turned to face me, his light green eyes wearing nothing except sincerity.

****Fenn:**** I meant what I said, you know. And I'm sorry if it makes you feel cornered or fenced in, but I'm not sorry about what I feel for you

****Me:**** I know you're not sorry, and believe me, that's the last thing I want you to be, because-

I turned and looked away. I was afraid, but I didn't know why. He had already told me that he loved me, and that meant I could trust him with something like this. So why was I holding back?

****Fenn:**** Because?

****Me:**** (turning to face him, taking a deep breath in) Because I love you too

****Fenn:**** (Takes a shaky breath in, and speaks at barely a whisper)
You love me?

****Me:**** Yes, I do. I always have.(Pause) Do you remember that day,
when you first told me you loved me?

****Fenn:**** Of course I do. How could I forget?

****Me:**** I thought about it all the time. It haunted me to this
day

****Fenn:**** Why?

****Me:**** Because it makes me regret not doing what I should've done. I
should've stayed with you, and helped you get out. I
should've-

****Fenn:**** Shhh- (pause) Come here

I walked over to him and he covered me with his wing, pulling me to
him, resting his head on my own, and we just sat there for
Thor-knows-how-long. That was the best night of my life. With him, I
felt safe, warm and loved. He stepped back and retracted his wing. He
was looking at me again, and he wore an affectionate
smile.

****Fenn:**** So what now?

****Me:**** We go back to the house, and we get some sleep,
okay?

****Fenn:**** Okay (sounding a little disappointed, but still
smiling)

It must've been midnight by the time we got back to the house. We
went upstairs to Jane and Hiccup's room. Jane was asleep on the floor
still. Fenn laid down on his wood slab that he usually slept on, his
tail curling around his body, and I went and curled up in my own
little corner close to him.

****Me:**** Goodnight

****Fenn:**** Goodnight. (Pause) I love you

****Me:**** I love you too Fenn.

* * *

><p>After Aurora had gone to sleep, Fennrys had walked over
to her and laid down next to her, covering her with his wing, and
Aurora scooted closer to him, closing off any distance between them.
Fennrys smiled and rested his head on Aurora's, and drifted off to
blissful sleep, knowing that he was loved by his beloved.

* * *

><p>Author's Note: Hey guys. I told you on my profile that I
was a complete and total sap, and it shows in this chapter. For all
you chick-flick haters out there that read this chapter anyway,
thanks for bearing with me.

12. Going to the Arena

****Jane's POV****

It was morning. I woke up to find that Aurora wasn't curled up next to me like she was last night. Instead, I found in the left corner of the room near Fenn's wooden slab that she was all curled up and snuggly under Fenn's wing, and I could only assume that they both finally knew how they felt about each other. I got up from the floor and surprisingly, there was a mirror on the wall. I walked over to it, and looked at myself. I still had on my Dragon Rider outfit, which included my cloak, black elbow-length gloves, snug black animal skin shoes that went above my ankles, black leggings, and a black sleeveless tunic with a wide black leather belt. I took off my cloak and hung it on Hiccup's bedpost, took off my gloves and ran my fingers through my hair. I looked at my brother, who was just now stretching and waking up.

****Me:** Morning.**

****Hiccup:** Hey. How long have you been up?**

****Me:** Not that long. 5 minutes**

My eyes drifted back to Aurora and Fenn. Seeing them together always warmed my heart. I looked away and smiled a deep smile.

****Hiccup:** What are you smiling about? (mock coy tone)**

****Me:** Them (inclining my head towards Fenn and Aurora)**

****Hiccup:** Awww. That's so cute.**

****Me:** You say it's cute, but really, I think it's actually sort of beautiful**

****Hiccup:** Really? (puzzled tone)**

****Me:** Well yeah. You haven't been with them as long as I have. It is beautiful, what they have between them, especially since they're supposed to hate each other.**

****Hiccup:** What do you mean they're supposed to hate each other?**

Damn it, I slipped up. Stupid, stupid, stupid. That war kind of had something to do with the ones that wanted Aurora and I dead, and I couldn't have Hiccup asking questions. I figured I might as well tell him about the conflict though. I mean, what harm could it do, right?

****Me:** Black and White Night Furies have been at war for over a thousand years.**

****Hiccup:** Why? What could've happened between them?**

****Me:** I'll tell you everything later, okay? Let's get some breakfast**

I went downstairs and found some bread to eat. When Aurora and Fenn woke up, I was going to give them such a hard time, because I didn't think I would be able to resist.

* * *

><p>Aurora's POV

I woke up to find Fenn up against me, his wing covering me. I sighed dreamily, and got up to stretch. I went over to Fenn and nuzzled his head, then his neck. His eyes fluttered open and he yawned, and then looked at me.

****Fenn:**** Morning (whispers)

****Me:**** Hey

He got up and stretched, came over to me and nuzzled me, then we went downstairs. Sure enough, Jane was waiting for us. She had this coy smile on her face, and I instantly knew what it was about. I knew it was coming. I was glad that dragons couldn't blush, because I felt the heat rushing to my cheeks.

****Jane:**** Morning

****Me:**** Hey

****Jane:**** You and Fenn looked awfully cozy this morning. (clearly enjoying this)

****Me:**** As a matter of fact, yes, we were. (matter of fact tone)

I was cozy with Fenn, and I wasn't ashamed, not in the least.

* * *

><p>Jane's POV

Hiccup and I finished breakfast and Dad had gone out to do his chief responsibilities.

****Me:**** Hiccup, shouldn't you be headed off to your class?

****Hiccup:**** Yes. Oh, that reminds me._ You_ are coming to the arena with us today

****Me:**** Wait, what? Hiccup, I don't know. I'm not sure that's a good idea

****Hiccup:**** (looks at Fenn) Toothless what do you think? Should they come to the academy?

****Fenn:**** Hell yeah! (to Hiccup, it sounds like a roar of agreement)

****Hiccup:**** See, Toothless thinks you should.

****Me:**** Aurora, what do you think? Should we?

****Aurora:**** I don't see why not

****Hiccup:**** What did she say?

****Me:**** She doesn't see why not

****Hiccup:**** Then it's settled.

****Me:**** Yeah, but we should leave right now. It's not totally bright yet, so we can sneak into the arena without being seen, but we have to hurry.

****Hiccup:**** Alright, let's go

* * *

<p>Hiccup's POV

It was still sunrise. Jane and Aurora were able to sneak into one of the back entrances without being seen. They were outside of the arena, but staying right outside the door, which surprisingly had no openings that enabled someone to see inside like one of the dragon cage doors. I waited until all the class members had come. It was time to come clean.

****Fishlegs:**** Okay, is class back on for real this time?

****Astrid:**** Fishlegs, he obviously had more important things to do (still a little hurt and annoyed)

****Me:**** Astrid not now, please. Look guys I'm sorry, but it was important

****Snotlout:**** Pfft, yeah right

****Me:**** Okay, Snotlout, I do not have time to deal with your crap right now, so for once could you just pull your head out of your ass and shut up?!

This seemed to startle him, so he raised his hands in retreat and backed off.

****Me:**** Thank you. Now guys, we have a visitor

****Fishlegs:**** A visitor?

****Me:**** Yes. Now it took a lot for me to get this person here today, and this visitor is the reason why I cancelled class, so please, please be nice.

I walked to the back of the arena and lifted the lever that opened the door. Slowly but surely, Jane and Aurora walked inside. All the fellow dragon trainers' mouths dropped open, their eyes nearly popping out of their heads as the Dragon Rider walked towards them, stroking a pearly white Night Fury with deep golden reptilian eyes that could put you in a trance.

****Author's note:** Hey guys. Sorry I got the Zippleback names mixed up. I fixed them.**

* * *

<p>Still Hiccup

They all stared in awe, because they couldn't believe what they were seeing. They stood there for a good 5 minutes with their mouths wide open. The Dragon Rider was standing in the arena, 10 feet away from them.

****Fishlegs:**** Are you guys seeing this?

****Astrid:**** I can't believe it. You actually found her.

****Fishlegs:**** With a _White _Night Fury, I might add.

****Snotlout:**** What is she doing here? What does she want?

****Fishlegs:**** I mean, I didn't even know those existed. (Pause) Is the Dragon Rider only reason you cancelled class, Hiccup?

****Me:**** No, not the only reason.

Astrid glanced at me, and then started to walk towards my sister, raising her ax against Jane's throat. I immediately got panicked.

****Astrid:**** Okay, who are you, and what do you want? (menacing tone)

****Me:**** Astrid, put it down, now. (stern voice)

****Jane:**** (amused) Listen to Hiccup. I mean really Astrid, violence isn't the way to go, _if _you want to be in my good graces. Threatening me doesn't serve anyone any purpose. So tell me something, do I frighten you?

My sister's tone carried a hint of smugness, and she never faltered. She was able to keep her cool, and that was one of the things that made her intimidating. Astrid lowered her ax and backed away, her face a mix of frustration and shock, then shifted to frustration and annoyance.

****Jane:**** I mean really guys, can't we all just get along? (smug and sarcastically cheerful tone)

****Fishlegs:**** How did you know Astrid's name? I mean if you don't mind me asking.

****Jane:**** No, of course not. I know her name the same way I know Hiccup's name.

****Fishlegs:**** She told you?

****Jane:**** No

****Fishlegs:**** But then how-

****Me:**** Guys, there's something you need to know. I mean, once you see, then you'll understand why I really cancelled class

Jane took a step back. She undid the cloth covering her face and pulled it out. She slowly pulled the hood over her head, just as she did when she revealed herself to me. What they saw next, they couldn't believe. Instead of seeing the Dragon Rider, they saw my sister, the Dragon Girl. They saw the girl who was my identical twin, and my best friend for the first half of my childhood. They saw Jane Haddock. When she revealed her face, all the gang's dragons ran toward her and started nuzzling her, and Aurora, as a greeting. As if to say 'Welcome you guys! We missed you so much!', and they probably did. The same could not be said for the humans. They were the most shocked I'd ever seen them. Jane then turned to face the pairs of shocked eyes that were glued to her.

****Jane:**** Hey everyone. Did you miss me? (coy tone)

****Astrid:**** I can't believe it. You were the Dragon Rider all along?

****Jane:**** What more could you expect? You were the one who gave me the nickname in the first place.

I could see that Jane still had a bit of hostility toward some of the teens, and it would take some time for both the gang and her to adjust, amen to that. Jane went back to reminiscing with all of our dragons.

****Jane's POV****

I recognized all the viking teens. There was Fishlegs Ingerman, Ruffnut and Tuffnut Thorston (the complete and utter opposites of my brother and I), Snotlout Jorgensen, and Astrid Hofferson. And already I hated 2 of them. Snotlout, because he was nothing but a no-good, pig-headed, self-absorbed ass. Astrid, because I remembered nothing, I repeat, nothing good about her. She had been my chief tormenter from when I was 2 to 5. She was the one who gave me the nickname 'the Dragon Girl, and always told me that I was nothing, that I was unimportant. I guess you could say I was holding a grudge, but really, I could tell that she was a bit jealous of me. Aurora and I were greeted by the faces of fellow dragons we had met throughout the years, and they all ended up belonging to the very viking teens who were being trained to kill them. It's funny how life works out sometimes. They all told us the names their humans had given them. There was Maddox (the Monstrous Nightmare), Fallon (the Gronckle), Anneal-and-Percival (the Zippleback), and the Deadly Nadder, who looked like€|

****Me:**** Neveah?

****Neveah:**** Long time, no see Jane.

****Me:**** (hugging her) Oh my gods! It's so good to see you. It's so good to see all of you guys.

The other vikings looked at me, raising their eyebrows, as if to say:

'Is this really happening?' . Of course, I'd only been here for a day and I'd been getting that look a lot.

****Astrid:**** She knows them? (skeptical)

****Me:**** Of course I do.

****Astrid:**** And who's Neveah?

****Me:**** Every dragon has a real name, the name given to them at birth, rather than the name given to them by their human, should they ever find one. Stormfly's real name is Neveah.

****Fishlegs:**** What are all the dragon's real names?

Figures, Fishlegs would be the one to ask me. He was always a curious one, and one day, that would get him into trouble. I know that from experience.

****Me:**** Well, you already know Stormfly's real name. Hookfang's real name is Maddox. Meatlug's is Fallon, and Barf-and-Belch's names are Anneal-and-Percival.

****Fishlegs:**** What about Toothless?

****Me:**** His real name is Fennrys, but everyone calls him Fenn for short.

****Astrid:**** Fishlegs, these aren't the questions that we should be asking her.

****Snotlout:**** Astrid's right. The things I should be asking her, is whether or not she has a boyfriend. (looks at me, wiggling his eyebrows up and down)

****Hiccup:**** Really Snotlout? Really?

I rolled my eyes, hard. Snotlout walked over to me and put his arm around me, and I cringed. Then, with all of my might, I shoved my heel into his groin. He doubled over, and writhed in pain. That felt so good.

****Ruffnut:**** I like her

****Tuffnut:**** Oooo, pretty and tough.

****Astrid:**** I was gonna say, the questions we should be asking her are, how is she even speaking to our dragons, and where has she been all this time?

****Fishlegs:**** She can obviously speak Dragonese, duh.

****Me:**** I don't speak Dragonese.

****Fishlegs:**** But then how are you understanding our dragons? (perplexed)

* * *

><p>Author's note: Hey guys. I want to hear from all of you

who are reading this. Tell me what you think of the story so far, and tell me your suggestions on what I can do to make it a little better. It will be greatly appreciated. Thanks so much for reading!

14. What Really Happened?

Author's Note: In the flashback, the things in the parentheses () are what Jane was thinking at that time in the past. She doesn't include the content of the parentheses in her told story, so the Viking teens won't know the whole truth, but you the audience will. The parentheses in the present POV are just that, in the present. Oh, and I forgot to mention, Jane doesn't mention being carried out of her house in the story she's telling, just to clear that up.

* * *

Still Jane

Everyone looked at me, waiting for answers to their questions. I hadn't even told Hiccup how I could talk to dragons yet. He didn't know the whole story, and he didn't know what had happened that night. No one did.

Astrid: Where did you run away to?

Me: I didn't run away

Fishlegs: But if you didn't run away, then what really happened that night?

I sighed, and walked over to the front entrance of the arena, and beckoned them to come and sit down around me. I then proceeded to tell them the story of what had happened that night, how I had saved Neveah, when I realized I was a Dragon Whisperer, what happened after (I had conveniently left out the part where I had pretended to be asleep)

Flashback/The Story being told

After being carried out of my house 10 years ago, I remember waking up on Changewing Island. I didn't know where I was, and I got scared. I kept calling out, "Mama, Papa!" over and over again. (I didn't know why I was calling for my dad, because I knew he wasn't coming for me. He let his over-inflated pride get the best of him. He was the one who carried me onto one of our ships, traveled to the island, and left me there to die in the first place, and at that time, I knew that if we ever crossed paths again, he would be oblivious to the fact that I remembered what he did). My cries must've been louder than I thought, because I'd caught the attention of 8 adult Changewings, and I knew what they were saying.

Changewings: Ooohhhh, fresh meat- She's going to make a lovely meal- But she's too skinny, what are we to do with her?- Oh, we could always use her bones as toothpicks- We must hurry and kill her!

I ran as fast as I could from the Changewings, and even as they camouflaged themselves, I could sense where they were. I didn't yet understand my power, and I didn't know if they would understand me,

or if they did, I thought that they might still try to eat me. I kept running and scurrying through the trees, and I had gotten ahead of them. I found a large tree trunk covering a hole that was big enough for me to hide in, and I waited until they were gone. I came out, and my stomach growled. I looked around and found some dandelions nearby, ate them, and I picked some more, but I didn't know how long they would last. I was walking to the edge of the island, when I saw a huge group of wild boars. There had to have been at least 50 of them. It looked like they had all traveled to the south side of the island, on the beach just like me. I found myself a small cave to shelter me. I laid down, and cried softly that afternoon. I was on that island by myself for a week, and in the last 3 days of that week, I ran out of dandelions to eat, and I was too scared of the Changewings to go back into the woods. On the 6__th__ day, I told myself I had to go back, because I was starving, and I needed to be brave if I wanted to live. I went back to that tree with the dandelions and picked some more, and the Changewings came back.__

_**Changewings:**__Ooohhh there she is- It's a wonder that this skinny little child hasn't died already- Well, better late than never- We need to hurry, the babies are getting even more ill by the hour!_

'_Babies?' I thought. Then, I understood. They needed to feed their babies, because they must've been really sick.__

_**Me:**__ Wait!_

_**Changewings:**__ What?- Who is she talking to?_

_**Me:**__ I'm talking to you guys. _

_The Changewings stared at me in awe. They even took a couple of steps back. There was another Changewing that carried a few of their babies to the group that circled me. They looked on the brink of death. Those babies needed food far more than I did. I walked over to them, and laid the dandelions next to them.__

_**Me:**__ Here you go. You guys need these more than I do.__

_The Changewings looked at me. It was obvious that they didn't expect me, a five-year-old human girl, to give them my dandelions, my current food source. The little Changewings looked at the yellow dandelions, and sniffed them, but they looked too weak to get up, so I walked over, picked up the dandelions, and fed the baby Changewings. I went and picked some more dandelions, and fed them some more, and I could feel their strength and energy returning. I guessed that my gift was stronger than I thought. As soon as the babies were done eating, they got up and started running around like normal baby dragons should. _

_**Baby Changewings:**__ Look mommy- look daddy- the little human girl saved us- We're all better!_

_The adult Changewings looked at me with deep gratitude. There was one Changewing who appeared to be the leader of the pack. He walked toward me, and lowered his head so that he met my eyes.__

_**Changewing:**__ What's your name child?_

**Me:** Jane_

**Changewing:** Do you realize what you have just done?_

**Me:** Did I do something bad? (Sounding timid)_

**Changewing:** No child, no. You have done something incredible. You healed our babies. They are no longer ill thanks to you. They would've died if not for you._

**Me:** Does this mean you're not gonna eat me?_

**Changewing:** (laughing)_Of course we're not going to eat you, but we will need to find some food for the time being._

_I thought and thought about how I could help, and then I remembered the wild boars that I had seen the first day I was on Changewing Island. _

**Me:** Do you guys eat wild boars?_

**Changewing:** They make for good meat, but lately they haven't been easy to come by. Why do you ask?_

**Me:** Because a few days ago, I saw this great big group of them living near my cave. _

_Changewing:__Where? Where did you see them? (asking eagerly)_

_Me:__That way (pointing south) _

**Changewing:** Alright everyone. To the skies. (looks at me) Thank you for helping us, young one_

**Me:** You're welcome (pause), what's _your name?_

**Changewing:** I am Abram, head of this clan.(Pause) Come with me._

**Me:** Where?_

_It was the very first time I ever rode a dragon. Abram ended up taking me back to the cave of his clan. It was about 3 times as small as the inside of the dragon's former Nest. I was allowed to stay with them for as long as I wanted. They ended up finding the wild boars and killed at least 20 of them, which was just enough to feed everyone in the small clan for at least 3 days, babies included. The adults came back and told us all about it. It turned out that the wild boars had been hiding in a cave deep within the island, only going out once every few weeks for food and sun, and the Changewings had ended up driving them out, forcing them to scatter all throughout the island like they did before. I played with the baby Changewings, who kept licking my face, and I kept laughing. I spent the night in the cave. Warmth radiated from every one of them, and not even the sound of a fire blast could wake me up. The next morning, the

Changewings heard rustling outside their cave. They woke everyone up, including me. They slowly inched outside their cave, Abram included, ready to attack. Out of the bushes came a woman that looked likeâ€|_

**Me:** Mama? _

She turned her head towards me, and started to run towards me, wrapping me in a tight bear hug, a look of instant relief on her face. She then pulled back and ran her hands all around my tiny body.

**Me:** Mama! You found me!_

**Mom:** Yes, and thank Thor I did._ Are ye alright? Are ye hurt?_

**Me:** I'm fine Mommy. (Looking around) _

My mom had come for me. I was so relieved, and happy. But I noticed that something was missing, and I started to look around.

**Me:** Mama, where's Hiccup?_

**Mom:** Your brother is back home. Listen to me, you're in danger. _

**Me:** Huh?_

Most people would've thought I was too young to understand, but not my mother. She knew just how extremely smart and clever I was when I was 5, but I still tried to play a little bit innocent. Truth be told, I was, because at the time, I didn't know how highly my gift was coveted, and feared.

**Mom:** We must leave now, but a ship isn't fast enough. Jane, which one is the leader of this clan?_

I pointed to Abram. My mother turned towards him, and asked for a favor.

**Mom:** Please, can ye help us?_

**Abram:** Of course we can._

**Mom:** Jane, what did he say? Will he help?_

**Me:** Mmm hmmm (nodding my head up and down)_

_Abram then told us of a place that coexisted peacefully with dragons, a place that I could be safe. With that, my mother and I mounted Abram and we left Changewing Island. _

* * *

><p>Cliff hanger! What do y'all think is gonna happen next? Is more of Jane's mysterious past going to be revealed? Are we finally going to find out who is hunting Jane and Aurora? Does Jane have even more secrets to hide? We shall see.

15. Uncertainty and Elusiveness

****A/N:** Hey guys. Just to let you guys now, if I ever part my chapters again, some of them will have the same names, and some of them won't, like this chapter for instance. And I just wanna thank all you guys and girls out there for taking the time to read this, and I wanna send a shout out to my followers: Saphirabrightscale, JuneTooth, AquamarinePisces, The dirty ripper, kittys fictions, and midnightwolfe2302. Thank y'all soooo much. Oh and just so y'all know, Jane's 15 years old. When I was writing, I got my years mixed up. She should've only had Aurora for 9 years. Just to clear that up. Oh and I changed a line due to some repetition. Thank y'all so much for bearing with me.**

* * *

><p>Present; Hiccup's POV

Jane stopped talking and stood up. The others looked like they were about to die and have a heart attack from all the mind blowing, yet highly realistic things that my sister had told them, but I didn't care. I wanted to hear more.

****Me:**** Jane, why did you stop?

****Jane:** ****(gesturing to the gang)** Look at them. They look like their heads are about to explode.

It was true, they did. Jane mounted Aurora and they headed towards the entrance of the Academy. The others were snapped out of their trance and stepped in front of them.

****Astrid:**** Whoa-whoa- whoa- whoa. Where do you guys think you're going?

****Jane:**** Where does it look like we're going? Out flying.

****Fishlegs:**** You can't leave. You haven't finished your story yet, and I haven't had a chance to add White Night Furies to the Book of Dragons.

****Jane:**** Look guys, it's fine. I can come back tomorrow if that's okay with you.

****Me:**** But wait, what happened? Where did you and Mom go?
(eager)

****Jane:**** I'll tell you later, okay?

With that, she and Aurora left the arena, and took to the skies. I couldn't tell if it was intuition or my twin telepathy that was kicking in, but either way, I knew that she was keeping something from me. The others didn't ask questions, but to me, something wasn't right. I got the feeling that she knew more about a lot of things than she was letting on, but the question is, why?

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, a word (hand gesturing to come over)

****Me:**** What?

****Astrid:**** There is no way that anything she said is true.

****Me:**** Really Astrid, how's that? (annoyed)

****Astrid:**** You don't seriously believe her, do you?

****Me:**** Astrid, she's my sister. Of course I believe her
(defensive)

****Astrid:**** Hiccup, she told us she was a Dragon Whisperer, that she could speak to dragons, and not by Dragonese. Hiccup, that's impossible.

****Me:**** Guess we'll just have to find out, won't we?

****Astrid:**** I don't trust her

****Me:**** Why not?

****Astrid:**** Well for one thing, why show up now? Why not 3 years ago when she first showed up as the Dragon Rider? And another thing. It doesn't matter if she's telling the truth or not about being a Dragon Whisperer. Either way, she still has all of our dragons at her beck and call, so who's to say she won't make them turn on us?

I put my thumb and my index finger on the bridge of my nose. I was getting so worn out with Astrid's distrust.

****Me:**** You might as well get used to it Astrid. She'll be coming back tomorrow, and all the days after that

****Astrid:**** You have got to be kidding me. Hiccup!

****Me:**** I'm not changing my mind Astrid. She's coming tomorrow, and that's final. End of discussion

Astrid gave me the same look that she did when I told her that she couldn't come with me to meet with Jane. She sulked off to the corner and fed some chicken to Stormfly, I mean, what did Jane call her? Neveah.

****Jane's POV; Later that night****

Aurora and I got back from our flight just in time for dinner, and Hiccup was waiting for me, with a whole smoked fish on a stick, just for me. As I walked in, he handed it to me, and I took a bite out of it. Aurora went to the basket of fish that had been set out for her and started to eat it. Hiccup looked at me expectantly.

****Me:**** What?

****Hiccup:**** You said you were gonna tell me the rest of your story later. Well, it's later.

I smiled, and I was sad, because I couldn't tell him everything, not yet anyway. I wished that things could be the way they used to be between us, but they couldn't, and it really sucked. I chuckled at Hiccup's eagerness.

****Me:** Are you sure?**

****Hiccup:** Yes**

****Me:** Okay, but if your head explodes, don't say I didn't warn you**

****Hiccup:** Fair enough**

****Me:** Okay, where did I leave off?**

****Hiccup:** You were riding away on the Alpha Changewing**

****Me:** Rightâ€|.**

****Flashback/The Story Being Told****

_As my mother and I rode away on Abram, I looked back at Changewing Island. Even though I'd only known them a day, I was going to miss Abram and his clan. We flew for maybe at least 9 days, stopping for food and rest. On the 10__th__ day, Abram told my mother and I to look down, and so we did. We saw this beautiful land. The grass was full and lush, the color of my emerald green eyes. We were high enough to see that there was a village, a town square not far from it, and there was a large meadow with a bright blue lake. We landed, and I took in the scenery_

_**Me:**__ It's sooo pretty mommy!_

_**Mom:**__ It is, isn't it?_

_**Me:**__ Where are we?_

_**Abram:**__ This is Ireland_

_That day, my mother and I had a new home. It was a fairly sized cottage, just outside of town, in the woods, where plenty of dragons roamed, and they didn't really bother the villagers. We thanked Abram very much, and he ended up flying back to his clan. Over the next six months, we had built a home and a life for ourselves there in that small little village, but I was lonely, so lonely. I tried to make friends, I really did, but it was no use. The little village girls were all scaredy cats and the boys always looked at me like I was crazy, because I was spending all my time in the woods, picking up bugs and spiders, and they weren't used to girls doing that, and they noticed that I always played with the dragons in the woods. _They eventually started calling me the Dragon Girl. Figures, my reputation preceded me. The only difference is, they didn't hate me like the children on Berk did. Instead, the village children looked at me with interest and awe, rather than look at me like I was a useless mule. Whenever my mother and I would pass a village kid in the marketplace, they would always point at me and say "Look mommy, there she is,- The Dragon Girl". They would always smile and look excited when they did that. It was definitely a step up. I always enjoyed going to the marketplace with my mother. She always picked up natural remedies, which included healing herbs, oils, and she even picked up this big leather book of recipes for natural remedies, since the tonics sold at the market were always too expensive for us. That, and back when I was still on Berk, I used to get sick at least

once every 2 months, so I visited Gothi fairly often, and my mother had learned from Gothi how to make these remedies so she could take care of me at home. There were always interesting things within the market booths, but still, it was lonely. My mother started to notice. When my 6__th__ birthday came, my mother took me to the market, and asked me to pick something. My eyes searched the counters for something that could be my present, and my eyes locked on a white opalescent pendant. "That one mommy, that one!" I squealed. We ended up getting just the pendant, and she found a long, black piece of cloth to secure the pendant around my neck. We walked back to our cottage. We stopped just outside the door, and Mom asked me to close my eyes, so I did. She guided me inside, and stopped me in the middle of our living room/kitchen. My eyes were still shut and I heard her talking to something, as if trying to coax it out of a corner. "It's alright, come on, come on out, we're not gonna hurt ye". She finally said, "Alright Jane, open your eyes". What I saw next, I couldn't believe. Walking out from behind of one of the shields that my mother took with us to Ireland, was a tiny white dragon, with a sleek body, and eyes the color of a deep, golden sunset. It was a little girl dragon, the one who would be my best friend for the next nine years, she was Aurora. She had a red bow tied around her neck, as if to be a present, which she was. I ran toward her and squeezed her around her neck. "She's so pretty! I love her! Thank you mommy!" I kept squealing. I read what she was feeling at that moment. Little Aurora was confused, and it wasn't just because she didn't know what was going on, but because this was the first time that anyone had shown any affection toward her. I hugged her again, reassuring her. "Don't worry. Me and my mommy are gonna take good care of you", and that was it. Since I was 6, I'd ridden Aurora, and we'd become like sisters over the years, and I wasn't lonely anymore, and I took her everywhere with me. The villagers didn't seem to mind, because whenever they saw her, they leaned down to pet her, and she was nervous at first, but eventually she got used to it. The next 5 years for me, were a fine time. I'd spent most of it with the dragons in the forest. They, along with my mother, had taught me everything I needed to know. How to fight, hunt, survive, all that, so I ended up being one tough kid. _

****Present; Jane's POV****

I stopped talking and took a bite out of my fish. Hiccup was watching me, eager for more.

****Hiccup:**** So, what happened next? How did you become the Dragon Rider?

****Me:**** All in good time, Hiccup.

He got this confused look on his face, and I smiled. Just then, Dad walked in the front door. He was carrying an axe and a small wicker basket. He handed it to me.

****Me:**** (looking at the basket) What's this?

****Dad:**** New clothes. I thought you might could use them.

****Me:**** Oh (Pause). Umm, thanks. (Pause)

It was the most awkward moment of my life. I still haven't forgiven my dad for what he had done, and he didn't say anything to break the

silence. After I had finished my fish, I had gone upstairs and called it a night, taking the wicker basket with my new clothes in it. I was about the same size as my brother. Hiccup walked up the stairs and gave me a confused frown.

****Hiccup:**** What was that all about?

****Me:**** What do you mean?

****Hiccup:**** I mean, the awkward silence.

****Me:**** I don't know. I guess he doesn't have anything to say to me.

****Hiccup:**** Why wouldn't he have anything to say to you?

****Me:**** I don't know (Pause)

****Hiccup:**** Jane, is everything okay?

****Me:**** Yeah, of course.

Hiccup gave me an I-don't-believe-it-for-one-second face. He could tell something was up, and if I knew my brother, he would be determined to get to the bottom of it. That night, I slept on the floor again, wondering how long much longer I was going to have to keep everything in my life a secret.

****The Next Morning****

I woke up and opened the basket of clothes that my dad had given me the night before. I took them out. Everyone was still asleep, so I had some time to change into them. Once I did, I looked in the mirror. My new outfit looked almost exactly like Hiccup's. I had fur boots, black leggings, and a green tunic with a wide brown leather belt. The tunic ended at mid-thigh, just like Hiccup's, except my tunic was sleeveless. I had a light-brown animal skin vest like Ruffnut, and cloth arm braces like Astrid, except mine matched my light-brown vest, while hers were a wheat color. I packed my Dragon Rider outfit in a wooden chest that had been sitting in the room, and put it away in case I needed it later. I went back to the mirror and I fingered my pendant that I got at the market so many years ago. Hiccup was awake by the time I had turned around. Fenn and Aurora were curled up together again, and they too were awake. We all went downstairs for breakfast, then headed to the arena.

* * *

><p>'s POV; One Week Later

I'd been watching over Jane and Aurora for the past week. I was sent to keep an eye on both of them. Jane had revealed herself from hiding. She'd been in that bird-cage arena for the past week, looking in a giant book with this chubby blonde human boy, fighting and showing her skills, and she had even revealed that she was a Dragon Whisperer, and I had even followed her to Gothi, a healer part of the Keepers, who confirmed that what she told the other humans was true. They didn't believe her, and she just had to go and prove them wrong. Aurora proved to be an excellent fighter. Like all Night Furies, she was lethal when provoked. I knew that somehow, word of

this would spread like wildfire. Things like these always did, and they would not only bring more danger to themselves, but to everyone around them. Their carelessness was going to get them into so much trouble. Raia would not be pleased, not one bit.

* * *

><p>AN: Cliff hanger! Who has been sent to watch over Jane and Aurora, and why? Who are the Keepers, and who is Raia? And since their is a Keeper already on Berk, what secrets lie buried within?*

* * *

><p>P.S. The way you pronounce Raia: It's rhymes with Maya

16. Confrontation

?'s POV

As I watched both Jane and Aurora in the arena, where dragons used to be killed, I kept thinking: What in the hell have you both gotten yourself into? I felt the pupils in my stormy gray eyes thinning the entire time, that's how on edge I was. Jane had been a Keeper since she was 7 years old, because the Council of Elder Dragons, including Raia, found that Jane was extremely intelligent, and at such a young age, it was simply extraordinary. I'd been working for the Keepers since I was a child (25 years to be exact) and even I had never heard of this happening. The other Keepers were somewhat shocked, because no one had ever become a Keeper that young before, and no one else was a Dragon Whisperer. All the other Keepers had to learn Dragonese, but not Jane, and while most of the Keepers were well into their late 30's or early 40's, Jane was just a mere teenager, and she worked hard to gain the respect of most of the Keepers, because truth be told, they were jealous. There was no doubt some debate among the Elders, but it was decided that she would be a Keeper-In-Training at age 6, and she became a full Keeper at age 7, she was that smart. Her mother, Valka, was a Keeper, and we aided them when they built a new life in Ireland. What they did, was rescue dragons. Jane scouted long distances to find dragons in need, and took them to the safe haven near her house. If the dragons were hurt, they were taken to Valka to be healed. There are skills that every Keeper is required to know. Healing, gathering herbs and making healing tonics and salves, things like that, was one of them. Although, some were better at it than others. I could only assume that Valka had moved the safe haven, after what had happened. The Haddock women had served us well, so Raia might show Jane some mercy. Raia was the one who had taken an interest in Jane in the first place, and Raia was the High Elder, the leader of the Council. Raia had also taken an interest in Aurora, because of the power that she'd shown to possess. I could sense that the humans were ignorant of this, thank the gods. I knew it was dangerous, being out here in broad daylight, but it was too urgent. I had to speak with Jane and Aurora now. I shook my body, stretching my wings, standing at the back of the arena, getting ready to fire the message. I was just about to, when in the arena, I saw Jane and Aurora looking my way.

Jane's POV

It had already been a week, and I already felt like the outcast again. When I had gone to the arena unhidden for the first time, the people of Berk looked at me as if I were a ghost, as if I had come back from the dead. They looked at Aurora with expressions of awe, as if she were an omnipotent deity. They stepped back as we walked through the village, and when we got to the arena, that's when the real fun began. It had already been a week, and the riders were still testing us, like our reactions to certain situations, our reflexes, things like that. They didn't believe the story I told them, and we ended up going to Gothi, who confirmed that what I said was true. The trainers noticed that we were different from all the dragons and riders that they've ever seen, which I guess really wasn't saying much. The dragon trainers eyed Hiccup and I like hawks, their eyes always bugged out, watching our every move, talking behind our backs. It was a little like this:

****Fishlegs:**** It's scary how much those two look alike

****Snotlout:**** Yeah, but Jane's prettier.

****Astrid:**** But seriously do they have to dress alike? They've got the same shirt, leggings, and boots for Thor's sake. It's annoying.

****Me:**** If it's so annoying Astrid, you can leave.

That alerted them that I was listening. That shut Astrid up. It felt so good to finally tell her off, call her out. To finally put her in her place. It was the second best feeling in the entire world. And besides, Hiccup and I didn't look that much alike. My brown hair still ended below my shoulders, and I didn't have as much freckles as Hiccup, but I guess Fishlegs had a point.

Most of the time, Fishlegs kept trying to get me to tell him about White Night Furies so he could add them to the Book of Dragons. Little did they know, their book was so incomplete, so lacking in dragon facts, that it was actually kind of amusing. Aurora and I ended up beating Hiccup and Fenn's course record by at least 3 seconds, which caught the attention of the fellow dragon trainers. Fishlegs had been pestering me for the past week about it, so I finally gave in to his questions, answering truthfully, trying to tell as little as possible. It went a little like this:

****Fishlegs:**** So, are White Night Furies basically the same as Black Night Furies?

****Me:**** Not exactly? They're different, in some ways.

He suddenly got this eager look on his face, and he scribbled something down in the Book of Dragons. I smiled to myself and pinched the bridge of my nose. I had no doubt that he was eager to learn more, but like I said, that was bound to get him into trouble.

****Fishlegs:**** Different how? Like are all White Night Furies faster than Black ones? Or is it just Aurora?

****Me:**** Yes, they're all faster. Because they don't really blend in

anywhere, they have to be more elusive, agile, and over time they've just adapted to that principle and they've become more built for speed and all that. But it's the ones who live in solitude that are the fastest.

****Fishlegs:**** Solitude?

Damn it. I slipped up again. What the hell is wrong with me? If I kept slipping up like this, I was going to be in so much trouble with Raia. I quickly covered for it and said:

****Me:**** Uh, yeah. As opposed to those who live in packs. It happens with all Night Furies. Does that make sense?

Fishlegs nodded and scribbled it in the book. Snotlout came over and tried to flirt with me again. He just could not take a hint, could he?

****Snotlout:**** So, you wanna give me a private flying lesson? (raising eyebrows up and down)

I was just about to tell him to go die in a well, when out of the corner of my eye, I saw Aurora tense and go still, on alert, pupils thinned, and I knew then, something was wrong.

****Aurora's POV****

I tensed up, my senses and instincts were kicking in. I knew Jane and I were being watched. I felt my pupils thinning to slits. I stood still, petrifyingly still. Fenn saw me, and immediately came to my side, concern in his eyes.

****Fenn:**** What is it? What's wrong? Are you alright?

****Me:**** Yeah, I just- I don't think we're the only ones here.

****Fenn:**** What do you mean?

****Jane:**** Aurora, what is it?

The other riders noticed and they came over to me, with confused frowns.

****Fishlegs:**** What's wrong? Is everything okay?

****Jane:**** I think so. Maybe it's the new surroundings. I trained her well. She's a little more sensitive to sounds and feelings and stuff like that.

****Fishlegs:**** Oh. That makes sense

Fishlegs nodded, and the others nodded too, all except Hiccup. He knew something was up. Why did he have to be so smart? Why couldn't he be stupid like the rest of the vikings? They all walked away and turned back to whatever they were doing. All except Hiccup, who stole a glance at us, right before turning back, adding things to the big leather book that they always kept. Jane bent down to look at me.

****Jane:**** What's wrong?

I inclined my head toward the back of the arena, where I felt the presence. Jane looked, and her eyes went wide with shock. I followed them, only to find them glued to a jet black Night Fury, with deep gray eyes that resembled a thunderstorm, and a scar running along his shoulder. I recognized that Night Fury, and I knew what he wanted. He inclined his head back, beckoning us to come. He then ran into the woods. Jane then mounted me.

****Jane's POV****

I got onto Aurora's back, and we headed to the entrance of the arena, and we were going to go speak to that dragon, and he was gonna get a stern talking to.

****Me:**** Hey Hiccup, we're gonna head out. We'll see you back at the house

****Astrid:**** You're leaving again? You can't just come and go whenever you want

****Me:**** I don't remember needing your permission Astrid.

****Hiccup:**** Where are you going?

****Me:**** Aurora's still a little on edge. I'll bet it's about what she sensed. If she's still on edge about it, then it can't be a good thing, so we're gonna go check it out.

****Hiccup:**** Need any help?

****Me:**** No, I should be fine

Hiccup got this disappointed look on his face, then the look shifted to anxious, and I could tell why. He had just gotten me back a week ago. He didn't yet feel comfortable with me going off on my own. A twinge of guilt twisted inside me. Of course I wanted him to come with me. Of course I wanted to share my world with him, but I couldn't, because showing him my world, meant putting him in danger ofâ€¦

I refused to even think about what could happen to Hiccup if he knew who I was hiding from, if he knew the truth about what was really going on.

****Me: ****I'll be back for dinner tonight, okay?

****Hiccup:**** Okay. Don't be out too late.

****Me:**** I won't. I promise

Aurora and I flew out of the entrance, and I let Aurora's senses do the work. She took me to the cove, and I knew that the stormy-eyed Night Fury was waiting for us. I finally said:

****Me:**** Orin, come out. We know you're there.

****A/N:** Hey guys. This story has now reached over 3,000 views. Thanks to all of you who read this story. It means a lot. And a shout out to my new followers: LolaPeople, Latin4ssasin, and WarriorPrincess2000.

* * *

><p>Jane's POV

Orin came out from the rock he was hiding behind. He gave Aurora and I a stern look, as if wanting an explanation or something. Orin was a messenger, from the Keepers. Raia obviously sent him. His stormy gray eyes bore into us, and his shoulder scar surprisingly glinted in the cloudy gray sky. At least, to the untrained eye, it looked like a scar. It was really a mark, symbolizing his involvement with the Keepers, if that makes any sense. Up close, the mark was intricate Celtic patterns, like the ones on the belts and fabrics that I used to see in the marketplace in Ireland. But I couldn't think about that right now.

****Me:**** (panicked) Orin, what are you doing here? Out in broad daylight? Anyone could've seen you!

****Orin:**** Jane, I think you know why I'm here

****Me:**** Did Raia send you here to babysit me? (mocking tone)

****Orin:**** Jane, she sent me here to keep an eye on you, and now I can see why.

****Me:**** (defensive) What is that supposed to mean?

****Aurora:**** (cutting in) Okay, I hate to break up this little pow wow, but do you think that we can take this conversation somewhere a little more private?

She inclined her head towards the section of large tree roots that grew out over the rock walls, like a shelter. I knew what she was talking about. There are many things that every Keeper has, and a crypt is one of them. Orin followed us under the tree roots, and to the side, there was an entrance to a secret tunnel, that lead to our crypt. I took down the torch and Aurora lit it. We went down the tunnel, and I pushed the stone slab that would open the crypt, and waited. It would take a few seconds, since the door was enchanted and would only open if there was a Keeper present. The door slowly came open, grinding the stone floor, and we walked inside. A Keeper's crypt, was always made by magic, and some sort of mineral, but stone was the most common. We all walked into the crypt. In the crypt, the shelves were lined with various herbs and oils, tonics and elixirs and salves that I made from them, and oddly enough, on one of the shelves, there was a mechanical tail fin that looked like it could've been Fenn's fake tail, but the only difference is, with this tail fin, Fenn could fly without my brother. As soon as the door closed behind us, the argument began. Orin kept a stern tone with me the entire time.

****Orin:**** Jane, you know why I'm here

****Me:**** We've got everything under control

****Orin:**** Under control? You have got to kidding

****Me:**** And what is that supposed to mean?

****Orin:**** Jane, you know damn good and well what it's supposed to mean. You've revealed yourself to the islanders, they know about your being a Dragon Whisperer, and I can only pray to Thor that you haven't told them about Aurora's powers.

I was a little offended by this. I wasn't stupid enough to tell the gang about Aurora's powers. Aurora wasn't like other Night Furies, or other dragons for that matter. No other dragon possessed the power that she did, and Thor knows what would happen to her if the humans found out.

****Me:**** Of course I haven't told them about her powers. I'm not that stupid.

****Orin:**** With the way you've been acting lately, I wouldn't put it past you

****Me:**** Orin!

****Orin:**** I'm serious Jane. Word of this whole situation is going to spread like wildfire, not just in the human world, but in the dragon world too, and when that happens, it's only a matter of time before he finds you and Aurora, and you know it.

Okay, Orin had a point. It was only a matter of time before he found us. And when he did, he would stop at nothing to get to us. Orin was right, I had been careless. I was just so sick of hiding, and I didn't realize it until Aurora had talked some sense into me. I pinched the bridge of my nose with my thumb and my index finger.

****Orin:**** Look, I'm just trying to warn you, alright? You just need to be careful. When Raia hears about this, you're both in deep trouble Jane.

****Jane:**** We know. So what are we supposed to do? Leave?

****Orin:**** If it comes to that, then yes. I'll be watching.

****Hiccup's POV; Later that evening****

In the past week, I've learned something about my sister. She's like a Night Fury, in many ways, although I guess growing up with one had that effect on you. She was lethal when provoked, she had deadly accuracy (I noticed this often when she did target practice in the arena), and she was just as secretive. I'd been getting that vibe from her all week, and she went off on her own earlier today. It was dinnertime and she still wasn't back yet. A few minutes later, she and Aurora walked through the front door. I was instantly relieved. I took on a light-hearted joking tone.

****Me:**** Hey you

****Jane:**** Hey

****Me:**** It's about time you got back. Dinner's getting cold (handing her a stick with smoked chicken)

****Jane:**** Yeah, I'm sorry. Aurora and I were tracking what she sensed earlier today, and then we kinda just went flying for the rest of the day

And there it was. The feeling that she was keeping something from me. She was telling the truth, but I could tell she was leaving something out. I wanted to know the whole truth, but if I knew my sister, whatever she was keeping from me, it was for a good reason. At least I hoped so.

****Me:**** So, what was it?

****Jane:**** What was what?

****Me:**** What did Aurora sense?

****Jane:**** It was just a wild dragon. Nothing too serious

She was still keeping something from me, but I decided I wasn't gonna push her. It was best to just let her come to me, but if she didn't do that within the next few weeks, I would take matters into my own hands.

* * *

><p>AN: At last! Now we all know who ? is, none other than Orin, a messenger from the Keepers. But now, new questions surface. Who are Jane and Aurora hiding from? What kind of power does Aurora possess? And most importantly, if Jane doesn't tell Hiccup about her secret life, how exactly will he take matters into his own hands? Major cliff hanger!**

18. What Hiccup Saw

****A/N:** Hello writers of FanFiction. Just a heads up, the parentheses in this chapter are what Hiccup was thinking at that time. In other news, this story has reached over 3,500 views. I'm so happy, then again, I updated this yesterday. I just couldn't wait for y'all to see what would happen to Hiccup. He's taking matters into his own hands since Jane won't talk, and we all know that that can only lead to disaster. Or can it? Hmmm...**

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV

It had been a month, and Jane still hadn't told me her secret. During that month, I frequently got the feeling that Jane knew a lot more than she was letting on. When our dragons got sick, she knew it was from the blue oleander, and she knew that the cure was Scauldron venom, but she didn't tell us. Before lightning struck Berk, she kept telling me that the metal perches were a bad idea, but she didn't say why. When the lightning struck Berk, we suggested making a statue, and Jane said it was a bad idea, but she didn't tell us why. She knew

that it was the metal attracting the lightning, but for whatever reason, she didn't tell us. All this, I could tell from intuition. She withheld all of that information from us, but the question is, why? She had been sneaking off, leaving unexpectedly from the arena at whatever time, and didn't come back till it was almost time to go to bed. She even frequently snuck off in the middle of the night. I didn't dare ask her about it, because now, it was nearing the point where I'd have to take matters into my own hands. Another week had passed. She still hadn't told me, and I was fed up with the secrecy. I wanted to know what was going on. I wanted to know what my sister was keeping from me.

****The Following Midnight; Still Hiccup****

I had pretended to be asleep that night. Jane waited until everyone was sound asleep, to make sure that no one would follow her, and I was counting on that. Aurora was awake too, and she was going with Jane apparently. Crap. I knew it was a risky move, following my sister while she had a Night Fury with her, but I had to know what she was hiding, I had to know. They crept downstairs without a sound. Once they were out the front door, I jumped out of bed and jogged outside, using the same quiet-as-a-mouse demeanor that they had taken on. I followed them deep into the woods, and they stopped in the cove. This was where she snuck off to? I slipped into the cove and hid behind a giant rock. Jane had on her Dragon Rider outfit. Clever. She went under a section of large tree roots. Jane felt the right side of it for something. I had to act fast. I ran up behind Aurora and squeezed the pressure point, causing her to instantly fall asleep. Jane turned her head back and I quickly got under Aurora's wing, shielding myself from Jane's field of vision. I slowly peered over Aurora's unconscious body. Jane went over to the lake and fumbled for something in her bag. I took this chance and quickly ran under the large tree roots, scanning the wall to my right, when I saw an opening in it. I went towards it, and then squeezed into it. The tunnel was dark and damp (Okay I did not think this through). Oddly enough, there was suddenly a lit torch on the wall to my left (just go with it, Hiccup). I picked it up and ran down the tunnel. I know that was probably stupid, but who knew how long it would be before Jane discovered me? I suddenly reached a giant stone door about as tall and wide as my dad. I quickly scanned my surroundings for anything that could open the door, when I saw a square rock slab in the wall next to the door. When I pushed it, it made a grinding sound. It took about 10 seconds before it opened. Behind the door, was a stone room. I walked in, and the door closed behind me, making another grinding sound. I looked around the room. There were spices and herbs and oils, tonics and elixirs and salves, and I even saw Toothless's Snoggletog gift, his tail that would enable him to fly without me. I can't believe Jane saved it. I looked around the room some more. It was half as tall as my house, and just as wide. It was brown, dusty, and it smelled earthy, which I guess was understandable, since it was underground. There was a stone desk that I guessed was used for mixing herbs and oils and stuff like that to my left. To my right, was another stone door, just like the one that I came through. I wondered where it would lead to. Before I could find out, the door to the room started to open. I ran behind the stone desk, and who came in the door? None other than my sister. She walked toward the other stone door in the room, and she pushed a rock slab into the wall, causing the door to open. She carried a torch with her, and she went into the door, and just as it was closing, I barely slipped through it before it shut completely. There was no

turning back now. I stayed far enough behind Jane so she wouldn't notice me, but close enough so I wouldn't lose her in the ever-twisting and turning labyrinth that I had followed her into. I followed Jane for at least a good half hour, before I finally saw light without the torch at the end of the tunnel. There was a large opening, that lead to a massive cavern, with lit torches all around what looked like massive stone podiums. On the podiums, stood massive dragons, all about half the size of the Red Death. All of their scales were a glimmering silver, and each one of them had snake-like necks, and long, sleek snouts. Everything about them could only be described as graceful and majestic. There were 5 podiums, but only 4 of them were filled, the middle one was empty. I saw my sister walking up to a smaller, human-sized podium in front of the larger podiums. She stopped in front of it. Just then, the empty podium was filled by a dragon that looked like the rest, but instead of silver scales, this dragon's scales were a brilliant gold, and they seemed to illuminate the entire cavern. This dragon stood taller than the rest of them, taking on a demeanor which showed that he/she was the one in charge, no doubt about that. The golden dragon looked down at Jane, and said in a voice that displayed no emotion: "Step forward, Jane Haddock". The voice was feminine, the dragon was definitely female.

Jane stepped on the podium in front of her, and removed the hood she was wearing. The dragoness looked Jane dead in the eye. Jane's face showed no emotion, but I could sense that she was completely and utterly terrified. Thank the gods for twin telepathy. The golden dragoness lifted her head back up, and she began to speak, and surprisingly, I knew what she was saying, for she was speaking telepathically.

****Dragoness:**** Jane Haddock, do you know why we have called you here? (Pauses, waiting for an answer) We have called you here to discuss your recent actions. Orin has kept me well informed.

****Jane:**** I'm aware

****Dragoness:**** Are you also aware of the danger you have brought upon yourself?

****Jane:**** Orin reminded me, as I assume you asked him to

****Dragoness:**** Then you know what you have to do

****Jane:**** And what's that, Raia?

****Dragoness/Raia:**** You need to leave Berk, and never return. That way you can ensure the safety of your family. Thankfully, _he _doesn't know about your family here yet, so they may still have a chance.

****Me:**** What?! NO!

I couldn't help myself. They were gonna send my sister away. I could not, would not let that happen. Who cares if I was being selfish? If being selfish kept my sister here, then so be it. But as soon as the cry of protest escaped my lips, I knew I was so busted. "Come out", Raia said in her commanding, emotionless voice. I was shaking with fear, so I couldn't move.

****Raia:** Come. Out. Now.**

I slowly came out from behind the rock that had served as my hiding place. I was still trembling, and it only got worse when I saw the look on Jane's face when she turned toward me. It was a mix of pure panic and terror. '_What are you doing here?' _she mouthed. She was taking one shaky breath at a time. She was absolutely horrified.

****Raia:** Step forward**

I quickly went to the stone podium that my sister was standing on. 'Raia' and the other dragons eyed me like hawks, watching my every move, ready to take my head off if I took one wrong step. I finally looked up at Raia, putting on a brave face, even though deep down, I was completely and utterly terrified, just like my sister. Raia then said in a stern voice:

****Raia:** Jane, would you care to explain this?**

* * *

><p>AN: Major Cliff Hanger! Oh man! Hiccup and Jane are in so much trouble. How are the Haddock twins gonna get out of this one? What do you think is going to happen to them? Poor Hiccup. He doesn't even know what in Thor's name is going on, and he's probably going to get severely punished for it. Or maybe he won't. You never know.**

19. The Choice

****A/N: Hey guys. This story has reached almost 4,000 views. I'm sooo happy! Also, I'd like to send a shout out to my new followers: DragonGuardian199012, and Glittering-Red-Rose****

* * *

><p>Jane's POV

When Aurora was asleep outside the tunnel, I figured I'd let her rest. I mean after all, I did drag her out here in the middle of the night, then again she did insist on coming with me to the trial. I had to check in with Orin daily, in which he reported back to Raia. I wasn't angry with him, because he was just doing his job, and I couldn't blame him for doing that. He was supposed to report back to all the Elders, including Raia, Abbadon, Balthasar, Alaura, and Jacinda. I went into the tunnel, and I opened my crypt, and in the crypt (in every Keeper's crypt), there was a door to the Catacombs, the ever twisting and turning labyrinth of passageways that ran for Thor-knows how many miles. The Catacombs were the most secret, and most commonly used transport by Keepers. The only ways you could navigate the Catacombs, were you either had to know them 10 times better than you knew the back of your hand, or with a locator gem. I used a locator gem, which happened to be the pendant that I got at the marketplace in Ireland so many years ago. My mother knew me well, so when she secretly arranged for the pendant to be at the booth, she knew I would pick it. As I was walking through the Catacombs, I had the faintest feeling that I was being followed. I ignored it because

I knew that no one on Berk knew about the Catacombs, or my crypt for that matter, and even if they did, they wouldn't be able to get in. Or at least, that's what I thought. When I saw my brother come out from behind that rock, I could've died of shock, right then and there. What in Thor's name was he doing here, and more importantly, did he even know what was going on, and even more importantly, how had he even gotten in here? Only Keepers could open the doors, unlessâ€¦|.

Oh, crap. What in the hell was wrong with me? How could I have been so stupid? How could I have forgotten, how?! Now I remembered. To be able to open the doors, you either had to be, a full Keeper, a Keeper-in-training, or someone that the door saw fit to enter. At that moment, I was silently cursing at myself. When Hiccup took a step onto the podium, never in my life have I been so horrified, so completely paralyzed by fear, than at that moment. There were penalties, severe penalties regarding non-Keepers entering the Keepers domain, and the Catacombs were included. The Elders took this operation very seriously, and the penalty for a non-Keeper entering the Keepers domain was death. The Elders were wise and virtuous, but they could not afford liabilities. Raia craned her snake-like neck so that she was looking down at me, her deep sapphire blue eyes looking right into me.

****Raia:**** Jane, would you care to explain this?

I said nothing. I didn't know what to say, because I didn't know how I could get out of this one. Then I realized, I wasn't gonna get out of this one, unless I told Raia the truth. The truth was that I didn't know how Hiccup had gotten here. I hadn't told him anything about my secret life. I knew he was paying attention, but I didn't think he would act on it, since he never pushed me to tell him. If I told Raia the truth, I would be excused, but my brother wouldn't. He would pay with his life, just for following me here. I couldn't let that happen. I held my tongue, and Raia pressed on.

****Raia:**** Jane. Answer me. What happened? How is he here?

I kept quiet. She continued to press on.

****Raia:**** Jane, did you bring him here?

I said nothing. By doing this, I would be ending my life, executed for a crime I didn't commit. But I'd be dying in the place of someone I cared about, someone I loved. I had that to console me.

****Raia:**** Jane, I will ask you once more, did you bring him here?

****Me:**** (shaky breath) Yes

Raia suddenly looked shocked, or at least the most shocked I'd ever seen her, which was saying something. The Elders were the first dragons to ever live. They were thousands of years old, so it took a lot to shock them, Raia especially.

****Raia:**** Jane, I know that you're well aware of the penalties. Are you telling me the truth?

****Hiccup:**** Jane, what is she talking about? What penalties?

I didn't even flinch at the fact that he could hear Raia. I wasn't focused on it. Of course I wasn't telling Raia the truth.

****Hiccup:**** (growing steadily more panicked) What penalties?!

****Hiccup's POV****

I was getting panicked. My sister was lying to a powerful dragon, to cover for me. I couldn't let her do that. I couldn't let her take the fall for me.

****Me:**** What penalties?!

****Jane:**** Hiccup, hush

****Me:**** No. You've kept enough secrets. (looking up at Raia) What penalties?

****Raia:**** The penalty for bringing you here, is execution.

****Me:**** What?!

At that moment, it was as if all the air had been sucked from my body. The penalty was death, Jane's death. Jane was gonna die for me. I knew then, that she would do anything to keep me safe. I suddenly got very angry. This was my fault, not Jane's. She didn't do anything wrong. I sure as hell wasn't gonna let her take the blame for something that I did. I just got her back. I was not gonna lose my sister again. Not now, not ever.

****Me:**** Why? Why does she have to die?! She didn't do anything wrong!

****Raia:**** She brought you here.

****Me:**** No she didn't. She lied!

****Raia:**** What?

****Jane:**** ****Hiccup,** don't

****Raia:**** ****Jane,** let him speak.

I continued telling Raia the whole truth.

****Me:**** She's lying. She didn't bring me here. I followed her. I knew that she was hiding something, and I wanted to know. I was tired of the secrets, alright? I was going to let her come to me, but that wasn't working. So I took matters into my own hands, and I followed her. I was selfish, alright? So if anyone is gonna be sentenced to death, it should be me.

I waited for her to call some guards or something, to take me away to my fate. But one of the other dragons on the podiums looked at Raia. He said in a telepathic masculine voice:

****Dragon:**** The boy speaks the truth Raia

****Raia's POV****

All Elder Dragons have the same gifts, sensing fears and thoughts, looking into someone's soul. We are omniscient, we are omnipotent. I sensed the fear within Jane Haddock. She lied to us, the Elders, to protect her brother. I sensed that she didn't care about what it meant for her, that she be stripped of being a Keeper, or worse. In all my years, I've never seen this in any other Keeper. This is what I found so intriguing about this girl. This is what set her apart from the rest of the Keepers, that quality of selflessness, and protectiveness. I saw the same thing in her twin brother. He told the truth to protect his sister. I found it simply remarkable.

****Abbadon:**** The boy speaks the truth Raia

****Me:**** It appears that we have a problem.

****Abbadon:**** Indeed

I turned to the Haddock twins, who were standing on the podium. Jane was the most frightened I had ever seen her, and her brother was also afraid, but I could sense his anger overshadowing his fear. I admired that he acted on that, but my face remained expressionless since I didn't want to give him any ideas.

****Me:**** (looking down at them) Wait here. We must decide a proper fate for the both of you.

I was the first one to step off of the podium, while my fellow Elders followed behind. We all stepped into the antechamber outside the cavern to decide their fate.

****Jane's POV****

Remember when my brother came out from behind the rock, and I said that I had never been so scared? I was wrong. My fear increased tenfold, and it was crippling me. I couldn't look at my brother, not when he could be dead in a few minutes. Ironic, isn't it? It was half an hour of dead silence between us, something neither of us could tolerate, under normal circumstances at least. But there was nothing but dead silence. I felt his anger and defiance. He was always so smart, so why did he have to be stupid and give in to those emotions? He basically told off the Elders. You didn't do that unless you wanted to die, which is the exact thing I was trying to prevent. The Elders came back and once again, my fear increased tenfold. This was it. Tonight would either be the last night of our life, or our first night in prison for the rest of our lives. It was as simple as that. The Elders came back out, and stepped onto the podiums, and once again, my fear increased tenfold. This was the moment that the Elders would decide our fate.

****Raia:**** Both of you have broken sacred rules. Both of you need to pay the price.

I knew it. I knew this was coming. My face started to grow hot as tears built up. I took one last look at my brother, whispering, "I'm so sorry". He looked at me with a forgiving face. He put his hand on my shoulder, his thumb stroking it.

****Raia:**** However, there is an exception.

Huh? Did I just hear her correctly?

****Raia:**** We have discussed this situation thoroughly, and we can't help but notice the courage that you two have displayed. Your brother stood up to us and told us the truth to protect you, and you lied to protect him.

What? Where was she going with this? I looked over at Hiccup and he was just as confused as I was.

****Raia:**** I look at you two, and in all my years, I've never seen anything like it. The bond that you two share is simply (pause) remarkable. (pause, turning to Jane) You have served us well. So what we have decided, is that there will be a choice.

I was too shocked to speak. Raia was taking mercy, and letting us live. Oh my gods. I couldn't believe this was happening, but I still went with it.

****Raia:**** Your first option, is that you can take your brother and have his memories of this night erased, and things can go back to the way they were.

I let it sink in, and contemplated this news. I looked at Hiccup, and he almost looked betrayed as he saw I was considering this.

****Raia:**** Your second option, is that Hiccup can become your apprentice, and join the Keepers.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank the gods! Hiccup and Jane are gonna be okay! Thank you Thor! But now, there is a new matter at hand. The Choice. What will they choose? For Hiccup to stay in the dark forever, and be safe? Or, to finally be a part of Jane's life, and put in danger of him, this mystery being that Jane and Aurora are hiding from?

20. The Keeper's Apprentice

****A/N:** This story has reached over 4,000 views. I'm so happy! Also, I'd like to send a shout out to my new followers: BlackHamster96, sadriannakoschenny, and rosannekarten.******

* * *

><p>Hiccup's POV

I looked over at my sister as she was considering the first option. I felt betrayed. I knew she meant well, but I'd had enough. I wanted to be a part of her life, more than anything. I wanted her to stop shutting me out. What was she so afraid of?

****Jane's POV****

What I saw in my brother's eyes, was hurt and betrayal. Guilt surged inside me, but I would do whatever it took to keep him safe, even if it meant hurting him.

****Hiccup:**** Jane, can we talk?

I knew this would happen. He grabbed my elbow and pulled me to the antechamber that the Elders had gone in not long before. He pushed the stone slab that would open the door to it, and he pulled me inside. The large stone door closed behind us.

****Me:**** What's this about?

****Hiccup:**** You know what it's about

****Me:**** Hiccup please, you have to trust me on this

****Hiccup:**** How am I supposed to trust you, when you won't even tell me what in the name of Thor is going on?

****Me:**** Hiccup-

****Hiccup:**** (cutting me off) No Jane. Listen to me. I am so sick and tired of being kept in the dark. I'm tired of always getting the feeling that you're keeping something from me, okay? I don't want there to be secrets between us. All I want is to be a part of your life, and now that you're back, I can be. Now tell me something Jane, is that really too much to ask? I mean, what are you so afraid of?!

He was raising his voice, and he was panting. He was angry, and I didn't blame him. He looked at me with determination, showing no signs of backing down. He had no idea what he would be getting himself into, and I wasn't answering his second question. If he only knew the truth, what I was so afraid of, who I was hiding from. I wouldn't expose him to that, not unless I had no other choice.

****Me:**** Is this what you really want?

****Hiccup:**** Yes. If it means no more secrets, then yes.

He calmed down as he spoke to me. I pondered this, pondered the choice that was given to us. If I chose the first option, Hiccup wouldn't even remember finding this place, what he had seen tonight, and he'd be safe, but he was clever, and this could happen all over again. If I chose the second option, then Hiccup would become a Keeper-in-Training, and be exposed to the danger, but he would be under the protection of the Elders. I would be able to train him, in every way possible. I looked at Hiccup with a severely hardened expression.

****Me:**** Are you sure you're ready?

****Hiccup:**** No, but I know that you can train me. And besides, I'm a fast learner, just like you, right?

The corners of his mouth curled up in a sly grin. I smiled, went over to him and put my palm on his cheek, and stroked it with my thumb.

****Me:**** My baby brother's all grown up

****Hiccup:**** Okay, you're only older than me by what, like 2 minutes?

I laughed and pulled him into a tight hug. Even now, we could never stay mad at each other for more than 5 minutes. Surprisingly, I felt relief. I pulled back.

****Me:**** Okay. Let's do this

****Hiccup's POV****

We walked out of the antechamber, and that was it. Jane walked right up to the Elders, and told them that we'd made our choice. Raia seemed to touch the air, and a silver medallion materialized out of it. The medallion lowered itself down to me, and the chain lowered itself around my neck. The medallion was long enough that it ended just below my chest.

****Me:**** What's this?

****Jane:**** It's a Keeper's medallion. It works like my gem.

****Me:**** Oh. Cool (picking up her pendant to look)

I didn't even notice that she even had one, because she must've always kept it hidden. It ended just above her chest. The smooth gem was a little bit bigger than my thumb. Glowing gold on the white opalescent gem and imprinted on the medallion was the Berk crest. I couldn't believe it.

****Raia:**** Hiccup Horrendous Haddock the Third, step forward.

I wasn't even surprised that she knew my name. Jane must've told her.

****Raia:**** You've been given a powerful medallion, as a symbol of the Keepers. Guard it with your life. You are now a Keeper-in-Training. You will be your sister's apprentice, and she will train in the ways of the Keepers. She will teach everything you need to know.

****Me:**** Thank you. (pause) Really, thank you.

****Jane:**** Come on. We should get going before anyone notices we're gone.

****Me:**** Right.

Jane waved goodbye to the dragons, or Elders, at least that's what Jane called them, and I followed her into the ever-twisting tunnels that she ventured through.

****Me:**** What is this place?

****Jane:**** The Catacombs. They're how Keepers travel mostly. The gems and medallions help us navigate through them.

****Me:**** Whoa.

As we walked through the Catacombs, I went wherever my medallion tugged, as Jane instructed me to do so. Jane told me everything. She told me that the first thing I needed to know about was the Keeper's gems and medallions. The girls got the gems and the boys got the medallions, so I guessed it was their preference or something. They were called locaters, since that was what they were mostly used for, but they could do whatever their owner willed, whether it be putting on a glamour to look like someone else, or uncovering the deepest, darkest secrets in an enemy's mind, or in anyone's mind for that matter. Jane told me about what the Keepers did. They were exactly like spies. They knew absolutely everything there was to know about every dragon that existed. They kept secrets that were dangerous for the outside world to know, secrets about dragons, about other realms, about magic. Whenever there was a new secret, it was documented in the Archives. It was about half an hour before we got back to Jane's secret room. She pushed the almost-invisible stone slab into the rock wall, and about 10 seconds later, the stone door grinded open. Everything clicked into place as soon as I found out the truth about my sister.

****Jane:**** You're still processing this?

****Me:**** No. It's just (pause), it all makes sense now. Like when you went off on your own that day, you were on Keeper business?

****Jane:**** Yes. A Night Fury wanted to speak with us. He was a messenger.

****Me:**** Oh, really?

****Jane:**** Yeah

****Me:**** One more thing.

****Jane:**** Yeah?

****Me:**** (biting lip) Was Mom a Keeper?

****Jane:**** Yeah, she was.

****Me:**** You mean _that's _why she went on all those quests?

****Jane:**** Crazy, isn't it?

She then pulled something from her cloak. It was a rolled up piece of parchment. She opened it up and beckoned me to come over. The parchment looked like a contract. Jane went over to a wood desk that I hadn't noticed before. It was slanted, like the one in my little workshop at the blacksmiths. Once again she beckoned me to come over. She took out a quill and ink.

****Me:**** What's this?

****Jane:**** Before you can actually become part of the Keeper society, you have to swear an oath of secrecy. You can't tell anyone anything about this, about you being a Keeper-in-Training. Everything that goes on with the Keepers, every new secret that you learn about

dragons, or anything for that matter, it has to stay a secret. No one can even know that all of this(gesturing around the stone room, crypt, whatever it was called) is a secret. Do you understand?

I understood perfectly. I couldn't tell anyone about this new world, not even my dad, not even Astrid. I understood the full weight of the decision I was making. I guess I understood part of the reason that my sister kept this from me, so I wouldn't have to make this kind of decision, but I didn't care. Jane and I were in this together, we always had been, and we always would be, if I had anything to say about it, and I could tell that she felt the same way. I silently thanked the gods again for twin telepathy. I repeated the words on the parchment, meaning every word, took the quill and signed it.

****Jane:**** There's one more thing you need to do

****Me:**** What is it?

Jane got up from the desk and went over to the wall behind us. She pushed another stone slab into the wall, and it slid aside to reveal shelves of weapons. She searched the shelves and found a small dagger. She took the dagger and walked over to me. She squeezed the tip of my index finger and pressed the tip of the dagger into it, drawing blood. She then pressed my finger into the small circle, my blood staining the parchment. I felt my medallion growing warmer and warmer. I was now officially my sister's apprentice. I felt instantly at peace. This was it, and there was no turning back now.

****Aurora's POV****

When I woke up, it was still dark, but I got the feeling that I had been out for at least an hour. Orin came and told me the news, that Hiccup finally became a Keeper-in-Training. It was either that or get executed, if Hiccup refused to have his memory erased, which as instinct told me, he probably did. I was waiting patiently for them, when I felt the presence. I braced for an attack, teeth bared, battle ready stance. I turned around and pounced on the figure that was making a foolish attempt to surprise me. I had the figure pinned to the ground, but as I stopped to look at the figure, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. What I had pinned to the ground, was a White Night Fury, with light blue eyes that reminded me of the sky. I then said with shaky breath:

****Me:**** Aron?

* * *

><p>AN: At last! Everything is resolved. Jane and Hiccup can finally be honest with each other. Or can they? There is still the matter of the mystery being that Jane is hiding from. And who is this new Night Fury, Aron? Is he an old friend of Aurora's, or something more? (We have to remember that dragons mentally age faster than humans) And if that is the case, then what will Fenn have to say about it? A more important question would be, what is Aron doing on Berk? Oh dear, this is_ can't_ be good. (Or can it?) **

****A/N:** Hello writers of FanFiction. This story has now reached over 5,000 views, and I am really happy about that. Thank y'all so much. Also, a shout-out to my new followers: DeltaWrath096, and tahalastarnine. Enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Flashback; 3****rd**** Person****

_Aron was one of Aurora's best friends, even though her time in their clan was short. They were inseparable, much like Jane and Hiccup. Aurora always thought of Aron as the big brother that she never had, even though they were the same age. Aron always thought of her as something more than a friend. Since they were in fact inseparable, it was decided that when they came of age, they would be joined in holy matrimony, and yes, there was such a thing as holy matrimony with dragons. Since birth, they have been engaged. But when Aurora was 5 years old, complications began to arise. Aurora had to go into hiding, and poor Aron was frantic. So frantic that he did the unforgivable. Before Aurora and Jane went to hide on Berk, there was a safe haven that they took refuge on. They were discovered, and they had Aron to thank for it. It was their engagement, their bond that enabled him to find her. All Aron wanted was for Aurora to be safe and sound under his wing. He didn't think they would have to flee again, and he certainly didn't expect her to be under the wings of a Black Night Fury, their most hated enemy. Ever since that day, something inside of Aron snapped, which allowed _him_ to take control of Aron's mind and body_,_ which pushed Aron to do unspeakable, seemingly unforgivable things. But what was most puzzling, was that all that time, he knew the real reason he was engaged to her._

****Aron's POV****

If I wasn't bound to Aurora, I never would've found her. I thank the gods every day for it. Did I expect her to be shocked? Yes, of course I did. Did I expect her to be in full-on attack mode and tackle me? No, no I did not. Although, I guess after years of having her guard up, always having to watch her back, it probably came as a second nature to her. Then again she _is_ a dragon. Although in that moment, all I could think about was her cold, heartless stare, looking right into me, which dissolved to reveal pure shock as she looked at me more closely. "Aron?", she said with shaky breath.

****Me:**** (nervously) Hey

****Aurora:**** What the hell are you doing here?!

****Me:**** Could you get off me please?

****Aurora:**** (growling angrily) You didn't answer my question. What the hell are you doing here?

I felt her claws digging deeper and deeper into my skin. I would heal, but right now it hurt like hell.

****Me:**** Ow! Would you stop that?!

****Aurora:**** Answer my question and I'll let you up.

****Me:**** (annoyed) You know, it's kind of hard to do that, when your standing on my damn head!

She waited a second while she considered her response, then with great hesitation, let me up. I shook myself, stretching my wings and all my limbs. It had taken 5 days of non-stop flight, just to get here.

****Aurora:**** (calmly) What are you doing here?

****Me:**** I'm here to make amends.

****Aurora:**** (sarcastic) Huh. You're real funny, you know that?

****Me:**** I'm serious. I want to help. I want to make sure you're safe.

****Aurora:**** I can take care of myself just fine, thank you very much. I mean, where the hell do you get the nerve to just show up here, and claim to want to make amends? How can you think that I will ever forgive you after what you did?!

****Me:**** Aurora-

****Aurora:**** (cutting me off) No. You don't get to speak. Let me tell you something. You have tried to kill Jane 4 times, you told him and his cronies where Jane and I were hiding, you sliced off half of Fenn's tail, and on top of all that, you are a damn stalker! So tell me, why should I trust you?

****Me:**** Because it's only a matter of time of time before he finds you, and when that happens, you're gonna need all the help you can get.

She opened her mouth to say something, but then she sighed with frustration, because she knew I was right. I was a little frustrated myself. I came here to warn her, to help her, and all I got for it was a face full of dirt and claws. I let her words sink in, and they hit me full force, but I wasn't budging. Yes I admit, I was the reason that Fenn had half a tail. I remember that night like it was yesterday. I remember being up in the air. I remember seeing him being caught in the net, and as he came plunging down, with one swift movement, I extended my sharpest claw, and I sliced off one of his tail fins, but it wasn't my fault. I didn't want to, but my body and my mind weren't under my control. They were under his control. He planted cold foreign thoughts in my head, telling me that I had to do this, that I had to make Fenn pay, and he was able to take control of me. That's why I left. I couldn't take it anymore. I had to help Aurora, and I had to make things right. I had to make her understand.

****Me:**** It wasn't my fault

****Aurora:**** What the hell do you mean it wasn't your fault?!

I stayed quiet, and waited. A few seconds later, realization dawned on her face. She knew exactly what he was capable of.

****Aurora:**** Oh, gods. I'm so sorry

Then, just my luck, Fenn showed up. He looked at me, then back at Aurora. His face was a mix of shock and anxiety.

****Fenn:**** You weren't at the house. I got worried. Are you alright?

****Aurora:**** I'm fine

Fenn turned to face me, and he did not look happy. Oh who was I kidding? He looked like he wanted to rip my head off and feed it to the sharks. I don't even wanna know what he would do if he knew about the engagement.

****Jane's POV****

I had just officially made my brother a Keeper-in-Training. I felt happy. I could finally share my world with my brother, because truth be told, he was missing out on so much. There was so much for him to learn and I couldn't wait to teach him, but that's when we heard the roars.

****Hiccup:**** What the- , Jane what's going on?

****Me:**** That's what we're gonna find out

I went over to the crypt entrance and pushed the stone slab into the wall, and 10 seconds later, the door opened. I grabbed Hiccup's elbow and took him to the door, and let go of it to grab a torch. Sometimes they lit up by themselves. We ran down the tunnel and approached its entrance. The rock wall crumbled to reveal an opening, and we stepped out. What we saw, were two White Night Furies and a very pissed-off looking Black one. Oh dear, this was not gonna end well.

* * *

><p>AN: Oh my gods! So Aron was something more than an old friend. Fenn doesn't even know that his girlfriend is engaged to someone else. But keep in mind, it wasn't Aurora's choice, and apparently there was an ulterior motive behind the engagement. I wonder what that could be. I'll be surprised if Aron isn't dead by morning. Hope y'all enjoyed. Thanks for reading!**

22. Tensions Rising

****Jane's POV****

My brother and I just stood under the tree roots, not believing what we were seeing. Once again, I was paralyzed by shock. What was Aron doing here? He wasn't supposed to be here, and Fenn, oh gods, Fenn was gonna rip him to shreds. As I looked at the 3 dragons, I could practically taste the tension in the air. I turned back and looked at Hiccup. He didn't know what was going on. His expression was a mix of confusion and shock, and I couldn't blame him. He looked at me as if to say: "What in Thor's name is going on?". That's exactly what I was gonna find out. I walked out from under the tree roots and beckoned my brother to come out. Fenn turned around and saw Hiccup, his expression softening, his pupils growing wide. Then he turned to look at me, a sense of urgency in his eyes.

****Fenn:**** Jane, take him home. This could get ugly.

****Aron:**** Things got ugly when you showed up.

****Fenn:****(looking back at Aron) Speak for yourself, you son of a-

****Aurora:**** (cutting him off) Okay, both of you, that's enough.

Both Aron and Fenn were locked in a battle of stare downs, neither showing any signs of backing down. Aurora stood between them, and she wasn't backing down either.

****Aurora:**** I mean it. Both of you, stop it

With great hesitation, they backed away from each other, but neither of them took their eyes away from each other. They looked ready to pounce if one of them made even the slightest movement. If they did throw down, my money was on Fenn. Sure he was crippled, but Fenn was the fiercest warrior I'd ever met, and trust me, that was saying something. At this point, I'd be surprised if Aron wasn't dead by morning. Sure, Aron was tough, but he's never really had to feel a sense of urgency, since he had been under the protection of his clan most of his life. In the dragon community, you learn how to fight and protect yourself when you get older, but as a child, you lived in protection. That's why the Night Furies who lived in solitude were the fastest, and the toughest, because they learned how to fend for themselves and survive on their own much faster, and they ended up having all those years of experience as opposed to those who lived in packs, if that makes any sense. I glanced at my brother. He was clutching his medallion, and his look of confusion shifted to intense focus. It took me 2 seconds to figure out what was happening. He could understand what was happening, but the medallion wouldn't enable him to hear the voices of the dragons. That was how it was with all the Keepers, all except me.

****Aron's POV****

I backed down and so did Fenn, just like Aurora had asked us to. Fenn eyed me like a hawk, and I did the same with him, focusing intently on his movements, waiting for him to strike.

****Fenn:****(growling low)What the hell are you doing here?

****Me:**** To make amends

****Fenn:**** You're full of crap, you know that? How do I know you're not lying?

****Me:**** And how do you know that I am lying?

****Aurora:**** Alright, I swear to the gods, if you two don't shut up within the next five seconds I am kicking both of your asses and burying you alive! Understand?!

We didn't need to be told twice. We instantly clamped our mouths shut and stood completely still. Aurora could be very terrifying when she wanted to be. She loved Fenn, but if she had to kick his ass, she wouldn't hesitate.

****Aurora:**** (calming down) Okay. What I suggest, is that we all get some rest and continue this discussion tomorrow. Okay?

****Jane's POV****

Hiccup and I just stood there the entire time, and when it was finally over, Aurora asked me to cast a glamour spell on the cove. I wasn't surprised. We couldn't have people asking questions about this new White Night Fury. I knew just what to do. I clutched my gem and started to chant. "Absconde alvei". I kept chanting that. It was Latin for "Conceal the cove". Just as I had been trained to do, I had mustered all my intent behind it. Chanting is one of the ways to channel the power of your medallion or gem, and Latin was the language that we used. I told Hiccup about it on the way back in the Catacombs. When I was done, the cove was invisible, giving off the glamour of just more woods. Only my brother and I would be able to enter it. Our gem and medallion would guide us back to it. If any other person tried to approach the cove, they'd only see woods and forget that they were trying to find it, causing them to turn back to the village, if that makes any sense. Aron was going to stay in the cove tonight, but he wouldn't be able to leave, just in case he was lying. Hiccup and I went back to the house, our dragons right behind us. We all went upstairs quietly to bed. Fenn and Aurora went right to sleep, but Hiccup and I stayed awake. I was just as giddy as I was when I had first spoken to the mother Nadder, if not more. Hiccup felt the same way, after everything that had just happened tonight. Hiccup had taken a huge risk following me, and it paid off. He was now a Keeper-in-Training, my apprentice. Aron had come back, and that would only further complicate things. How was I going to explain this to Hiccup? I wasn't, not unless it was absolutely necessary. It was all so surreal, it all happened so fast.

****Me:**** Can you believe all of this is happening?

****Hiccup:**** No. Can you?

****Me:**** No. (pause) I'm sorry

****Hiccup:**** I understand. You were just trying to look out for me.

He had no idea how right he was. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if anyone that I loved got hurt because of me. I would do anything it took to keep them safe, even lay down my life.

****Me:**** You do realize that you're gonna have to keep secrets from the ones that you care about the most. Believe me.

****Hiccup:**** Look Jane. I can deal with it okay? As long as there are no secrets between us. (pause) Goodnight.

Hiccup fell asleep. I suddenly felt like a scumbag. Here my brother was, thinking that there were no secrets between us. Here I was, keeping this huge secret, and it was slowly eating away at me. It didn't matter how I justified it, that I was keeping the secret to protect Hiccup. I was still the most sorry, miserable excuse for a sister that ever lived. I was an even worse sister for bringing him into my world. What the hell was I thinking? I should've had his memory erased. At least our twin telepathy wasn't acting up. Hiccup

couldn't sense what I was feeling right now. Remorse, guilt, anxiety, all of the above. I would just have to push it aside for now. I still had on my Dragon Rider outfit. I took off my cloak and hung it on my bed post (Dad started on my bed when I first got here. It took him 3 days to finish, and it was about 2 feet away from Hiccup's bed). I started running my fingers through my hair, and with a severely guilty conscience, I drifted off to sleep.

****Aron's POV; The next morning****

I woke up in the cove. I wasn't able to leave, and it really sucked, although I guess Jane kind of had a reason to be cautious. I looked up and I saw Jane and Hiccup, along with Aurora and Fenn (Oh joy, this was an interrogation, just what I needed. Ugggghh). They came down and eyed me like hawks. Figures. I then proceeded to tell them my story, how I'd gotten here, that I had come to make amends for the things that I've done, why I had left. I left because of who Jane and Aurora were hiding from, because of him. He had me at his beck and call, and I would have none of that. He was a narcissistic, psychopathic, manipulative scumbag, and he wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted, which in this case, was Jane and Aurora. They were going to need all the help they could get.

****Aurora's POV****

When Aron finished his story, I couldn't help but feel sorry. He was telling the truth, and I could feel it. Was I going to tell that to Fenn? No, no I was not. He looked skeptical the entire time that Aron was speaking. He didn't believe anything that Aron said, but as he looked at me, he could tell that I did. Jane wore an expression that just screamed "intense focus". Fenn inclined his head back. I knew this was coming. I followed Fenn and once we were a good 20 feet away from the others, he stopped.

****Fenn:**** You don't seriously believe anything he's saying, do you?

****Me:**** And what if I do?

****Fenn:**** If you do, then you should know he's totally lying.

****Me:**** How do you know he is?

****Fenn:**** Because after everything he's done, I don't see why we should trust him.

****Me:**** Fenn, he's telling the truth.

****Fenn:**** And how do you know he is?

****Me:**** Because I have a sixth sense about these kinds of things, don't I? Trust me.

He knew that Aron and I were supposed to be "together", but he didn't know that we were still engaged, and I wasn't gonna tell him until the time was right. He opened his mouth to say something, but then held his tongue. He knew just as well as the next dragon that it was pointless to argue with me, but I had a feeling that this discussion wasn't over, amen to that.

****Third Person; Whispering Death****

When Icarus had been sent for, he wondered why. When he approached the one that had sent for him, he couldn't believe his eyes. The ruthless master himself was before Icarus's eyes, but he remained calm, using the heartless stare that had become normal for him over the years. When Icarus heard the master's proposal, it was an offer he couldn't refuse. He had a score to settle with the black Night Fury, Fennrys. The master proposed that if he got Fennrys out of the way, he'd be rewarded greatly. Icarus followed where his senses took him, and they led him to an island called Berk. It had taken him at least 3 weeks, since Whispering Deaths weren't the fastest dragons in the world. Icarus tunneled underground and made a home for himself. He went to sleep, knowing that in a few short days, he would have his revenge on Fennrys. The name brought unkempt and untamed rage, which would be good for the fight. Icarus was going to need it, because it just might give him the boost required to finish off the Night Fury for good, because Fennrys was the fiercest warrior that he'd ever met. It was surprising to Icarus, since Fenn had grown up a prince, the pride and heir of his clan, although after what happened, Icarus wasn't surprised that his parents sent him away to protect him, but none of that mattered. Icarus continued to create his tunnels, planning exactly how he would get his revenge.

****Meanwhile****

Fenn heard the noises, and they instantly reminded him of Icarus, the little bastard. Fenn growled at the floor, which woke up Hiccup.

****Hiccup:**** (groggily) Ahh Toothless, go back to sleep.

* * *

><p>AN: Oh. My. Gods. Aron didn't die! Fenn didn't kill him! This should be interesting. And Jane isn't a horrible sister, is she? I mean, she's only trying to protect Hiccup from the mystery being, who apparently is a master. But what kind of master? (You can either review or PM me with your guesses) And now Aurora's keeping secrets? Oh for the love of Thor, this is enough to give anyone a headache. Am I right people?**

23. What Flies Beneath (Part 1)

****A/N:** Hey guys. This story has reached almost 6,000 views. Thank y'all sooo much. Just so you know, these next few chapters are going to go along with the "Dragons: Riders of Berk Episode": What Flies Beneath. Disclaimer: I don't own Riders of Berk, and I don't own HTTYD. I only own my characters: Jane, Aurora and Aron. And the mystery being. A shout out to my new follower: Maxximus Prime.**

* * *

><p>Aurora's POV

It had been 3 weeks since Aron came to live on Berk. The other dragons were wary of him, but I guess they had good reason to. He came here to help me. He wasn't lying when he said he wanted to make

amends, and it was hard for him, because the others looked at him like he was a monster. The only way that they'd let him stay here was in a cage, and so he had to sleep in one in the arena. I told the others countless times to give Aron a chance, but like all dragons, they held a grudge. Don't get me wrong, I was grateful to have such protective friends, but still, they needed to chill. Fenn had been acting completely distant, ever since Aron showed up. By the end of the first week, he had started avoiding me altogether. When I went to sleep, he wouldn't cover me with his wing like he normally did. I knew he was a little jealous, but I could tell it was more than that, because I knew Fenn, and he wasn't that petty. I wished that he would just talk to me, tell me what's bothering him. Although, all that was put on hold, when the sound of growls woke me up. We were all asleep one night, when Fenn started to growl at the floor.

****Hiccup's POV****

It had been 3 weeks since that new White Night Fury arrived. In all of 3 weeks, I learned so much, then again, I was a fast learner. The first thing Jane taught me was communication. I learned about the code that the Keepers used for secret messages. She taught me about the flame messages, and it turned out that the Keepers also used hand signals. Today, Jane showed me her Book of Dragons. There was so much more about our dragons in there that Berk's Book of Dragons could ever hold. There were dragons in there that I had never even heard of. It was a shame that I couldn't share any of this with the gang, but I didn't lose too much sleep over it. I was perfectly sound asleep, thinking of what I had learned about today, when I woke up to the sound of growls. It was Toothless, and for some weird reason, he was growling at the floor. I was too tired to wonder what was going on with him.

****Me:**** (groggily) Ahhh Toothless, go back to sleep

Toothless was still growling, and Jane woke up. Another thing I learned about my sister was that she got very cranky when someone woke her up in the middle of the night. She then got a look that I called "The Crazy Eyes", an angry look that would have any Berserker run crying to their mommy, I am not even kidding. Like I said before, she was lethal when provoked, but then again, she was practically raised by dragons, so I wasn't surprised that most of their behavior rubbed off on her.

****Jane:**** (yelling) Would you shut the hell up?! I AM TRYING TO SLEEP!

Toothless rolled his eyes, which told me that he was probably used to this. As soon as Jane saw this, her angry look shifted to annoyance, and with one swift movement, she squeezed the pressure point under his jaw, and he was out like a light. She looked at me apologetically.

****Jane:**** (yawning) I am sorry you had to see that

She walked over and flopped on her bed, not even bothering to pull on a blanket. I smiled and I chuckled a little. Then, I yawned and drifted back to sleep.

****Morning; Still Hiccup****

My sister and I woke up well rested despite the growling last night. Toothless wasn't in his bed like normal, so he must've gone outside. Aurora woke up and stretched, and followed us outside, and it turned out, Toothless was waiting for us. My dad, Mulch, Gobber, and a few other villagers were standing over something. Jane and I went to go see what was going on, and our dragons followed. When we approached the crowd, we saw that they were all looking at a deep hole. My sister bent down and looked at the hole, and she ran her hand over it, examining the dirt when she brought it up. Her eyes widened, which was never a good sign. She stood up and dusted off her hands. When Toothless approached it, his nostrils started flaring and he reared up, a roar escaping him. I couldn't figure out what he was so riled up about. I walked up to him in an attempt to calm him down.

****Me:**** Whoa, hey. Come on, it's just a hole Bud.

****Bucket:**** (from the hole) It's not just a hole. It's like an underground village!

Of course, as soon as Bucket was heard, Mulch came over.

****Jane:**** What the heck is he doing down there?

****Mulch:**** Bucket, oh there ye are. I've been lookin' fer ye all night.

****Bucket:**** Sorry Mulch. But I think I finally found it, my happy place.

Right after he said that, Bucket was catapulted out of the hole, followed by a large cloud of dust that emerged from the hole. Bucket screamed on his way down, and landed next to a barrel, making a clanking sound. Dad immediately ran over to Bucket.

****Dad:**** Are ye alright Bucket?

****Bucket:**** Not so happy anymore.

****Dad:**** What happened?

****Bucket:**** (scared) Somethin' pushed me out. Somethin's down there, somethin' big.

****Jane:**** Something big, you say?

Bucket nodded hurriedly. Jane's eyes widened again, this time melting into a worried look. I jogged over to her to see what was wrong. Toothless had disappeared. Everyone was backing away from the hole.

****Jane:**** Oh no.

****Me:**** Jane, what is it? What's wrong?

That was when we heard the whispers. The ground shook, sort of like a mini-earthquake.

****Astrid:**** What is that sound?

****Gobber:**** Eh, whatever it is, it's giving me the willies

****Me:**** Jane? What's going on? What's wrong?

Just then, a Whispering Death came bursting through the hole. Jane pointed at it.

****Jane:**** That. That's what's wrong.

She lowered her arm and stood completely still. The Whispering Death seemed to be eyeing everyone, looking for someone in particular. The Whispering Death roared, trying it's best to look as terrifying as absolutely possible.

****Snotlout:**** (astonished) Whoa, Look at the size of that thing.

****Fishlegs:**** (whimpering) Do I have to?

****Astrid:**** Dragons, everyone!

Everyone did just as Astrid said. They raced to their dragons and mounted them. Even Jane, and I was surprised at this because she never listened to Astrid, ever. She then put on her battle face, and honestly, I prayed to Thor that no one would be stupid enough to cross her when she had that face. I wasn't afraid of her, but still.

****Snotlout:**** (scared) I don't like the way it's eyeballing me.

****Fishlegs:**** (even more scared) Uh, don't worry. It's not just you

****Snotlout:**** (sarcastic) Thanks, big relief

The Whispering Death roared again, and then dove back into its hole. Everyone couldn't believe what just happened. Only Jane seemed unfazed. Figures.

****Astrid:**** What. Was. That?

****Jane:**** What do you think it was princess?

Astrid opened her mouth to say something, but then held back. I guessed she didn't have anything to say. That was the weird thing. Whenever my sister called someone out, they could never think of what to say back.

****Tuffnut:**** Whatever it was, I want one.

****Fishlegs:**** If I had to take a guess, I'd say that was, (pause) a Whispering Death

****Tuffnut:**** Ooo, great name. (covering his dragon's ears) So much better than Zippleback.

Next to Barf-and-Belch, Bucket was standing on a barrel. Why was I not surprised?

****Bucket:**** (panicking) Where'd it go? Why's it here? What's it gonna do to us? (facing Mulch) WHY AREN'T YE SLAPPIN' ME TO SNAP ME OUT OF THIS?!

****Mulch:**** (scared and also standing on a barrel) Because I'm scared too Bucket.

Just then, the Whispering Death burst out of the hole again. It looked very angry.

****Gobber:**** Ehh, it looks angry Hiccup. Why don't you do that thing where you touch its nose and feed it grass?

That was soo not gonna help.

****Me:**** Okay uh, Fishlegs, what do we know about the Whispering Death?

He didn't even miss a beat

****Fishlegs:**** Boulder class. Razor-sharp teeth. Incredibly strong. Hunts from underground.

****Tuffnut:**** Ha, now I _really_ _want_ one

****Jane:**** (scolding) Tuffnut, now is not the time.

****Snotlout:**** So, how do we deal with this thing?!

And of course, my father had to make a grand entrance; then again, he _is_ _the_ chief. He had his Thunderdrum, Thornado.

****Dad:**** Stand back everyone. Thornado's got something to say to this beast

Thornado let out a sonic blast, which directly hit the Whispering Death. It didn't really seem that much effected by the blast, and that was a big problem. The dragons started to roar at each other.

****Gobber:**** I don't think it's got its listening ears on.

****Astrid:**** Alright. Let's run this thing out of here!

Everyone ascended into the air and followed after my father, and they all began to surround the Whispering Death. They circled with the Whispering Death, when Toothless burst out of the hole.

****Jane's POV****

Aurora and I were in the air with the rest of the gang, except for Hiccup. We were a little higher up than the others, so we could get a better view of the situation. I'd seen Fenn go into the hole, looking for Icarus. I didn't know how Icarus found us and I didn't know why he was here, but I knew one thing. He needed to be stopped. I saw my brother on the ground, watching the whole thing. My intensely focused face masked my fear. My brother was down there, and he was totally defenseless. I kept thinking, 'Come on Fenn, where are you?'. Just then, he flew out of the hole and his eyes locked on Icarus. Fenn

yelled to the dragons: _Get back! I'll handle this!_

****Snotlout:**** What is Toothless doing?!

****Astrid:**** I think he wants us to back off.

****Fishlegs:**** No problem here.

I would've groaned at Fishlegs being a scaredy-cat, if I wasn't so distracted by Fenn. 'Fenn, what are you doing?' I thought. Icarus locked eyes with Fenn and he raced towards him. Icarus and Fenn tackled each other. I heard my brother yell: Toothless! Fenn shot a few fire balls at Icarus. I needed to do something. I closed my eyes and concentrated. When I opened them again, I vividly saw what Icarus was seeing. As a Dragon Whisperer, I can also tap into other dragon's senses (hear what they hear, see what they see, feel what they feel, that sort of thing). He was taking a few seconds to evaluate Fenn. He saw that Fenn had a prosthetic tail. He thought this was going to be too easy. My brother ran to Fenn and tried to mount him, but Fenn pushed him aside and went back to facing Icarus. Fenn tried to fly up, and he kept falling down. My dad kept shouting and pointing, and I could only assume that he was gonna use the catapult.

****Aurora:**** I need to help him

****Me:**** What?

Before I could do anything, she raced to the ground, and when she landed, she ended up accidentally flinging me off. I ended up rolling forward 10 feet away, and I had a couple of bruises, and I even hit my head a little. I landed flat on my face, and I heard bones cracking and popping. My brother whipped his head around and ran to me. I got up and dusted myself off. It took more than a fall to bring me down.

****Hiccup:**** Oh my gods! Are you alright? Is anything broken?

****Me:**** I'm fine. Everything's okay

****Aurora's POV****

I raced to help Fenn and accidentally flung off Jane, but I knew she'd be okay. She was resilient. I flew to Icarus and shot 2 plasma blasts at him, which were both direct hits.

****Fenn:**** (yelling) Aurora! Stay out of this!

****Me:**** No!

I fired 2 more shots at Icarus, and he was getting mad. I flew down, landed at least 10 feet away from Fenn and held my ground. Icarus backed up a little and shot a spine, which ended up hitting Fenn directly in his back left thigh. Fenn tried to get it out while also trying to fly up to Icarus.

****Stoick:**** Gobber!

Gobber fired the catapult twice before the sunlight came out, and Icarus fled, tunneling into the ground.

****Hiccup's POV****

I made absolutely sure that Jane was okay, then I ran over to Toothless. He had a spine stuck in his back leg.

****Me:**** Oh no, you're hurt.

He looked at me with eyes that could only be described as innocent. I wrapped my hands around the spine and pulled it out. Then Toothless ran to the top of the hill, his eyes on the horizon.

****Me:**** Toothless, wait.

****Astrid:**** Where's he going?

****Snotlout:**** Probably running away to lick his wounds.
Hahaha

****Me:**** It's not funny. Toothless could've been killed. He can't fly, remember?

****Snotlout:**** Aaand whose fault is that?

****Astrid:**** Seriously, did you just go there?

****Snotlout:**** Hey. I call it like I see it.

As if right on cue, with one swift and agile movement, Jane walked up, punched Snotlout in the face, and kneed him in the gut, and he doubled over in pain. It always felt good when she did that. She was looking up at Toothless, her gaze confused. She was trying to figure everything out.

****Fishlegs:**** Umm, does anyone wanna talk about what in the name of Thor just happened?

****Tuffnut:**** Uhh, dragon fight. Just another day on Berk

****Fishlegs:**** Uhh, not really. It seemed like there was way more to it than that.

****Me:**** He's right, The Whispering Death, singled Toothless out.

****Astrid:**** And Toothless wanted that dragon all to himself

****Me:**** Yeah, he certainly did. But why?

24. What Flies Beneath (Part 2)

****Hiccup's POV****

As I looked at the spine that I pulled out of Toothless's thigh, I tried to figure out what was going on. I looked at my sister, and my twin telepathy kicked in. She knew something about what was going on, but she didn't know the whole story.

****Fishlegs:**** Umm, does anybody wanna talk about what in the name of

Thor just happened?

****Tuffnut:**** Uhh, dragon fight. Just another day on Berk.

****Fishlegs:**** Uhh, not really. It seemed like there was way more to it than that.

****Me:**** He's right. The Whispering Death, singled Toothless out-

****Astrid:**** And Toothless wanted that dragon all to himself.

****Me:**** Yeah, he certainly did. But why?

There was a sudden awkward silence, until the twins spoke up.

****Tuffnut:**** Uhh, are we gonna be tested on this 'cause I'm completely confused.

****Ruffnut:**** Well, don't look at me

I tried to figure this whole thing out. I wished that Toothless could just tell me what was going on out there. Jane got this determined look on her face and started to walk up the hill.

****Me:**** Where are you going?

****Jane:**** To give your dragon a piece of my mind.

I opened my mouth to say something, but then held back. I thought about telling her that everything was okay, but she knew better. That, and she was about twice as stubborn as our father, so it would be completely pointless to try and talk her out of it.

****Jane's POV****

I was so annoyed with the way Fenn had been acting lately. Aurora's been all depressed and she won't talk to me. I didn't know what happened today. I mean, I knew that Fenn and Icarus had a score to settle, but I didn't know why he was here. How had he known where we were? I had a feeling that Icarus was tipped off, like he was sent here or something. I had a feeling that this situation was more than just a personal vendetta. I walked up behind Fenn, and he looked as determined as I felt annoyed.

****Me:**** (demanding) Hey

****Fenn:**** (looking at me, annoyed) What?

****Me:**** You. Me. Cove. Now.

Fenn actually looked kind of startled. I was going to give him the ass-chewing of his life. We ended up going to the cove, and we landed in the middle of it. Now, I was ready. I took on an angry voice because truth be told, I was a little upset. I cared about Fenn, and I wanted to make sure he wasn't doing anything stupid.

****Fenn:**** What's this about?

****Me:**** What do you think it's about Fenn?

****Fenn:**** Look, I had to do it myself

****Me:**** Why? Fenn, you could've gotten killed out there. What the hell were you thinking?!

****Fenn:**** That I had a score to settle with Icarus.

****Me:**** Fenn, you and I both know you're better than that.

****Fenn:**** Well maybe you don't know me as well as you thought you did.

****Me:**** Fenn, I'm not the one who should be giving you this talk. You know that, right?

As soon as I said it, Fenn got this pained look on his face. His breath was shaky and he clutched the ground, leaving claw marks in the dirt. He knew exactly what I was talking about. Aurora was the one who should be chewing his ass out, but she wasn't, because Fenn had been acting totally distant. He'd been avoiding her, pushing her away, and he barely looked at her anymore, ever since Aron got here. Being a Dragon Whisperer, I knew exactly what was going on. Fenn wasn't jealous, it went much deeper than that. Since Fenn wouldn't talk to her, the only ones that she could talk to were me and Aron, which only pained Fenn even more, which caused him to be even more distant, which resulted in Aurora thinking that she couldn't talk to him, which pushed her to talk to Aron, and it was all a circle, when you think about it.

****Me:**** Fenn, she just wants you to talk to her

****Fenn:**** (bitter) How am I supposed to talk to her, when she spends all her time with Aron?

****Me:**** She only does that because you're pushing her away. With the way you've been acting, she feels like she can't talk to you, because she thinks that you don't wanna talk. Fenn, you may be one of my best friends, but Aurora is my sister, and I don't want her to get hurt. So you need to get your damn act together, or else she very well may end up with Aron. Is that what you want?

Fenn looked like he was ready to burst. His whole body was shaking at the thought of Aurora and Aron ending up together, and his expression held untold pain. I didn't want to do that to him, but sometimes that was the only way to get him to see the light. He was acting like a total ass, and I would have none of it.

****Me:**** (calming down) Look, all I'm saying is that you two need to work out your issues, okay? And you need to stop pushing us away.

Fenn didn't say anything. All he did was sigh, and we climbed out of the cove. We walked back to the house, and Fenn was limping a little. Figures.

* * *

><p>Later that Night; Hiccup's POV

I was still trying to figure out what happened earlier today. What was up with Toothless? Why was the Whispering Death here? What did it want? I was rubbing some healing salve on Toothless's thigh. It was from Jane's cabinet, but I lied to my dad and said that Jane got it from Gothi. Apparently Night Fury saliva, plus blue oleander oil, plus Scauldron venom made one kick-ass healing salve. She happened to have plenty of each ingredient. It could be used for any species, including humans. The trick was that you had to be careful about how much venom that you put in. That wasn't the case with dragons though, but still. As I was rubbing the salve, Toothless was very rigid and tense, like he was in pain. I wanted to know what was wrong, but the last time I checked, I wasn't a Dragon Whisperer. Jane came back up with more salve, and a cloth to put it on with.

****Me:**** I- I really wish you could just tell me what was going on out there today.

****Jane:**** I'll tell you what was going on today. He was being stupid

Toothless let out a groan of protest. He was probably annoyed. I could tell that Jane meant what she said when she said she was gonna give Toothless a piece of her mind.

****Jane:**** Oh quit whining Fenn. You knew damn good and well I wasn't gonna let you live this down. You could've been killed. This is what you get for taking him on alone.

Toothless rolled his eyes. He was annoyed with Jane. He looked at me as if to say, 'How do you live with her?'. I shrugged and rubbed some more salve on his leg. I heard someone coming up the stairs. Toothless did too, and he tensed up, slightly growling. I saw who it was, and I calmed Toothless down.

****Me:**** Whoa, whoa, whoa. Easy bud, it's just my dad

****Dad: ****How's our wounded warrior?

****Me:**** He's still a little on edge.

****Dad:**** Don't worry Toothless. I think we showed that dragon a thing or two about uninvited guests on Berk. I don't think he'll be coming back anytime soon. At least I hope not.

My dad started to walk downstairs. My sister was fiddling for something in her bag, as she made a sarcastic remark.

****Jane:**** (sarcastic) That's very comforting Stoick.

Dad stopped for 3 seconds, then started back down. Ever since Jane started living with us again, I sensed unspoken tension between those two. In the 2 months that Jane has been here, I'd never heard them speak more than 2 words to each other at a time, and never once did she call him Dad, just Stoick. Something happened between them, something that they weren't telling me about. I would get to the bottom of it, sooner or later.

****Me:**** (in response to Stoick's remark) Yeah, me too. Okay that

should do it bud. You just need to take it easy.

Toothless climbed onto his bed and breathed fire on it like normal. I noticed something was off, something was missing.

****Me:**** (looking at Jane) Hey, where's Aurora?

****Jane:**** She said she wanted to sleep downstairs tonight.

****Me:**** Why?

****Jane:**** I don't know.

We ended up crawling into bed and going to sleep. I was still wondering what could've happened between Jane and Dad. Another thing I noticed about my sister, was that she could a grudge. I took a look at Toothless one more time before I drifted off to sleep.

****Fenn's POV****

I waited until Hiccup was sound asleep. I got up from my bed and I nudged him a little with my snout just to be sure. I had to face Icarus. I had to finish him off once and for all. None of the others understood. Not even Aurora, although I wouldn't expect her to, since she was spending all of her time with Aron. And Jane thinks that I've been distant. The thought of Aron and Aurora together sickened me to the core. I looked up at the large window above Hiccup's bed, and climbed out of it. I took one last look at the house, and realizing I was probably about to do something incredibly stupid, I whispered to myself, 'Aurora, please forgive me', and I ran off to find Icarus.

****Hiccup's POV****

I had vivid dreams of my father and my sister fighting. I yelled at them over and over to stop, but my voice wouldn't work. They kept arguing and going at each other, and she ran out of the house. I called out to her, but she couldn't hear me. Then, I woke up.

****Me:**** Uhh, Too- Toothless?

I looked at my sister and it looked like she had woken up at the same time I had. I guessed our twin telepathy was growing stronger. I looked up and Toothless wasn't in his bed.

****Me:**** Oh no

****Jane:**** He's gone.

We jumped out of bed and ran outside. Toothless was nowhere to be found. Aurora came outside too, looking panicked and afraid. "Toothless!" I called out.

****Jane:**** Oh no-

****Me:**** -He went after him-

****Jane:**** -Alone.

25. What Flies Beneath (Part 3)

****A/N:** Hey people of FanFiction. This story has reached almost 7,000 views. Thank y'all sooo much. A heads-up, Jane is going to be taking some of Astrid's part in his chapter, and expect some of Jane and Hiccup doing normal twin things like speaking in unison and finishing each others sentences. A shout-out to my new followers: Jeremyk1 and mistreated. I hope y'all enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Aurora's POV

I was frightened and panicked. Fenn had snuck out in the middle of the night, so he could finally settle the stupid score with Icarus, his bitter rival, well, one of them at least. Despite the way that he'd been acting, I still loved him, and I was still worried about him. I'd been talking to Aron about my relationship problems, when I should've been talking to Jane about them. I didn't know why, but over these past few weeks, I felt like I was drawing closer and closer to Aron, but I wanted to be with Fenn. It was weird. Hiccup and Jane and I headed to the arena. I went over to talk to Aron. It was finally decided that he'd be let out of the cage. The others weren't there yet, so we had some time. Hiccup and Jane had left the arena to go and get the other riders, so we were left alone. His sky blue eyes found me, and they filled with concern.

****Me:**** I hope he's okay, I really do

****Aron:**** Look, if there's anything I've learned about Fenn, it's that he's a survivor. He'll be fine.

****Me:**** I know but still-

****Aron:**** But still you hope that he comes back in one piece. I understand.

He finished the sentence abruptly, as if it pained him to say it. I sensed that it did. I knew that he had feelings for me. I knew he wanted me to see that he was my other half, and the problem was that he couldn't see that he wasn't. Fenn was my other half, and I was his. Aron and I weren't technically married yet, but we were still bound (humans say betrothed, dragons say bound), so I could sense the small coal of agony burning inside of him.

****Me:**** Aron, you know it can't be like that. We can't be together.

****Aron:**** (angry) Why not? Your boyfriend is treating you like crap right now. I don't understand how you can put up with it.

****Me:**** Look, if he knew about our bond then he would understand.

****Aron:**** (venomous) So why haven't you told him? Afraid he'll leave you?

****Me:**** (serious) Aron, don't go there

****Aron:**** (smug) And why shouldn't I? Afraid it's true?

****Me:**** Aron-

****Aron:**** No. It's my turn to talk. Do you have any idea how hard it is for me? How hard it is to be around you? You come to me for comfort. You tell me that Fenn's been acting distant, and that he won't talk to you, and that he avoids you every damn chance he gets. So what I don't understand is why you haven't come to your senses and left him already. He obviously doesn't deserve you. So tell me something. Are you too naïve or too stupid to realize that he's not the one you're supposed to be with?!

He was raising his voice, and he was panting. As soon as he calmed down, he suddenly realized his mistake and he looked ashamed. I was horrified. His words hit me full force. A tiny coal of anger started to burn inside me. I looked right at Aron, with a cold hardened gaze.

****Me:**** I'm neither. You have no right to tell me what I can and can't do. You have no right to tell me who I can and can't love. We may be bound, but you don't own me. You never have, you never will.

With that, I walked away. I was quivering with anger. I hated being snapped at and I hated being yelled at. For dragons, it's easy for our temper to get out of control, and that directly applied with Night Furies, but most of us want to try and have some self-control. I was one of them. The others returned with their riders, and I went over to join them, leaving Aron all alone.

****Hiccup's POV****

Jane and I had gotten all of the riders and dragons to the arena to discuss how we were gonna find my dragon. I was trying to figure out our options, and sure enough, Snotlout was standing in the corner, smiling that obnoxious little grin that he got whenever I was anxious.

****Snotlout:**** Maybe Toothless just went out for a morning flight. Oh that's right, he can't. Hahahaha

He went back to stroking Hookfang, and smiling that obnoxious little grin of his, but I couldn't think about that right now. As if right on cue, Aurora was looking mad and shot a small plasma blast where Snotlout was standing, which literally knocked him off his feet, causing him to fall on his butt. It made me feel a little better, but not much. Snotlout got back on his feet, and Astrid shot him a death glare.

****Astrid:**** Really? You're going there again? Now-

I put my arm in front of Astrid. We didn't have time for her to kill Snotlout right now.

****Me:**** Toothless must be looking for the Whispering Death. We find it, we find Toothless.

****Fishlegs:**** (nervously) What do we do if we find the Whispering

Death first?

****Me:**** Well, we train him.

****Tuffnut:**** You know he's got death is his name, right?

I ignored Tuffnut's comment and walked over to Fishlegs. There had to be something that could be useful.

****Me:**** Fishlegs, is there anything about the Whispering Death in the Book of Dragons that can help us?

Fishlegs flipped through the book hurriedly, and stopped on the right page.

****Fishlegs:**** It can shoot razor-sharp spines from any part of its body.

****Astrid:**** And how's that gonna help us?

****Fishlegs:**** Well it would help if we stayed away from those.

The twins were near, and like always, they had to make some stupid remark.

****Tuffnut:**** Or, we could get near them and use Ruffnut as a human shield.

Upon saying that, Ruffnut shoved her heel into his kneecap.

****Tuffnut:**** Oww, my kneecap! That's new, I like it.

I didn't have time for this. My dragon was out there, facing one of the most dangerous dragons alive, on his own. I quickly got back to the matter at hand.

****Me:**** This dragon must have a weakness

****Fishlegs:**** Actually, no. Yeah, it says right here, "No known weaknesses".

****Tuffnut:**** Hah, I really love this thing.

We had to go now. We'd wasted enough time already. I was getting more worried by the minute.

****Me:**** Okay can we go? We don't know how much time we have left.

I hurried over to Aurora, and my sister and I mounted her. My sister could always calm me down, and I needed that right now.

****Jane:**** Don't worry Hiccup, we'll find him.

My arms fastened around her waist and we all ascended on the search for Toothless. I needed to distract myself a little. When we were up, I noticed that Jane used a strong piece of cloth to secure her straight hair in a bun. I guessed it was so that it wouldn't get in my face. I also noticed that she had braided the first strand on both sides of her hair. The whole time we were flying, everyone stared at

us. Jane noticed it too.

****Me and Jane:**** (unison) What?

Fishlegs was the first to speak up.

****Fishlegs:**** Sorry, its just- It's scary how much you two look alike. Ruff and Tuff don't even look as much alike as you two.

****Jane:**** (casually) We aren't Ruff and Tuff. Besides, that's not what we need to be focusing on right now.

****Me:**** But_ that_ is. There, down below.

Jane's eyes followed to where I was pointing. She guided Aurora down and the rest followed. We landed next to the holes, and we all got off our dragons. Jane pulled her hair out of the bun and let it fall straight, walked over to the holes, and ran her hand along them, just like she did this morning. She brought her hand up to her face to examine the dirt, then she dusted off her hands. I walked over to her to see what she had found.

****Me:**** Well?

****Jane:**** He was here. These are his holes. We're getting close.

I looked down the holes and called for Toothless. I didn't see anything. Snotlout walked over to the holes and examined them.

****Snotlout:**** How do we even know the Whispering Death made these holes?

****Jane:**** (sarcastic) So _you_ think it might be the _other_ 2500 pound rock-eating dragon we're following?

It took Snotlout 10 seconds before he figured out what was going on.

****Snotlout:**** I know what you're- , don't try to confuse me.

****Jane:**** Trust me Snotlout. You don't need any help in that department.

Snotlout got this annoyed and angry look on his face and Jane rolled her eyes. Figures. She wasn't afraid of Snotlout, not in the least. I turned away, and something on the ground caught my eye. I picked it up. It was sharp and small, like a dragon tooth maybe. Jane walked over to get a better look.

****Me:**** Look at this. He must've lost a tooth

****Tuffnut:**** Is it sharp? If it is, I want it. I like sharp

****Ruffnut:**** Yeah, sharp is good.

****Jane:**** Here let me see

I handed it to Jane and she examined it, turning it over again and again. She handed it back to me and looked lost in thought. Trying to figure out what in the name of Thor was going on, I assumed. Fishlegs being Fishlegs, just had to comment on how dangerous it was.

****Fishlegs:**** Think about this. Hundreds of those spinning together, ripping through dirt and tree root, discarding rock like it's not even there.

That was when we heard the whispers. That was when the mini-earthquake started. That was when the dragons started panicking. Aurora stared at the ground, battle ready, as if she were the one fighting the Whispering Death.

****Astrid:**** Stormfly, what's wrong?

****Tuffnut:**** What's wrong with you dragon?

****Ruffnut:**** Barf, settle down

****Me:**** Stop-

****Jane:**** -Listen

She took the words right out of my mouth. We all stood still, and we waited. The silence was almost deafening, except for the whispers. The suspense just hung there, like a sword waiting to be dropped on our heads. Ruff and Tuff were the ones to break the silence. They always were.

****Tuffnut:**** Listen for what?

****Ruffnut:**** I don't hear anything. (yells) What are we listening for?!

****Jane:**** Be quiet

****Tuffnut:**** How are we supposed to hear anything over her yelling?

****Astrid:**** Sshh

Everyone started backing away from the holes, except for Jane and Aurora. They stood perfectly still, like statues.

****Fishlegs:**** The whisperâ€¦|.

****Snotlout:**** Looks like we beat Toothless.

****Astrid:**** Yeah. We win

Fishlegs was standing on the ground peacefully, when the Whispering Death burst up next to him. Fishlegs stayed still, except for the slight quivering in his posture.

****Fishlegs:**** I'm not feeling like a winner.

The Whispering Death had to have been at least 5 feet away from Fishlegs. He roared in Fishlegs's face, eyeballing him in its usual

manner.

****Fishlegs:**** (nervous) Hi. Loving the teeth

The Whispering Death flew up and eyeballed each of the dragons. He then tunneled back into the ground. I guessed he didn't find what he was looking for.

****Snotlout:**** (annoyed) I hate it when he does that. Can you at least tell me why he does that?

Fishlegs, being Fishlegs, just had to answer. I didn't know why they didn't just ask Jane.

****Fishlegs:**** Maybe to hunt. Maybe because it's crueler. Maybe to look for water. (pause) And maybe because he can't stand the pressure, of everybody always expecting him to have the answers!

****Tuffnut:**** He's losing it-

****Ruffnut:**** I know. It's awesome.

****Jane:**** He does it because he's looking for someone in particular.

We all looked at Jane expectantly, and she kept talking.

****Jane:**** The Whispering Death is looking for Toothless. If he sees us, he'll think that Toothless might be with his gang. That would be our little group.

****Me:**** Where are you going with this?

****Jane:**** Did you see how the Whispering Death has no pupils? He doesn't need them because he spends nearly all his time underground. That results in Whispering Deaths not having the best eyesight, like moles, kind of. So he has to take a few seconds to look at everyone and see if any of them are who he's looking for. That's why he eyeballs us. Does that make sense?

I didn't even have time to nod yes before it burst out of the ground again. Fishlegs ran and screamed a little. Tuffnut looked at it with awe. Figures.

****Tuffnut:**** Somebody hold it still. I wanna pet it

Ruffnut actually gathered enough smarts to pull him back. I started to walk toward the Whispering Death. Jane grabbed my arm and pulled me back.

****Astrid:**** Do you actually have a plan or are you trying to get yourself killed?

****Me:**** If I can train it, it'll leave Toothless alone.

****Snotlout:**** Right, so you are trying to get yourself killed.

****Jane:**** Hiccup, I can't believe I'm about to say this, but I agree with them.

Before I could answer back, the Whispering Death came right towards us, so we stuck out our hands at the same time and turned away. It stopped just a few inches away, and stayed there. Jane and I stood perfectly still, and the Whispering Death dove back into its hole. Jane and I ran to the hole. I was confused. "OOookkkaaaayyy", I said. Then, an idea popped into my head. My sister looked at me knowingly. She was thinking the same thing.

****Astrid:**** I know what you're thinking, and the answer's no.

Jane and I jumped into the hole anyway. We both landed in a crouch position side-by-side, and we stood up at the same time. We dusted ourselves off.

****Me:**** Nice landing Sis.

****Jane:**** Not too shabby yourself

Her lips curled up in the usual sly grin that both of us got. I copied it and returned the favor.

****Me:**** I wonder who's gonna be the first to volunteer

****Jane:**** Hard to say.

5 seconds later, Fishlegs fell down the hole with a large thud. I started to thank Fishlegs.

****Me:**** Thanks Fishlegs. I kinda figured you'd be the last one to volunteer

****Fishlegs:**** (unconvincing and High pitched) Yeah. I didn't want you guys to have to face that thing on your own.

****Jane:**** (whispering) I will bet you Snotlout pushed him in.

I silently agreed with her. It sounded like something Snotlout would do. We heard a roar from the Whispering Death. It didn't sound too close, but it didn't sound too far either. I looked around the tunnels. They were almost as confusing as the Catacombs. Almost.

****Me:**** This thing's been busy

****Jane:**** No kidding

****Fishlegs:**** Quick question you guys. Why are we down here again?

****Jane:**** Fishlegs, this is where it spends all its time-

****Me:**** So there's gotta be something down here that can help us.

****Jane:**** Exactly.

We heard the Whispering Death traveling in its tunnels.

****Me and Jane:**** (unison) There it goes. Let's follow it.

* * *

><p>AN: This is great, right? I mean Jane and Hiccup are growing closer, and they're starting to do what normal twins do. Aron, oh gods, Aron screwed up big time. Everyone knows that you don't piss Aurora off. But I guess now, Aurora might be short of two guys that she cares about. Is Fenn ever gonna come around? Are they ever gonna find out the truth about why Icarus (the Whispering Death) is here? We shall see soon enough.**

26. What Flies Beneath (Part 4)

****A/N:** Hello peoples. Heads-up: This chapter is gonna be super long because I had to get the episode arc done finally. I'm extremely happy because this story has reached over 8,000 views. Yay! And last but not least, a shout-out to my new followers: keller75863548274483, RiderDragonWolfGuardian, and hadrianlopez1. I hope y'all enjoy this super long chapter! **

* * *

><p>Flashback; That Morning

It was finally decided that Aron would be let out of the cage, but he had to stay in the arena. He had never been one to follow the rules. He wouldn't be in this mess if he was. The riders took off on their dragons in the search of Fennrys. They left the door open, so he thought that meant he was free to walk around, or fly around if you will. So, he decided to make good use of his time and try to help Aurora in whatever way he could. He walked out of the arena, and suddenly, his ears pricked up for no apparent reason. His instincts were kicking in, so he decided to follow them. They took him deep into the woods, and fate dealt him a sweet card, depending on how you choose to look at it. Aron whipped his body around and launched it onto the shadow that was following him, only to find that the shadow was none other than Icarus himself. Aron took on a smug, sly tone with the dragon that was pinned beneath his talons.

**Aron:** Come on , Icarus. You know damn good and well it's unwise to sneak up on a Night Fury._

**Icarus:** And you know damn good and well that it's unwise to betray the master._

**Aron:** Who said I betrayed the master? _

Aron knew who Icarus spoke of. Icarus spoke of the one who Jane and Aurora were hiding from, and Aron knew that the "master" wasn't just a master. He was a tyrant. Aron knew what he had to do. It was a little something known as playing the enemy. Aron had to get information, so he would let Icarus think that he was playing the Berk dragon riders, and their dragons.

**Icarus:** So they think that you've come to help them? Genius._

**Aron:** Isn't it? So Icarus, what brings you here, north of hopeless?_

**Icarus:** What the hell do you think? I was sent here by the master to do away with Fennrys._

**Aron:** What? Are you serious?_

**Icarus:** I know. Insanity, isn't it? But this time I have a chance to beat him. Fennrys can't fly without his human, so he's just a sitting duck, waiting to be killed._

**Aron:** Why would the master send you to do away with Fennrys?_

**Icarus:** Because he's one of the reasons that they haven't been able to find Jane and Aurora. The master's soldiers can't track Black Night Fury essence._

Of course they couldn't. White Night Fury soldiers could only sense the essence of one of their own, which meant that they could sense Aurora. Fenn's essence masked her own, but since he'd been distant, she was left unprotected, and he didn't even realize it. Icarus bid Aron farewell, and tunneled back into the ground. He had to warn Aurora, but he couldn't be up in the air. It would only make it easier for the soldiers to track his essence. He then ran off into the woods, searching for Aurora, needing to warn her of the danger to come, for this was so much more than a score that needed to be settled.

Hiccup's POV; Present

Jane and I saw the Whispering Death, and we had to follow it. Fishlegs, however, wasn't so eager.

Me and Jane: (unison) There it goes. Let's follow it.

Fishlegs just stood there, and Jane shrugged. She looked back at Fishlegs and rolled her eyes. Surprisingly, it wasn't like she had anything against Fishlegs. She just didn't understand why he was so afraid, because she doesn't experience fear very often, therefore she doesn't really understand it.

Fishlegs: (looking over nervously) Oh you guys were talking to me?

Me: Fishlegs-

Jane: -New dragon-

Me and Jane: (unison) You love this stuff.

Fishlegs twiddled his fingers nervously.

Fishlegs: (annoyed) I hate that about me.

Jane: Come on. You can't seriously tell me you're afraid of tunnels.

Fishlegs: (panicky) Well, you seem to forget that not all of us

have guts of steel Jane.

Jane rolled her eyes. I was surprised that she didn't shove her knee into his gut, because that was what usually happened, which I guess made her fit right in with the rest of the Viking women, but maybe, just maybe she was starting to warm up to everyone. We all ended up walking through the tunnels. They were dark and damp and at the top was roots. Just a bunch of tree roots that the Whispering Death just ripped through. There were various small tunnels leading to the main one. We looked up one and a sheep jumped out of it. We kept walking, when the Whispering Death showed up and I pushed Fishlegs and Jane into one of the nearby side tunnels. We waited until we thought the Whispering Death was a good distance away before Fishlegs spoke up.

****Fishlegs:**** (shocked) Hiccup. Did you see-

He didn't even get to finish his sentence. The Whispering Death heard and circled back around. I put my hand over Fishlegs's mouth and pushed him up against the wall.

****Me and Jane:**** (whispering) Can it wait?

Fishlegs nodded his head hurriedly. The Whispering Death came back around and inspected his hole, looking for signs of any intruders, apparently.

****Me:**** Let's just hope it keeps going.

The Whispering Death stopped and stayed still, which oddly reminded me of my sister.

****Fishlegs:**** How'd that work out for us?

Jane and I motioned for Fishlegs to stay quiet. Jane's eyes seemed to lock on something, and when Fishlegs shook me and pointed, I saw what caught my sister's attention. A few seconds later, the Whispering Death left.

****Fishlegs:**** Did you see that?

****Me:**** Is that a bite mark?

****Fishlegs:**** Not just any bite mark, that's a Night Fury bite mark. I think I know why these two are looking for each other.

****Me:**** (realizing) They have a history

****Fishlegs:**** A grudge

****Me:**** If that's true, how long do dragons carry a grudge?

****Fishlegs:**** To the death

Jane stayed still the entire time, like a statue. It was almost unsettling. She looked unshakable, indestructible, but I knew better. I looked at my sister. Her expression was hardened, concentrated.

****Me:**** I don't suppose you knew about any of this?

I didn't need twin telepathy to know the answer. She stayed silent, and with a slight nod of her head and confirmed that she knew. She didn't tell me because perceptiveness was something that she taught me outside the crypt. Perceptiveness is one of the most important skills a Keeper has, acquired or not.

****Fishlegs:**** But if you knew about the grudge, why didn't you tell us?

****Jane:**** Because I feel that it's more rewarding if you figure it out on your own.

If there was one thing my sister was exceptional at, it was keeping secrets. I'd figured we'd already spent too much time down here. We had to go before we all ended up dragon food.

****Me:**** Come on you guys. Let's get out of here before it comes back.

****Fishlegs:**** That is a really good idea

Fishlegs and I started to run down the tunnel.

****Jane:**** Guys, wait!

We didn't even have time to turn around and heed her warning before the Whispering Death came back. It cornered us and circled us despite the narrow tunnel. We all started to run back the way we came. When we got back to the hole that we had come through, we heard voices.

****Astrid:**** They've been down there forever. Hiccup! Fishlegs!

****Me:**** Yup right here.

****Aurora's POV****

I waited patiently for Jane to come out of the hole. I was nervous. Oh, who was I kidding? Jane was practically my sister, and she was down there in Icarus's hole. I was downright terrified. I paced around, as if that would calm my nerves, when I heard twigs snapping in the forest far away. I looked back over my shoulder, and it was Aron. He looked panicked and out of breath. He inclined his head back, beckoning me to come over. I snuck away from the group and followed Aron into the woods, but I made sure that we weren't too far from the clearing. I was panicking.

****Me:**** Aron, what are you doing here? You're not supposed to be out of the arena!

****Aron:**** I know, but this is important. It's about Icarus.

****Me:**** What about Icarus?

****Aron:**** Icarus was sent here to kill Fenn.

****Me:**** What?! By who?

****Aron:**** I think you know

I thought and thought about who the hell he was talking about, when I suddenly realized the obvious answer.

****Me:**** You mean-

****Aron:**** Yes. Him. He needed Fenn out of the way so he could find you and Jane.

****Me:**** You mean he's closing in on us?

****Aron: ****Yes

I took this all in at once, trying to suppress the immense panic surging within me. I had to warn Jane. I had to warn Fenn, but I couldn't, because I had to protect them, because the truth was, this wasn't their fight. It was mine, and it always had been.

****Me:**** (stern) Go back to the arena before you get into trouble.

****Aron:**** Aurora, I am not leaving you. What if Icarus tries to kill you?

****Me:**** I can handle myself. Go back to the arena where you'll be safe. This is my fight.

****Aron:**** Aurora, I'm not going anywhere. I am not leaving you.

I swear to the gods, why did he have to be so damn stubborn?

****Me:**** Stay hidden

Aron nodded and went off into the woods, but I knew he would be watching me, and protecting me. I went back to the group and saw that Hiccup, Fishlegs, and Jane were back, seeking help to get out of a deadly dragon's lair.

****Hiccup's POV****

The Twins were always the first to comment on how cool something really dangerous was. Right now was no exception. They just had to comment on the Whispering Death. That was one of the things that made them who they are.

****Tuffnut:**** Did you see the Whispering Death? Was it cool?

****Ruffnut:**** Did you touch it?

****Tuffnut:**** I wanna touch it!

****Fishlegs:**** Can we talk about this later? We really need to get out of this hole!

Astrid looked up and saw the ground bulging from the Whispering Death traveling through it. She understood the urgency.

****Astrid:**** Yeah, you do.

Fishlegs, Jane and I looked back and saw a large cloud of dust mushrooming towards us. We had to get out of the hole, fast.

****Me:**** Fishlegs, you go first.

****Fishlegs:**** No argument here

****Astrid:**** Grab my hand!

Fishlegs reached up. It took everyone in the group to lift Fishlegs out of the hole, but he got out.

****Me:**** Okay Jane. Now you.

****Jane:**** Are you crazy?! You go first.

****Me:**** Jane-

****Jane:**** No. I am_ not_ leaving you here.

****Me:**** I'm not giving you a choice. You're my sister and I need to look out for you, alright?! Now go.

She looked at me with something I had never seen in her before. It was fear. With great hesitation, she let me give her a boost out of the hole. When she tried to come back and help me up, Fishlegs held her back, or at least was trying to, and I was grateful for that. I knew very well that my sister could take care of herself, but I sure as hell wasn't taking any chances. That left Astrid to help me. She reached down as far as she could without falling down. I reached up as far as I could, trying hard to reach her, even though I knew that when I got to the top, I had my sister to deal with, because truth be told, she was very overprotective sometimes, especially in situations like this.

****Astrid:**** Hiccup hurry!

****Me:**** I can't reach!

I was trying feverishly to reach, and for the briefest moment, our hands caught each other. It didn't last long. We were too far from each other, and our hands slipped out of each other. I fell on my butt, looked back and saw the Whispering Death. I got back up and tried to reach Astrid again.

****Astrid:**** Just a little more!

****Me: ****I'm trying!

I looked back and the Whispering Death was getting closer and closer, and faster.

****Me:**** Everyone stand back!

The Whispering Death ended up shooting me out of the hole. I was catapulted into the air and I was freefalling. I screamed on the way down. I would've been eaten, if Aurora hadn't grabbed me by the arm

just in time, because the Whispering Death was that close to biting off my good leg. Aurora set me down and I caught up with the gang.

****Me:**** Thanks Jane.

****Jane:**** No prob

The Whispering Death let out a high-pitched roar. It obviously didn't like intruders. Of course Tuffnut just had to state the obvious.

****Tuffnut:**** I don't think it likes you in its hole

****Me:**** Yeah. I got that

****Snotlout:**** Can we get out of here?! Please?

****Me:**** No. I know I can train this thing. Anybody got some dragon nip?

Everyone gave me a handful of the stuff, and I gave half of it to my sister. I sensed her hesitation, but I knew that if that dragon wouldn't listen to me, it would listen to her. She and I walked toward the Whispering Death, and I did all the talking.

****Me:**** Don't be afraid. I'm a friend. (holding out the dragon nip) Here, you'll love this. All dragons love this.

He looked like he was falling under the spell of the dragon nip, but then snapped at it. It fell all around us, causing our dragons to be in a calm trance, which of course, left us defenseless, and of course, Snotlout had to be the one to point it out.

****Snotlout:**** Oh. Great. Now we're defenseless.

But the only dragon that wasn't affected by the dragon nip was Aurora. She stayed alert, on guard, battle ready, and I was the only one who noticed. I looked at the Whispering Death. We were out of options.

****Me: ****Any ideas? I'm throwing it wide open to the group

****Snotlout:**** I've got an idea. Run!

We all ended up running, and for some weird reason, the Whispering Death followed Jane and I. It singled us out. Aurora shot plasma blasts at it, but it kept coming back. We kept running until out of nowhere, Toothless jumped on it, and they ended up rolling in the grass, both of them struggling to get the upper hand. Toothless ended up throwing the Whispering Death to the side. Toothless pawed the ground, ready to charge. The Whispering Death eyeballed everyone, then it locked on Toothless. But then it dove back into its tunnels. I went up to Toothless and he pushed me away again. He was growling at me.

****Me:**** Hey bud. It's me. I know what's going on with you and that other dragon. Let me help you.

When I reached for him again, he ran off. I called for him to come back. He shot a fireball at my feet and I stopped. He lowered his head, turning away from me, and ran off looking for the Whispering Death.

****Tuffnut:**** Aawkward.

I turned around. My sister was giving Tuffnut her "Really?" look. That was how I felt for a few brief seconds, then shifted back to confusion and anxiety. We all mounted our dragons. I rode with my sister again, and we ascended, once again looking for Toothless, and of course, Snotlout had to start a stupid conversation.

****Snotlout:**** So Toothless has an archenemy. Kinda like you and me.

****Me:**** Snotlout, you're not my archenemy

****Snotlout:**** Well you're mine

He took his fingers and pointed them to his eyes and then me. I didn't need twin telepathy to know that Jane was rolling her eyes hard right now.

****Astrid:**** He's just trying to protect you

****Snotlout:**** That's not what it is. Toothless doesn't want you around because this is between him and the other guy. He's a fighter, like me. Not, whatever you are.

And then it hit me. Of course, how could I have not seen it before?

****Me:**** I never thought I'd say this Snotlout, but I think you're right.

****Snotlout:**** Wait, Huh? You guys heard that, right?

****Jane: ****Okay. Who are you and what have you done with my brother?

****Me:**** Jane listen. It's not a fair fight. If Toothless is gonna win, he has to fly, and he can't fly without me.

****Jane:**** So, what are you saying?

****Me:**** I'm saying we need to find him, and soon.

****Jane's POV****

The whole time we were up in the air, Aurora seriously doubted my brother's plan. She kept thinking that Fenn was just gonna push him away again, like he was doing to everyone. She kept asking me "What's the point?". I could see now that she was finally in the pouting stage, after 3 long weeks of putting up with Fenn's crap, it was finally getting to her. I swear to the gods, when this was over, I would never let Fenn hear the end of it. We were still flying, when suddenly, she tensed. Her pupils thinned, but she didn't go still like normal. Something was wrong, very wrong.

****Fenn's POV****

I ran through the forest, looking for Icarus. I looked to my sides and all around me. I found hole after hole of his tunnels, and I followed them. I kept following them, when Aron showed up and jumped in front of me.

****Me: ****Get out of my way

****Aron:**** Hardly the way to treat someone who's trying to help you.

****Me:**** Unless you can help me find Icarus, don't waste my time.

I started to run off again in search of Icarus, when Aron caught my attention.

****Aron:**** You're right. Although, I would think you'd pay attention when the one you love is in danger, but I'm guessing with the way you've been acting lately, you obviously don't care. But when you're ready to pull your head out of your ass, you know where to find me.

I turned back and looked him right in the eyes. For the first time, I noticed there was a faint scar, which meant it must've been years old, on the corner of his left eye, probably from a fight he had been in or something. I looked him right in the eyes, and said in a cold, menacing voice:

****Me:**** You don't know a thing about me. You don't know where I've been, what I've done, what I've been through, so don't think you're in a position to judge me.

I turned and ran before he even had a chance to say something back. There were more holes, and I continued to follow them into a clearing.

****Hiccup's POV****

We were still flying, when I spotted Toothless in a small clearing.

****Me:**** There he is! Get me down there Jane.

She guided Aurora down and everyone followed. When we landed, I jumped down and started to walk slowly towards Toothless. One of his ears pricked up and he turned around to look at me, his pupils growing wide. I reached my hand out, and he lifted his head to it. I got closer and hugged his head.

****Me:**** Hey bud. You had me so worried there for a while. You haven't been yourself lately. Good to see you're still you.

The moment was short lived. The Whispering Death came bursting out of the hole, and he started to growl.

****Aurora's POV****

When we landed, I froze. I didn't make a sound or move. I stood

perfectly still, pupils thinned, limbs tensed. I was paralyzed by sensation. It's how I react when I sense something, and it's almost impossible for me to get out of it on my own.

****Jane:**** Aurora, what's wrong?

Only this time, it was like I couldn't be broken out of my trance. The other dragons seemed to notice. They watched me with concern in their eyes. Jane was getting worried.

****Jane:**** What's wrong? What is it?

It was the sound of Fenn's growling that finally snapped me out of my trance. Icarus was back, and he wasn't done with Fenn, not by a longshot. I couldn't tell the others about what I was sensing, because I sensed the soldiers closing in. They would reach the island within half an hour. I knew what I had to do.

****Hiccup's POV****

The Whispering Death was back, and Toothless was growling at it. Those two weren't done with each other, not by a longshot. I had to find some way to end this. Those two were gonna kill each other.

****Me:**** You can just walk away from this bud

The Whispering Death made a sound between a hiss and a scream. It was almost as if it was challenging Toothless, which it probably was.

****Me:**** Let's just go home.

I tried to get on him, but he pushed me away, once again running off to settle a score with his past rival.

****Fishlegs:**** You were soooo close. I thought you had him

Toothless attempted to fly up, and he managed to stay in the air for a few seconds, shooting a few plasma blasts at his opponent, only to be knocked out of the air with one tail flick.

****Fenn's POV****

I got up and faced Icarus again. I tried to fly up, but Icarus spewed rings of fire, causing me to fall on my back and scramble around like a bug. I got up again and tried to get up in the air. Right now, I was frustrated at everything that was going on. Right now, I really hated the fact that I was a sitting duck, because I was losing this fight. The others ran up to me.

****Me:**** (shouting) Get back! Now!

****Jane's POV****

When we ran up to Fenn on our dragons, he yelled at us to stay back. None of the others would budge, but Aurora wasn't having it. She shot 3 plasma blasts at Icarus, and they were all direct hits, not that it surprised me.

****Me:**** (shouting) You're being really stupid Fenn, you know that?!

He ignored me and focused on Icarus. Boys. Always have to prove that they're the dominant male. It's sooo annoying. The others were trying to get their dragons to move.

****Astrid:**** Come on girl

****Snotlout:**** Hookfang won't budge

****Tuffnut:**** I think ours is broken

****Fishlegs:**** They know that this isn't their fight guys

Aurora begged to differ. She didn't even bother telling me to get off because I knew what she was planning on doing. I got off and she flew up shooting plasma blasts at Icarus.

****Aurora's POV****

My plasma blasts were direct hits. I flew toward Icarus, despite Fenn's shouts of protest.

****Icarus:**** You're growing tiresome little princess, do you know that?

I didn't flinch at the fact that he knew who I really was. I wasn't really surprised. He shot rings of fire at me. The force of them was greater than you would expect. The force flung me into a tree and for a few seconds, I blacked out. For those few seconds, I was totally defenseless, because a large tree branch fell down and landed on the back half of my body, and I was caught. Fenn shot a plasma blast that distracted Icarus for a minute. Icarus had his attention on Fenn, while I struggled to get out. Icarus had Fenn against the ledge. He tunneled under the remaining part, leaving Fenn on an isolated stack, ready to be knocked into the canyon, and there was nothing he could do. Icarus circled back for me, and he looked ready to finish me off. He shot spines and aimed for my head. I couldn't get out of the branches, so I braced myself, but the spines never got to me. When I opened my eyes, I saw that Aron was shielding me with his wing, curling his body protectively around mine, taking hits for me. I heard the sharp cry of pain. Aron had been hit. Icarus turned around and shifted his focus back to Fenn.

****Hiccup's POV****

The Whispering Death had Toothless on a stack, firing at him so he would fall off. Toothless wasn't that far from the edge.

****Me:**** Toothless! Buddy. (pause) He's gonna knock Toothless into the canyon

As I watched Toothless, he looked at me, as if to say "Help me!". I didn't know what to do, I didn't know what I could do, until the idea popped into my head. It was crazy, but crazy is what I do. I didn't see any other option. I looked back at Jane. She was trying to get Aurora out of the branches. She looked up at me and nodded, understanding what I was about to do. I swear, I didn't know how she could be so calm in these situations. I looked back at Toothless. I

closed my eyes, stepped over the edge of the cliff, and then I was freefalling.

****Astrid:**** Hiccup!

****Fenn's POV****

Hiccup jumped over the edge, why he did, I didn't know. All I knew was that at that moment, my instincts went into overdrive. Icarus fired another shot at me and I dodged it, jumping over the edge to save my human. I kept flapping my wings down, hoping I could get to him in time. At that moment, I prayed to Thor that this would work, and I prayed to Thor that Aurora was alright, and I hoped with everything I had that she was still alive. 3 seconds passed. They were some of the longest seconds of my life. I finally got to Hiccup. He grabbed onto the saddle and clicked his metal leg into place, unfolding my tailfin. We were just about to hit the ground, but we were able to pull up in the nick of time. The gang all cheered at our survival.

****Hiccup:**** You save me. I save you. That's the way it is

I smiled and I focused on the task at hand. I yelled to Icarus.

****Me:**** Guess the playing field is even now, isn't it?!

****Icarus:**** I will destroy you!

****Me:**** In your dreams!

Hiccup and I flew down to Icarus. He shot a few spines at us, but we dodged them easily. He shot fire at us, and also dodged that easily. We flew up and stopped, turning around and diving straight for Icarus. I shot a plasma blast at him and the force of it pushed him aside, exposing him to a few rays of sunlight, a Whispering Death's ultimate weakness. He screamed and tunneled back into his holes. Hiccup and I circled back around to the gang, and it looked like Fishlegs had something to say.

****Fishlegs:**** The sunlight Hiccup! That's his weakness!

And of course, Hiccup got an idea.

****Hiccup:**** Okay bud. Let's keep him above ground.

I couldn't agree more. We started to fly. We circled back around, and I aimed for the holes. They exploded one after another.

****3****rd**** Person****

While the others wondered if Hiccup and Toothless would make it out of this situation, the Thorston twins being who they were, paid attention to the chaos rather than the matter at hand.

****Ruffnut:**** This. Is. Amazing

****Tuffnut:**** (looking down at his dragon) We've got to find you an arch nemesis

While that was going on, Aurora was still struggling to get out of the branches, panicking over Aron, who gotten a spine stuck in his shoulder and another in his back. The spines went deep, but not so deep as to crippling Aron for life. Aron would heal, but he would need time to recover. Right now, it hurt like hell. The other dragons flew over to Aurora and lifted the branches off. Jane went over to her, picked the splinters out of her wings, and rubbed some healing salve on them. The tiny scars went away in an instant. Her tail was caught under a larger tree branch, which would take a few extra hands or wings in this case. Aurora was very irritated right now, and maybe she was being a little selfish, but she'd had enough of Fenn's behavior. That would give her the fuel she needed for her plan to work.

****Fenn's POV ****

The force of my blasts flushed Icarus out of his tunnels. He got up and flew towards us, but I dove straight for him and pinned him to the ground. I_ was _going to finish him off, but then I was reminded of who I was.

****Hiccup:**** Toothless, no!

I looked back at Icarus and saw the look in his eyes. That was the same look that I was sure I had when Hiccup found me in the woods that day, raising his small knife to kill me. I took pity, but I didn't let my guard down, not for one second. So I looked Icarus dead in the eyes.

****Icarus:**** Why don't you finish me off already? I suppose this human has made you weaker than I thought.

****Me:**** Here's the difference between you and me. I know the true meaning of honor and strength. I'm not like you, so be thankful that I'm letting you live. Although next time, I won't be so merciful. Now get lost

I let him go and he scrambled to get away. Snotlout was going on about how I could've finished him off, but I wasn't focused on that. I was focused on Aurora, being stuck under tree branches.

* * *

><p>AN: Oh my gods! So to recap, Fenn has tracked down and defeated his long lost rival, who thinks Aron is feeding information to the master, when really he's feeding it to Aurora, who apparently is a princess, and has a plan to deal with the Master's soldiers, who aren't that far away from the island, so she doesn't have a choice but to think on her feet. What could be her plan be exactly? Shall we see soon enough my loyal readers? Yes, yes we shall.**

27. Anger, Panic, and Distance

****A/N:** Hello people. I am very happy because this story has reached almost 9,000 views. a shout-out to my new follower: InfiniteLover. Enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Aurora's POV

I was struggling to get my tail out from under the tree branch. Surprisingly, it wasn't broken or injured in any way, despite the extremely thick tree branches. Aron was using his head to nudge the tree branches off my tail, even though I told him at least a hundred times to lie down because of his injuries. Jane would be able to fix him, but he needed to rest. Finally, he agreed to sit and let Jane work on him. As soon as the fight was over, Fenn ran over to me, his eyes filled with fear and concern. Damn it. This was going to be harder than I thought. I needed to be angry at him for this plan to work, but I guessed it was really more of a snap decision. I wasn't going to tell Jane about what I was going to do, because she would never agree to it. She always insisted that we stay together, and I did too, but this would be for her own good. Fenn grabbed a few large tree branches off my tail and then threw them aside. His look of anxiety shifted to anger when he laid eyes on Aron, who was just sitting there, waiting for Jane to get the supplies that she needed because they were in the saddle bag. Fenn was not happy about that, not one bit.

****Fenn:**** Why are you just sitting there? Help her!

****Me:**** Don't get mad at him. He saved my life, remember?

****Fenn:** ****What** are you talking about?

Jane knew that this might get awkward really fast, so she told the others to take Aron back to the village. The dragons grabbed their riders and headed back, taking Aron to Gothi. Hiccup went with them, leaving Jane alone with the two of us. Fenn and I continued our little discussion.

****Me:**** (annoyed) While you were off fighting your little battle, Aron took a hit for me. Got a spine in his shoulder and another in his back. I told him to sit this one out. I don't know about you, but I sure as hell don't want him to die on my account.

****Fenn:** ******(annoyed) Why am I not surprised?

****Me:**** What's that supposed to mean?

Fenn didn't say anything. I was getting more and more frustrated with him, but that was good. It would fuel the argument. He finally spoke.

****Fenn:** ****What** the hell do you think it's supposed to mean?

****Me:** ****I** don't know because lately, you haven't been that easy to reach

****Fenn:**** Well excuse me for not wanting to interrupt on whatever this thing is between you and Aron.

****Me:**** You're kidding me, right? You're jealous, is that why you've been so distant?

****Fenn:**** Maybe it's because you're spending all of your damn time with him. If you want to be with him sooo bad, then don't waste any

more of your time with me.

****Me:**** Fenn, are you even listening to yourself right now? Do you not realize how ridiculous you're being?! Do you not realize what a complete and total ass you've been?!

****Fenn:**** How the hell have I been an ass?! All I did was try and rid myself of a past rival.

****Me:** ****Would you just forget about that?! We have bigger things to worry about than your little conquest!**

****Fenn:**** (angry) Like what?

****Me:**** Open your eyes Fenn! This whole situation, this whole Icarus thing, is so much bigger than a stupid score you have to settle and I can't believe you don't know that by now!

At that point, we were raising our voices. This was getting very heated. Fenn looked like he was ready to burst. His body was shaking and he was clutching the ground. He was getting very angry.

****Fenn:**** You know what? I don't have to put up with this.

****Me:**** Gods, you are such a child Fenn!

****Fenn:**** If you have a problem with it, then maybe you should just get lost!

As soon as he said it, he calmed down. When he did, he realized his mistake, and his angry expression softened to guilt. Fenn's words could've been enough to kill me, right then and there. It was as if all the air had been sucked from my body. The words were like sharp knives stabbing into me, but that was my shovel, and I needed to start digging my way out. I turned around, and looked back. It wasn't hard to put on a hurt face, because the words cut me to my very core. I looked at Fenn with cold eyes.

****Me:**** You want me gone? Fine. You want to forget the past 5 years of our lives? Fine. You want to forget everything that we've been through together?! That's fine. But I sure as hell am not gonna put up with it anymore! I'm out of here.

****Fenn:**** (guilty) Aurora. I-

****Me:** ****Save it, Fenn. You obviously don't want me anymore, so there's really nothing else you can say.**

That was enough. I turned and I ran. This was good. I can't believe it actually worked, but felt like I just made a big mistake, and I probably did, but this was for his own good. I heard the footsteps, and the voice of my rider, begging me to stop, begging me to come back. I knew she'd be harder to fool. I turned around and shot a plasma blast at her feet. I looked up for the briefest moment, and what I saw made this all the harder. I saw the way that Jane looked, her face panic-stricken and on the brink of tears. I saw Fenn's face, regret written all over it. I turned around and raced to the edge of the cliff. I dove and extended my wings, the cool air catching me as I flew farther and farther from Berk. This had to be one of the

hardest things I've ever done, and maybe all I was doing was buying time for Jane and I, but in our case, time was a very, very precious thing. I didn't look back. If I did, I wouldn't be able to stop myself from going back, and telling Jane and Fenn the truth, but I couldn't. I sensed the soldiers changing their course. I was leading them away from the island. That was a good thing. I could not look back. I would only be reminded of what just happened, when it was still fresh on my mind. The fight that had just happened wasn't real, but Fenn didn't know that. When I figured I was far enough, I did look back. When I did, Berk was nothing but a speck on the horizon.

****Jane's POV****

I couldn't believe what just happened. I was still in shock after seeing it happen. It was as if all the air had been sucked from my body. I literally couldn't breathe. Fenn was the only one with me. He used his tail to hit the center of my upper back, which was more than enough to knock a breath out of me. I started panting, and I started to panic.

****Me:**** Oh my gods. Did all that really just happen?

****Fenn:**** Yeah, I guess it did.

I got mad. Very mad, as in "Crazy Eyes" mad. Who the hell did Fenn think he was? He just did an unforgivable thing. He drove away my best friend. He just crossed the line.

****Me:**** (angry)_ Nice_ going Fenn. You really screwed up this time.

****Fenn:**** I'm sorry.

****Me:**** _Sorry_ isn't gonna get her to come back, now is it?!

****Fenn:**** Look, I didn't mean for this to happen!

****Me:**** Doesn't matter!

I had to calm down. I knew just how volatile I could be, and I couldn't afford to lose my temper right now. '_Get it together Jane'_ , I kept telling myself. After a few minutes, I calmed down, but I was still mad. I got on Fenn's back and he ran back to the village, since I didn't know how to use Fenn's metal contraption thingy. My breath was shaky the whole way home, but who could blame me? My best friend, scratch that, my sister just flew off to Thor-knows-where, and who knew when she'd be back? It was a long way home, on the ground at least. It was sunset before we got to the house.

****Hiccup's POV****

I kept looking out the window for Jane, mostly because she wasn't back yet, and partly because she had Toothless. Aron ended up alright. Gothi was able to fix him, but he wouldn't be able to fly for at least a week, 2 weeks just to be sure. I hoped everything was okay with Aurora. I knew how attached my sister was to her. I went downstairs and poured myself a cup of yak milk, when I heard loud

footsteps upstairs. Toothless. I took a gulp of my yak milk and headed upstairs. I found Toothless and Jane in the middle of the room. I went over to my sister.

****Me:**** Hey. It's late. Where have you been?

I looked at my sister, and I noticed something I'd never seen before. Shock. I don't know what brought this on, but it didn't matter, because this was good for her. She had to be shocked every once in a while, but of course, I had to know what was wrong.

****Me: ****Hey, what's the matter?

****Jane:**** (whisper) She's gone.

****Me:**** You mean-

My sister's head gave a slight nod. She started to panic. Her breath grew very shaky, and she started pacing around the room. Her eyes grew panicky, and she went from breathing shakily to breathing heavily. She ran her fingers through her hair and then along her arms very quickly. Her eyes started to water. She brought her hands to her face and wiped them away quickly. I went over and put my hands on her shoulders, holding her still.

****Me:**** Calm down, everything's gonna be fine.

****Jane:**** How?! My dragon flew off to Thor-knows-where, and I need her Hiccup! I need her! She's practically my sister! Why did she leave?! WHY?!

She was panting by then. She looked at me with wild, frantic eyes. It scared and saddened me to see my sister like this. I didn't know what I could say to make her feel better, then I knew that all I could do was tell her the truth, and be there for her. I placed my hand on her cheek, and stroked it with my thumb.

****Me:**** I don't know why she left, okay? I don't know when she'll be back, or if she's even coming back, but all I can do is be there for you, okay?

She nodded and then wrapped her arms around my torso, resting her chin on my shoulder. I hugged her back. It was rare that we got to have brother-sister moments like this. She pulled back and hugged herself.

****Jane:**** Thanks

****Me:**** Anytime. Should we get dinner started?

****Jane:**** Sure. I think there's some fish downstairs. Shall we cook it over the fire?

****Me:**** We shall

She smiled a real smile, something that wasn't easy to come by, something I knew wouldn't last, something I had to enjoy while it was here. We got a couple of sticks and fish and cooked over a fire Toothless lit. Jane's smile stayed until Dad walked in the door.

****Aurora's POV; 4 days later****

I'd been flying for 4 days, non-stop. When I say 4 days, I meant 4 days and nights. When I was hungry, I flew close to the water and opened my mouth, and the fish came in. I kept flying, and I didn't stop for anything. By the time it was the morning of the 5th day, I was pretty exhausted, but I had to keep going. The sky was cloudy and stormy gray, which wasn't really helping. I almost blacked out, when I saw a mainland. I flew down towards it fast, not wanting to be seen, because while Berk had made peace with us dragons, the rest of the world hadn't gotten the memo. I was safe when I finally touched ground in the vast woods of the mainland. The grass felt cool and damp, a feeling I'd grown used to on Berk, but I knew that it wouldn't be the same. I started to run towards the beach that I'd found along with the woods. Once I had reached it, I got a look at my surroundings. Where the woods met the rocky beach, next to it was a clearing, in which grew lush green grass. Where the clearing ended, there was a castle. A large stone castle, with a bridge and a moat and everything. I started back into the woods, when I heard the clanking footsteps. I hid behind a giant rock, and I listened. There were about 3 humans. They entered the beach, and I got a better look at them. They were men. They wore white linen buccaneer shirts, black leather boots, and what I guessed were normal pants. They were all having fun on the beach, pushing each other around playfully, having fun the way that friends should. I needed to act fast. I did the only thing I could think of. I shape-shifted.

* * *

><p>Flashback

My mother was a shape-shifter. My father was a White Night Fury. My mother was able to take the form of a White Night Fury. They ended up getting married and they had me. I took after my mother, my true form being a dragon. My mother disappeared when I was 4, and I haven't seen her since.

* * *

><p>Present

Of all the forms I could've taken, I chose human. I didn't really have time to think about exactly how I wanted to look, so I just thought '_human_' over and over, until the change was complete. It only lasted about 3 seconds. There was a puddle in my hiding place, and I looked at my reflection. I had smooth, fair skin. My face was oval-shaped. I had a small nose, and despite my pale skin, my cheeks and lips were rosy. My eyebrows were thin, like the rest of my body. My eyes were an icy blue, and my hair was an almost-white blonde. Everything about this form and its features could only be described as graceful and fair, and I wore a white flowing dress with a strapless bust to go with it. I was surprised at how beautiful I looked. I peeked out from behind the rock and the men were gone. I heard them going into the woods, probably distracted by animals or something. I had to act fast. I covered my dress, my face, my hair, and my arms in dirt. I laid down and tried my best to look unconscious. I laid on my front and laid my arms on the ground, around my head. I heard the men coming back, and stayed in my position. I could sense their eyes locking on me, and I heard them

walking toward me. I felt a hand on my shoulder, gently shaking me. "Hey, hey there", a man's voice whispered. He sounded British. I "woke up" and slowly pushed myself off the ground. I sat on my knees, and I saw the one that the voice belonged to. His skin was a light olive, and his eyes were chocolate brown, like his hair. His facial features could only be described as chiseled. Despite all of these things, I was in no way attracted to him. He reached out his hand, and I took it. I stood up, and I pretended that my legs felt wobbly, only to have the man catch me. He kept his hand on my side, steadying me. He spoke to me with his British accent. He thought I was a lost maiden. I played the part beautifully.

****Man:**** Are you alright?

****Me:**** I-, I think so.

****Man:**** What happened to you?

****Me:**** I-, well, I don't know.

He turned and told his friends to go back to the castle. He said he would take care of this. They turned and started on their way. The man turned back to me and introduced himself. When we talked, I tried my best to sound timid and delicate, which was really hard because I was neither of those things.

****Man:**** I am James. I live in this kingdom.

****Me:**** I figured as much.

****James:**** What's your name?

I blanked. Damn it. How could I have forgotten to pick a name for this person, this form? I stayed quiet for a few seconds. Finally I chose a name.

****Me:**** Elsa. My name is Elsa.

* * *

><p>AN: OH MY GODS! Aurora ran away to protect those closest to her. That is soooo noble, but how are they going to handle it? Not well, I'm assuming. Speaking of Aurora, we all know what her power is now. She's a shape-shifter. And in case you're wondering, the form that she took looks like Elsa from Frozen. _This is not a crossover, I repeat, this is not a crossover!_ I just needed someone for Aurora to look like (if that makes any sense), and who better than Elsa to capture Aurora in all her pale beauty? Am I right? If it confuses you in any way, please let me know. You can either review or PM me. Hope you enjoyed! Thank y'all for reading!**

****Disclaimer:**** I don't own Elsa. She belongs to Disney. I don't own HTTYD. I only own my OC's and my story.**

28. Secrets Within

****A/N:**** Hey guys. Sorry I haven't updated in a while. I just got back from New Orleans. Anyway I'm here now. This story has reached over 10,000 views, and I have y'all to thank for that, so thanks so much!

And last but not least, a shout out to my new followers:
BluePhoenix343, and Archnila. Enjoy, all of you!**

* * *

><p>3***rd**** Person; James**

James was spending time with his mates, Liam and Sebastian, just like any other normal day. They hiked in the woods like normal, they teased each other with playful banter like normal, and they talked about their previous night at the tavern, which was apparently amazing according to Liam, seeing as James couldn't go because his father would have him beheaded. James went onto the beach with his long time mates. They all heard a noise from the woods and went back into it. Today was just like any other day, until they went back onto the gray, rocky beach. When James laid eyes on the young woman, he couldn't believe what he was seeing. She was just lying on the ground, looking so fragile, like a china doll. She was covered in a thin layer of dirt and sand. She looked like any other lost maiden, yet James could not look away. She was the most beautiful girl that James had ever seen. There were plenty of beautiful girls in his kingdom, but they could not, did not even hold a candle to the young, fair-skinned one that James couldn't seem to look away from. He slightly nudged the girl, not wanting to disturb her in any way, and she awoke. She didn't seem to know where she was, and she seemed to be a little out of it. She looked up at James. He was mesmerized by the icy blue eyes that were laced with confusion. James wanted to help her. James asked the woman for her name, and she answered with Elsa.

Aurora's POV

James ended up taking me back to his castle. Did I mention he was a prince? I didn't know until the guards lowered the moat for him and called him "Your Highness". They looked at me like I was a ghost, although I couldn't figure out why. When we walked into the castle, the first thing I noticed was the chandeliers. From them hung crystals carved by a master. There were at least 5 of them in a straight line. The tapestries were intricately woven and they were the color of my golden dragon eyes, rather than the icy blue human eyes that I wore. The entrance corridor was magnificent. The walls were made of a golden-brown polished marble. There were suits of armor lined along each side of the corridor. Some were rusted, and some were polished. James took my hand and led me to one of the maids. She was around 5 feet tall, she looked to be in her early 50's, her skin was wrinkled, and by the looks of it, she was very punctual. Her skin was pale and her hair was gray with a few white streaks in it. She wore a red dress with a white apron, and her hair was tucked up in a bun. She looked at me with wide eyes.

James: Matilda, could you take Elsa to one of the suites?

Matilda: (bowing) Yes your highness. Right away.

Her British accent was a bit thicker than James's. Matilda beckoned me forward and started to lead me to the other side of the castle, and how this little old woman could walk so fast, I didn't know. I had to jog 5 times just to keep up with her. She finally stopped in front of a massive two-door entrance. She opened the door on the

right and bowed.

****Matilda:**** Your room, m'lady

****Me:**** Thank you

I walked into the room slowly, taking it all in. I could hear Matilda following after me, making sure the accommodations were to my liking, I assumed. They certainly were. I'd never been in a room like this before. The room was bigger than Jane's house back on Berk. The floor was an ivory colored polished marble, as were the walls. There was a round balcony that stretched out 20 feet, and like everything else inside the castle, it was polished marble. I walked over to the bed and felt the covers. They were plush, made of velvet, and a rich dark red. There was a fireplace, and a magenta couch in front of it. While I was admiring everything, Matilda came over to me.

****Matilda:**** There is a washroom in the back if you wish to go and clean yourself.

****Me:**** Thank you, ma'am.

Matilda looked confused when I called her ma'am. I guessed she wasn't used to it. After she didn't speak for a while, I broke the silence.

****Me:**** Is there something wrong?

****Matilda:**** Pardon? Oh, no. My apologies, madam. There is nothing wrong.

As she went away, I had to ask her something.

****Me:**** Excuse me Miss?

****Matilda:**** Call me Matilda

****Me:**** I'm sorry. Matilda?

****Matilda:**** Yes, dear?

****Me:**** Why did James bring me here? Why not just leave me on the beach?

****Matilda:**** I'm not sure. James has always been kind, but it's certainly peculiar for even him to take in a stranger. I wish I could give you a better answer.

****Me:**** No no, it's fine. I'm just a little confused. That's all.

****Matilda:**** That's alright dear. We're all a little confused at one point in our lives. I advise you wash up. The prince wishes to meet with you for dinner in an hour. There are some clothes in the wardrobe, right over there.

She pointed to the right side of the bed. I hadn't even noticed it before.

****Matilda:**** If there is anything you need, a servant or I will

attend to you.

She started to walk away.

****Me:**** Matilda?

She turned around.

****Matilda:**** Yes, dear?

****Me:**** Thank you.

She looked shocked. She didn't expect this either.

****Matilda:**** You're welcome. Oh, and one more thing.

****Me:**** Yes?

****Matilda:**** I advise you wear the flats. They're much more comfortable

She turned and walked away, and closed the double doors behind her. I took it all in. There was a little hall that led into the bedroom. I walked into it and came upon another set of double doors, ones much smaller than the ones I had come through. I opened them, and once again, the room was magnificent. Like everything else in the castle, the washroom was polished marble. There was a claw foot tub and everything. I took off the dress that I was wearing, and found that I just needed to wash off my upper body. I stepped into the tub. The water felt nice on my human skin. I was still getting used to the idea of me being human. Human senses were so much duller than a dragon's, but luckily, since my human and dragon essences were intermingling, my senses were increased tenfold. I got done washing and dried myself off. I went up to the mirror, and when I looked in it, I didn't see myself. I saw someone that wasn't me. I was Aurora, a fierce White Night Fury. I was strong, independent, and swift, but that was all left behind back on Berk. I left to protect the ones that I loved the most, and I needed to push aside the urge to ditch this castle and go back home, but then the Master's soldiers would follow me back, and they'd stop at nothing. They'd slaughter everyone in sight, and I sure as hell wouldn't allow anyone to die on my account. I looked back in the mirror. This was who I was for the time being, until I came up with a plan. I would only go back when I had bought as much time as I could for Jane and me. I was Elsa for now, and I would have to play the part. Besides, now it would be more difficult for soldiers to track me when I was human, but they had other ways of finding me. I'd have to lay low for now. I went back into the bedroom and I found a dress waiting for me on the bed. The dress was pale gold, floor-length, and satin. I slipped on the dress. It was fitted at the waist, then subtly flared out all the way down. The dress sleeves were off-the-shoulder, and extended all the way down my arms, ending in points at the middle of my hands. I decided to let my hair down and it hung in waves. I combed through it with my fingers, and it was the softest thing I ever touched. I decided to just wear flats, taking Matilda's advice. The flats went with my dress beautifully. They were ivory colored and satin, encrusted with white authentic sea pearls, which were part of the intricate patterns sewn into the shoes. I opened one of the drawers in the wardrobe and I pulled out a gold, diamond-encrusted hair comb, which I used to pin back my hair. I looked in the body length mirror that was in my room.

I looked older than I was. I reached out to the mirror and I touched my reflection, just to be sure it was really me. I quickly smoothed down my hair and heard a knock at the door. I walked over to answer it. I opened the door, only to find James standing on the other side of it.

****Me:**** Oh, hello James.

****James:**** Hello Elsa. You look beautiful.

****Me:**** Oh. Umm, weh- well thank you.

My cheeks were pale, and when James said that, I started to blush really bad. That was one of the things that I hated about humans. Their emotions aren't as easily masked as dragons, and right now, my face was an open book, which I really hated. I felt uncomfortable, but I was also a little flattered, which made me blush even more. James held up his arm and I took it. He led me downstairs, to an elegant dinner party, with the king right in the middle of it. "Father", James called, "Father". His British accent sounded really cute right now, with his little silent "r", coming out of his little British lips. Wait, what was I saying? I was in love with someone else for Thor's sake, although I wouldn't be surprised if Fenn wasn't looking for me at all. The king had an olive complexion, chiseled facial features, straight blonde hair that reached to the bottom of his ears, and light brown eyes. The king came over to James and greeted him, and then when he looked at me, he gasped so silently that only my dragon hearing could pick it up. He kept staring at me as if he'd seen a ghost, but I couldn't figure out why.

****James:**** Father, are you alright?

****King:**** Pardon? Oh, yes son. I'm alright.

****James:**** Father, this is Elsa (gesturing to me)

****King:**** I'm very pleased to meet you, Elsa

The king's British accent was just a little thicker than Matilda's. He never took his eyes off me, and it was starting to creep me out. A young boy came over and looked at me like he was confused, and not like I was a ghost, which I thanked the gods for. He looked about 15 years old. He had an olive complexion, chiseled face features and blonde hair, like the king, only his hair was short.

****James:**** (looking at the boy) _What_ are you doing here?

****Boy:**** I live here, genius

****Me:**** Who's this?

****James:**** Unfortunately, he's my brother. Alexander.

****Alexander:**** (sarcastic) Thank Jamie, I _really_ feelin' the love.

****James:**** (annoyed) How many times have I told you never to call me Jamie?

****Alexander:**** As many times as I've done it.

He didn't have an accent like his father and brother. He looked at me again, focusing on me intently. I looked at him again because I noticed something that caught my eye, and as I looked more closely, I saw something shocking. His eyes were identical to the icy blue eyes that my human form had taken on. How was that even possible? Alexander seemed to notice this too, but he hid it well.

****James:**** Why are you staring at her?

****Alexander:**** Because she's a lot prettier than all the other girls you bring home. Tell me, is she another one of your romantic conquests?

James turned bright red. Alexander smirked with a sly grin, which reminded me of Jane. Oh gods, I missed her. But I thought that the comment was funny, so I giggled. I looked around and one the guests noticed me. She tapped on someone else's shoulder and pointed to me. Soon, one party guest after another started to look my way, and they all stared at me like their heads were about to explode, they were_ that_ shocked, but once again I couldn't figure out why. What was so special about me? I walked around and introduced myself. Like the king, they couldn't take their eyes off of me. I was starting to feel claustrophobic.

****Me:**** James?

****James:**** Yes?

****Me:**** Do you think I could step outside? It feels kind of stuffy.

****James:**** Of course. We can talk later.

****Me:**** Thank you.

I quickly got out of there. I didn't care how it looked. I needed to get out of that room, because I was suffocating from all the eyes on me. I started on the way back to my room, when I noticed a little side hallway. Now let me tell you something. I may have changed into a human, but I was still a Night Fury at heart, and Night Furies along with all their other abilities, have an acute sense of curiosity. You could guess what I decided to do next. I turned down the hall and walked. The hallway was much narrower than all the rest in the castle, and it was dimly lit by a few torches. There were things that you normally find in these kinds of hallways. Goblets, trunks full of trinkets, tables, and then I found something that changed everything. Over a long rectangular table hung a large portrait of the king and someone else. I couldn't see who the king was with because that side didn't have a torch. They were close to the ground, so I reached up and lifted one out of its hanger. I held it up to the portrait, and I could see who the king was with. He looked younger in this picture, and the thing that changed everything was the one the king was standing with. The woman standing with the king, was me. Well not me per say, but Elsa, the girl I became, you know what I mean. How was that even possible? As I looked at the portrait more closely, I realized that it wasn't me standing next to the king. It was my mother.

29. Prison Break

****Meanwhile; 3 weeks later; Hiccup's POV****

It's been 3 weeks since Aurora ran off. Jane was slowly becoming more and more distant, and Toothless was depressed. It was bad. Aron broke the rules, so he had to be locked in the cage unless one of us let him out, but I guessed if he did it for a good reason, then he might get off early for good behavior. I'd been watching my sister for the past 3 weeks. It finally got to the point where she seemed to be a million miles away, and she barely spoke anymore. When she came to dragon training, it allowed her to focus on something other than what had happened, on something other than wondering whether or not she'd ever see her dragon again, and the others noticed. They tried to break her focus. They wanted to see what would happen when they dropped hints about Aurora running off, and most of these hints were dropped by Astrid, but Jane never let on that she ever heard a word. She hid it well, until she was alone. I could tell that it was getting to her, and the others wanted to see how long it would take for her to crack, but Jane held firm. I didn't know how long she could keep it together, but when she finally broke, I would be there for her.

****Aurora's POV; 1 week later****

For the past month, I was treated like a princess, then again I was one, but the humans didn't know that. That whole time, everyone looked at me as if I was a ghost, but I guessed now I knew why. I looked just like my mother. Ever since I found that portrait a month ago, I haven't been able to stop thinking about it. What did this mean? That King William's sons were my half-brothers? That would explain why Alexander's icy blue eyes and now that I think about it, his hair was the same color blonde as mine, which sharply contrasted with his olive skin. Today, James finally decided to give me a tour of the castle, and I decided to use that to my advantage. He was showing me the halls, when I spotted the side hallway I had gone into a month before.

****Me:**** (pointing to the side hall) What's that?

****James:**** I've never been down that hall.

****Me:**** Should we see what's inside?

****James:**** I'm always up for a little adventure.

There it was. The witty charisma that I liked about him, that I found in almost everything he said, and I liked it even more with that British accent. Wait, what was I saying? Oh for Thor's sake, I had to quit thinking these things about James. He took my hand and went down the hallway. We came upon the portrait, and I "happened" to notice the portrait hanging above us. Knowing full and well what was on that portrait, I asked James about it, because truth be told, I didn't know the whole story.

****Me:**** James, what's that? (pointing at the portrait)

****James:**** That would be my father and-

****Me:**** And your mother?

****James:**** No, actually.

****Me:**** Really? Then who was she?

****James:**** That would be my step-mother. Her name was Esme. She disappeared a few years ago. My mother died giving birth to me.

****Me:**** I'm so sorry.

Esme. That was my mother's name. She was married to the King. Oh my gods. Was she? No, she couldn't have been. I pushed the thoughts out of my head. So James wasn't my brother, but now I knew there was a possibility that Alexander was. I was shocked, and James noticed.

****James:**** What's the matter?

****Me:**** Nothing. I guess I know now why everyone looks at me strange. I mean, I look just like her.

****James:**** I know Elsa, but that doesn't mean anything.

Oh yes it does. I had to get out of the hallway. I was too overwhelmed with the questions that flooded my mind. I was sure that I would learn the answers soon enough. James led me out of the hall and took me directly to the courtyard. It was beautiful. It was lush and colorful, surrounded by none other than polished marble. James started to take me to the stables, when I heard loud, guttural roars.

****Me:**** James, what was that?

****James:**** It's nothing to worry about, Elsa.

****Me:**** James, _ what_ is that sound?

My hearing kicked in. I turned around, and I saw it. This huge, cage-like structure, just like the arena back on Berk, except this one was a little bigger. I picked up my dress and ran down into the arena. I approached two burly men wearing all black whipping a Gronckle repeatedly. It hurt me to see that dragon in this much pain, and I sure as hell wouldn't stand for it. I was just about to tell them to stop, when James caught me around my waist and pulled me out of there before those men even noticed me. Big mistake. I did not like to be pulled, not one little bit. I was annoyed, and a little pissed off.

****Me:**** James, let go

****James:**** Not until we're a good distance away from that _thing_.

****Me:**** What thing? You mean the dragon?

****James:**** That's _exactly_ what I meant. Do you not realize you could've been killed, right then and there?

****Me:**** He wouldn't have hurt me.

****James:**** _ It_ has no conscience. Dragons are soulless monsters

****Me:**** You don't know a thing about them. You have _no_ right to treat them this way. What did they _ever_ do to you?

****James:**** Elsa, you're forbidden from ever coming near this arena again. Do you understand?

****Me:**** The last time I checked, you weren't the ruler of this kingdom, so I suggest you save your orders for when your dear old daddy is six feet in the ground. Do_ you_ understand _that_?

James went silent. I got very angry. Who the hell did these people think they were? What the hell did they know about dragons? And who in the hell did James think he was, thinking he could just order me and pull me around like that? I went back to my room, and I formulated a plan, a plan that would take place that night.

****Midnight****

I got ready. I braided my hair and loose strands fell away from my head. I wore a black hooded cloak that reached to my knees, black elbow length sleeved peasant blouse, a black waist-cincher, black leather pants, a black cloth that covered my face from the eyes down, and black riding boots. I searched the whole castle. I checked if everyone was asleep, and I was thorough, and it only took me half an hour, while it would've taken normal humans at least 2 or 3 hours. Hehe, suckers. Once I was sure everyone was asleep, I made my way to the arena. I approached the top of it and jumped through the chains. I figured I might as well have a little fun if I was gonna pull this off. I landed without a sound. My night vision kicked in. There was a door leading somewhere, and I followed it. It led to an underground prison, like on Outcast Island. I looked around and I saw all the dragons in the cages. Whispering Deaths, Gronckles, Deadly Nadders, Monstrous Nightmares, Changewings, Thunderdrums, and all of them had one thing in common. They all had lost hope of ever leaving, ever finding a better life. It broke my heart to see them this way, but my attention turned to a certain Gronckle. He was the same one that was being whipped earlier today. I went over to his cell, and started to pull his lock off, when he woke up, and started to growl lowly.

****Me:**** It's okay. I'm here to help

****Gronckle:**** Who the hell is she talking to?

****Me:**** (pointing at him) You

His voice was low and raspy, as if he hadn't had anything to drink in a few days. He looked beaten, worn, tired, and defensive. He was shocked at my being able to understand him, but his walls immediately came back up. He growled again.

****Gronckle:**** What twisted kind of human are you?

****Me:**** Who ever said anything about being human?

****Gronckle:**** What the bloody hell are you talking about?

I took a deep breath, and I closed my eyes. I focused on what I wanted to happen. When I opened my eyes again, they were their usual reptilian gold, with thin pupils, though I was still in my human form. I blinked again and the icy blue eyes returned. The Gronckle looked at me like every one of the humans looked at me, like he'd seen a ghost. He stayed like that for at least 2 minutes.

****Me:**** I'm like you. I'm here to help. I'm breaking you all out of here.

****Gronckle:**** And how do you propose to do that?

****Me:**** Like this

I closed my fingers around the lock. I pulled the lock out of the cage, and the door swung open. The Gronckle stepped out of the cage door, and looked at me.

****Gronckle:**** Thank you

****Me:**** You're welcome. Listen, I need your help.

I finally talked him into it and we ended up pulling the locks off of all the cages. The dragons all crowded in the halls. I lead them out of the prison and into the arena. I opened the entrance, and it helped that there was no moon tonight, so they could escape easily under the cover of night. We headed into the woods, and I told everyone what to do.

****Me:**** Alright, listen up everyone. It's clear that this place isn't safe for you. There is a place that you can go. The former Dragon Nest. The Red death was defeated, so the Nest is once again safe. I know that it sounds far-fetched, but trust me. You can stay at the Nest, which is located in Helheim's Gate. For those of you who know how to get there, be a guide, and when you all get there, expect to see some humans from time to time. I wish you all good luck.

They nodded off to me and started on their way. I turned to the Gronckle and was confused. He was standing still, and looking at me.

****Me:**** What are you doing? Why aren't you going with the others?

****Gronckle:**** Because I would think I need to thank Esme's daughter properly.

****Me:**** (shocked) You knew my mother?

****Gronckle:**** Yes. We were good friends once. I'm sorry for the mess you're in.

****Me:**** I never did get your name.

****Gronckle:**** Pollux

****Me:**** I'll remember that

****Pollux: ****I am grateful. If you ever see Esme again, tell her that I say hello.

****Me: ****I will.

With that, Pollux flew off. It took me a moment to process the surreal thing that I had just done. My feeling of triumph disappeared when I sensed a figure holding a lantern behind me. I held my head high and I turned around. The figure holding the lantern, was James. I didn't know what to say, but my face remained an emotionless mask. James looked Shocked and betrayed, and I can't say I was surprised. He sounded betrayed when he spoke to me.

****James:**** Elsa, what the hell have you done?

****Me:**** What the hell does it look like I did?

****James:**** Elsa, you have no idea what the consequences are for this.

****Me:**** I don't care what the consequences are.

****James:**** Well you should! Have you gone completely insane?!

****Me:**** No. What you were doing to them wasn't right.

****James:**** Elsa, I don't know what's gotten into you, but you need to stop this madness! How stupid do you have to be to take pity on a dragon?!

James was panting by then, and after a few seconds, he calmed down. I walked right up to him, and slapped him in the face. I was angry myself. I knew that now, I had to get out of here, because by tomorrow, I was certain I would be a wanted fugitive. I looked James dead in the eye.

****Me: ****You don't know a thing about them, and you don't know a thing about me. You have no right to persecute something just because you don't understand it. You are the true monster here, I don't think you know the difference between justice and revenge. The dragons did nothing to deserve the treatment they got, and you just sat there and let it happen like the twisted little imp you are.

I turned and ran. James called "Elsa!". He kept calling that name, over and over again, a name that wasn't mine. I kept running, and eventually, I came upon a cliff. I ran to it and I jumped over the edge, head first. The transformation was quick. I opened my wings and let the wind catch me, and the cool air beneath my wings was a feeling that I had missed. I pulled up just in time, barely skimming the water with my wings. I was up and I was headed to Thor-knows-where, and I wasn't staying here. I was so drunk with pleasure at being up in the air again, that I let my guard down. That was a big mistake.

30. Betrayal

****A/N:** Hello writers and readers of FanFiction. Sorry for dropping off the face of the earth, but I was on vacation. It's summer, I mean

what are you gonna do, right? Anyway, onto the usual things. This story has reached almost 12,000 views, and I'm really happy about that, so thank you all who took the time to read this. I hope y'all enjoy this chapter. Bye!**

* * *

><p>3***rd**** Person; James**

James could not believe what just happened. He trusted Elsa, and she freed all those soulless winged reptiles, but he had seen the look in her eyes when she spoke her last words to him before she ran off into darkness, to God-knows-where. He was scared out of his wits for her. He knew it had only been a month, but James had fallen in love with Elsa. He felt betrayed, confused, and a little angry. He'd been raised to hate dragons his entire life. Was it possible that his father had been lying to him all this time? Yes, yes it was. James never acknowledged that fact, because it was the only thing giving him his freedom. Alexander wasn't so easy to convince. He believed that dragons were people too, and that was why their father barely ever let him leave the castle, and when he did, he was always accompanied by an escort, even though everyone in the kingdom knew that Alexander could take care of himself just fine. He didn't rely on their father like James, and King William felt threatened by this. James had always envied Alexander, because_ he_ had always known who he was, and what he was capable of. All these thoughts flooding James's mind were so distracting, that he almost didn't notice the creature flying right above the kingdom. The first thing that came to his mind was what he was trained to do. Sound the alarm, so that is exactly what he did.

Aurora's POV

The things I heard first were the alarm bells. The things I heard next were the screams of the kingdom people._ James_. That little bastard. He was going to pay for this. I flew as fast as I could, but it wasn't fast enough. The bolas caught the lower half of my body, and they dragged me to the ground. Pain exploded in my back as soon as I hit the rocky beach, but I thanked the gods that I didn't fall on my wings. I scrambled out of the bolas and ran for the cliffs. The knights were catching up, but I was too quick for them. I heard a catapult being put into place, so I picked up the pace. I was too late. The next thing I knew, a giant boulder crashed over my head, and I was out like a light.

Hiccup's POV; 1 Month Later

It has now been 2 months since Aurora ran off. Jane was slowly bursting at the seams. It got to the point where the tiniest things could set her off. It finally showed one day at dragon training, and the other dragon riders started to notice. They dropped more hints about how Aurora wasn't here. She held firm, but she was subtly shaking. Her anger was coming to the surface.

Jane's POV

We were in training. The others were trying so hard to get a rise out of me, but believe me when I tell you, that would be the most idiotic thing they would ever do. I went over to the barrels to do some target practice. I hit the bulls-eye every time. It turned out that

the anger made me more focused on my target, and it looked like Gobber noticed, because he called all of us in. Apparently, the rest of the vikings were going to work as a team to try and take down one person out of the group, and that someone was me. I knew what Gobber was really doing. He was trying to see how well I fight when I'm angry, and he could tell I was. The exercise was starting. Astrid was the first to come at me. Her axe was raised and she yelled her battle cry. When she came close enough, I stole her axe and swept her feet right from under her. I threw the axe and almost hit Snotlout, but he ducked in time and the axe hit the wall. Snotlout came at me. He wrapped his arms around my neck and I flipped him over my back. He landed on his back, and Astrid sprung right back up. She came at me again. I grabbed her arms and shoved my heel into her stomach, then threw her down on the ground. I sensed the Thorston twins coming up behind me and without turning around, I backhand punched them in the face. Fishlegs and Hiccup stayed to the side, and I was glad for that, because I didn't want to hurt them. The ones who came at me were lying on the ground, but Astrid wouldn't give up so easily. I'd had enough of her. She came at me screaming, trying to get her hands around my throat, but I grabbed her and pinned her up against the wall. I was so angry at everything that was going on. I was so angry at Astrid for making my life hell all those years ago. I was so angry at my father for what he did. I was so angry at Aurora for just running off and leaving me here to face my demons on my own, and I was so angry at myself for being so selfish, but like I said before, my anger made me focused. Everything that I held back over the years, every grudge came boiling back up to the surface, and I remembered something. There were a few things that I always wanted to say to Astrid, and now was the perfect time.

****Astrid:**** Let go of me!

****Me: ****(taunting) So it's come to this. The great Astrid Hofferson is pinned to the wall by the ungodly Dragon Girl. Those were the exact words you used, were they not? Newsflash, I'm not the scared little mouse you thought I was, and now that I think about it, you aren't the great warrior that everyone thinks you are.

Astrid screamed in frustration. She was trying so hard to escape my grasp, with no success. I flashed a wicked grin, and I kept talking.

****Me:**** You've already lost the race Astrid, to me of all people. (mock surprise) Can you believe it?

****Astrid: ****(screaming) I haven't lost anything!

****Me: ****But you have. Can't you see? Unlike you, I don't need to prove myself to anyone. But that's just it isn't it?

Astrid stopped struggling and started panting. She was looking in all directions frantically, and then she looked at me with wild eyes.

****Me:**** I threaten you, don't I? I'm stronger than you. I'm faster than you. I'm smarter than you. You can't stand it. You can't stand the fact that you're not on top. You can't stand the fact that you can be beat, and you certainly can't stand the fact that you're losing to me, of all people. I'm better than you, in every way, so you may as well get used to it, princess. (pause) Reality comes back

to bite you. Don't forget that.

I finally let her go. It felt good to finally tell her what I thought of her, but I was still mad. It didn't take twin telepathy for Hiccup to know that I was fuming.

Hiccup: **Let's go home, okay?**

Me: **Okay**

We walked all the way home without a word. When we finally got to the house, Hiccup shut the door. He looked a little mad, and upset. He sounded that way when he talked to me.

Me: **What?**

Hiccup: **What the _hell_ was that all about?**

Me: **What are you talking about?**

Hiccup: **(upset)** You know exactly what I'm talking about. What did you do in the arena? The others looked scared to death. Why did you shove Astrid up against the wall? It was only a training exercise.

Me: **I just got mad, okay?! I lost it! And I know what you're gonna say! You're gonna tell me not to let it get to me, to just shrug it off! I've been doing that, Hiccup! I've been doing that for the past 10 years. I've just shrugged everything off, and I've been pushing it aside for the past 10 years! I've been holding everything in for the past 10 years! Is that what you wanted to hear?!**

I was panting. I didn't mean to yell at him. It just happened. I tried to calm down. I looked at Hiccup again. He was confused. I turned away. I was ashamed of myself.

Hiccup: **What do you mean you've been holding everything in?**

I kept silent. What was wrong with me? I never acted like this before.

Hiccup: **Jane, what's wrong? What are you not telling me?**

I turned around and looked at him. He wants to know. I never told him. Just because I hated our father didn't mean that he had to. Dad came 5 minutes later. He wore his usual disappointed scowl. What else was new? He took on a tone that matched his expression.

Me: **What did I do this time?**

Dad: **I heard about the training exercise today. You went too far, Jane. What were ye thinkin'?**

Me: **I was just doing the stupid training exercise like Gobber told me to.**

He rubbed his eyebrows in frustration. I rolled my eyes. I started to go upstairs, and Dad stopped me.

Dad: **Hold on. Where d'you think you're goin'?**

****Me: ****(rude) Upstairs, where does it look like?

****Dad: ****We're not done talking about this. Get back down here _now_.

****Me: ****_I'm_ done talking. Call me down when dinner's ready.

****Dad:**** I'm callin' ye down _now._

****Me: ****Well_ I'm_ not listening, in case you haven't noticed.

His face was bright red, and he was breathing so deep he was almost snarling. I was still mad, and I still had something to say to my dear old dad.

****Me: ****You know, if you frown any more, your face might get stuck like that.

****Dad:**** What gives you the right to talk to me this way?! I'M YOUR FATHER!

Now I was miles past angry. My voice was cold and venomous, and I felt a small coal of fury forming in my stomach.

****Me:**** What gives you the right to call yourself my father? _You_ are the one that abandoned me.

That got my dad to back off, and it scared him a little. That was what got my brother's attention. His head snapped up as soon as the words came out of my mouth. When my father spoke again, he stuttered.

****Dad:**** I- I don't know what you're talking about.

****Me: ****You're lying. You know _exactly_ _what_ I'm talking about. What, you thought I wouldn't remember?

****Hiccup: ****(worried) Dad, _what_ is she talking about?

****Me: ****Go on _Dad_. Tell him. Tell Hiccup what you've been keeping from him all these years.

I spat out the word "Dad" like it was poison. Maybe I was being a little overdramatic, but I was fed up with keeping everything in. I wanted to release the pent-up anger, the very thing that had been building up inside of me over the past decade. I got some of it out of my system with Astrid, and now it was Dad's turn. I looked at Hiccup. He was getting more worried by the minute.

****Me:**** You know what? _I'll_ tell him.

****Hiccup:**** Jane? What's going on?

****Dad: ****Hiccup, it's nothing.

****Me:**** (yelling) More lies! For Thor's sake, enough with the lies.

****Hiccup: ****(yelling) Jane, what the hell are you talking about? What did Dad do to make you hate him so much?!

****Me: ****You really wanna know?! (pause) Do you remember the night I disappeared, Hiccup?

My dad was getting more panicky. His eyes were full of fear, and Hiccup could see.

****Me: ****Let's just say, you have our father to thank for that.

I turned and started walking towards the back door. I was breathing heavily. I needed to go outside. I heard footsteps, and the next thing I knew, my brother's hand touched my shoulder. I turned around, and looked at him, and then my dad.

****Hiccup: ****What are you talking about? What do you mean?

****Me:**** I mean he's the reason I "disappeared".

Hiccup turned to our dad. His breath was shaky at the shocking news he had just received. When he spoke again, I heard a darkness in his voice.

****Hiccup: ****What exactly did you do, Dad?

Dad just stood there. He didn't say anything, but his eyes held fear and shame. I'd had just about enough of this. My blood was boiling.

****Me: ****Gods. You can't even say it to his face! For once in your life, could you just own up to it?! You know what you did! You carried me out of the house that night, you took me to Changewing Island, and you left me there! You just left me there to die! Around here, you don't do that unless there's something seriously wrong with your kid! So what was wrong with me?! WHAT THE HELL WAS WRONG WITH ME?! DO YOU EVEN FEEL GUILTY ABOUT IT?!

I was panting so hard by then. I looked at my dad. There was nothing but shame written all over his face. I waited for him to speak, to defend himself, but he said nothing. He didn't know what to say. So typical. He was busted. Hiccup was standing there the entire time, and when I looked into his eyes, all I could see was shock. I looked back at my dad with cold eyes.

****Me:**** That's what I thought.

He came toward me, and reached out his hand apologetically.

****Dad:**** Let me explain, please.

He reached out his hand even more, but I was having none of it.

****Me:**** (angry) No, don't touch me. Don't touch me.

I backed away, out of his reach. He kept coming toward me. He just could not take a hint, could he?

****Dad: ****(begging) Jane, please give me a chance to explain. I know I

wasn't a good father, but give me a chance to make it up to you.

Was he being serious? There was no way he was getting off the hook that easily.

****Me:**** You're kidding me, right?! You threw your chance out the window _10 years ago_! You abandoned me. You left me for dead. So listen when I tell you, that you're _not_ my father. We may share the same blood, but you're _not_ my father. You never have been, and you never will be.

I stopped talking. I could tell by the look Stoick's eyes that I had hurt him on the deepest level. That's what I was counting on. I felt a little better, but I had to get out of the house, so I went out the back door, and ran to the one place that I could be alone.

31. Water is Sweet, but Blood is Thicker

****A/N:** Hello people. For some of the little details in this chapter, I give the credit to LolaPeople, Lighty7 and The Sad Privateer. You three will know when you see them. Shout outs to my new followers: Evedawalrus, Pawe750, Beautiful dreaming warrior, and gOthiCkUrOcHo69. I put a lot of thought into this chapter, as I do all my chapters, so I hope y'all enjoy. Thanks soo much for reading. Enjoy! ******

* * *

><p>3****rd****** Person; Stoick******

Stoick the Vast was a strong man, stronger than most. Stoick had been through so much over the years. He had watched his men die on the battlefield all his life, seeing their eyeballs sliced, their throats slit, their heads taken clean off their shoulders, and he even watched his own father die. Over the years, he's handled these kinds of situations in only one way: being strong and putting on a brave face. It took him his whole life to master that skill, believe it or not. He never would've been able to do that without his family. His wife, and his two children were what gave him the strength to carry on, and he remembers every day, that he was the one that tore it all apart. It didn't matter how he justified it, that he did it for all the right reasons. When his wife never came back from the search for his daughter, a hole was left in Stoick, and in his son. He felt that hole for 10 years, and no matter how much he work he did, no matter how hard he tried, he could never remove it from the back of his mind. He could never erase the fact that it was all his fault, and in the process, he had failed Hiccup, who was all that Stoick had left, until his daughter came home. When he watched Jane walk down the stairs 4 months ago, the hole was filled, for a while at least.

Stoick loved his children very deeply, so when his daughter disowned him, words could not even begin to describe the hurt, and he guessed that this was how Hiccup felt when he was disowned. Stoick watched as Hiccup still looked at the door that his sister had gone through. When Stoick watched Jane run out the back door, he flashed back to that night 10 years ago, and now, seeing it happen again in the present, he honestly wondered if he'd ever see her again. When Stoick and Hiccup finally looked back at each other, Stoick knew he would

never be able to forget the cold, silent fury that burned within his son's eyes. When Hiccup finally spoke again, Stoick thought that he couldn't have been more ashamed. He was dead wrong.

Hiccup: **How could you?**

Stoick had expected his son to raise his voice, to yell in anger, in defiance, but Hiccup said the words as if they were a simple question. Stoick's shame increased tenfold, because he didn't deserve the calm way that his son was speaking to him.

Hiccup: **How could you do this to me?**

Stoick: **Son, let me explain, please.**

Hiccup: **Why the hell should I do that? You'll only lie. (pause)** You lied to me. You've been lying to me for the past 10 years about the one person in this world who understood me, the one person who was my friend. All this time, it was you. I always thought it was maybe an Outcast, or even a Berserker who took her, but you?! I can't believe this! It was you! It was all you! Gods, why would you- Why?

Stoick said nothing. His son looked away from him, and started out the back door. Stoick didn't stop him, and once the door was closed, he was left alone. After what had just happened, Stoick felt broken. His children wanted nothing to do with him, and that was his ultimate defeat.

Jane's POV

I ran through the woods as fast as I could. I didn't want anyone to see me like this, not even Hiccup. I kept running and running until I came to a rocky cliff. I was alone, and I was far from the village. I was panting so hard. I felt like punching something. I needed to get everything out of my system. I screamed. I screamed so loud and shrill, I bet that the whole village could hear me, but I didn't care. I screamed for a good 2 minutes. I finally got it out, and I just felt drained. I fell on my knees and I pounded the ground. I sat back on my knees and I finally calmed down. I put my hand to my forehead, on the verge of bawling my eyes out, when I heard twigs snapping. I turned around and stood up.

Me: **Who's there?**

Then, ever so slowly, Fishlegs and Fallon (Meatlug) emerged from the bushes. Fishlegs looked scared and confused at the same time. He was scared to approach me. I was suddenly very embarrassed. I felt the heat rushing to my cheeks.

Me: **What are you doing here?**

3rd Person

Fishlegs was frozen with fear. He just snuck up on Jane Haddock, and he had caught her off guard. Even though she'd only been here for 4 months, Fishlegs never thought he'd live to see the day when Jane Haddock lost her edge. He could see it right now. She was vulnerable, and in that moment Fishlegs felt less scared of her. In fact, he even felt kind of sorry for her.

****Jane: **_What _are you doing here?**

****Fishlegs: **Are you okay?**

****Jane: **You didn't answer my question. _What_ are you doing here?**

****Fishlegs: **Meatlug and I come here too sometimes. Now you answer my question. _Are you _okay?**

Oh no. He was gonna get it now. Fishlegs braced for the punch he was sure was coming, but to his great surprise, it never came.

****Jane:** Not really.**

She just stood there. She hugged herself and she looked down, not wanting to meet his eyes. Fishlegs had never seen this side of Jane, timid and ashamed.

****Jane: **I should go.**

Fishlegs didn't know what to say. Jane ran back into the woods, and Fishlegs was left alone with Meatlug. Fishlegs could not believe what just happened. Was he going to tell anyone? He wasn't sure. Meanwhile, Jane kept running. She kept running and she didn't stop until she came upon the cove. She slid down the tunnel that led to the cove, in which the glamour spell was brought down. Once she was in the cove, she was surprised by the sight of her brother, but as soon as she did see him, she ran to him and hugged him tightly, like when they were children.

****Hiccup's POV****

As soon as Jane reached me, she wrapped me in a tight hug like when we were kids. The only difference is that now, she was sobbing. I did my best to comfort her, but in a way, this was a good thing. She was finally letting herself feel. She was finally letting go of everything, and if you ask me, she had been strong for far, far too long. She had the right to break down and fall apart every once in a while, and there was no shame in that. After 5 minutes, she pulled back and she wiped her face. Even in her vulnerable state right now, Jane would always be the strongest person that I ever knew.

****Jane: ***(light-hearted)*Damn. I just ruined my tough girl reputation, didn't I?**

****Me:** *(chuckling)* Yeah. I guess you did. *(pause)* Feel better?**

****Jane: **Yeah. I thought I was supposed to be the oldest.**

We both laughed. I was surprised by her joking, but I wasn't complaining. We both needed it at a time like this.

****Me: **I can't believe Dad would do something like this.**

****Jane: **_I _can.**

****Me: **And then he has the nerve to go and lie to my face about it**

for the past 10 years.

****Jane: ****It wasn't all bad. At least I got to grow up with Mom.

I thought back to the first few days of my sister's return. She sat in the arena and she told us the story of where she'd been. I remembered the part when she grew up with Mom the most.

****Jane: ****I always missed you though. I was always kind of lonely. Every night on our birthday, I'd stare up at the moon and I'd always wish for you to appear in front of me so I wouldn't feel alone anymore. I mean, I wasn't alone because I had Aurora, but every year, our birthday was a reminder that I didn't have you.

****Me: ****That's how it was with me. I'd wish the same thing.

****Jane: ****Really?

****Me: ****Of Course. We're twins, remember?

Jane giggled. It was nice for us to get our minds off the things that were going on. Then I understood. Jane and Aurora had been best friends for almost 10 years. Aurora was brought into my sister's life to fill the void. It all made sense.

****Jane's POV****

I wasn't used to being so open with someone other than Aurora, yet I hadn't felt this good in a long time, not since the first time Aurora and I had ever flown together. I remember feeling like I was on top of the world, like there was nothing that could ever bring me down. Being up in the air with Aurora always helped me forget my problems, but now that she was gone, I was forced to deal with my issues, and I felt totally alone. Only now, I realized I wasn't alone. I had Hiccup now, even if it was only for a little while. It was nice to be able to tell him these things, because they were the things that I hoped he'd remember me by, so I would enjoy this time for as long as I could, because time was running out.

****Alexander's POV****

I always hated living like royalty. I always hated being waited on, I always preferred the woods to the castle. I never got a say in who my friends were, who I associated with, who I would marry in the future, which was chosen for me the minute I was born. I never liked who I was betrothed to, Victoria. She was such a little brat. Everything always had to be done her way, and she could never think for herself. She was soooooo damn clingy, and she had a commanding and shrill voice that she used to wear out my name, which my father also did. I'd say I never liked my name, except my mother was the one that gave it to me, though she always called me Alex, and I liked that much better. My mother taught me so much about the seemingly mythical creatures that existed in our world, because she was one of them. The form she liked to take the most was a dragon, a White Night Fury especially. She left when I was 10, and the unfair thing was that she had no choice in the matter, but I understood that if she did have a say, she would've taken me with her and we would've gotten out of the prison/hellhole that we were living in. I'd much rather be with her than my father. He refused to even let me set foot out of bed without help, and I swear to God, he was getting on my last nerve. So

was James. He was a cocky, arrogant bastard, and I thank God every day that we only shared a father. If I had to share my mother with him, I would've gone crazy ages ago. I remember the last conversation that my mother and I had before she had to leave.

"_Alex, listen very carefully. Do not ever become your father. Don't let him fool you into thinking that dragons are the enemy, because you and I are one with them. (pause) There is something else. You have a sister named Aurora. Find her as soon as you can. Once you do, I want both of you to leave this place together. Do you understand?"

—

"_But how do I find her?"_

"_One day, she will come to you. You'll know who she is the second that you see her. Once you do, tell her everything, and then leave this place. I'll come and find you both once that happens"._

She was right. The minute I laid eyes on "Elsa" 2 months ago, I knew who she was, my sister Aurora. She looked just like Mom. I tried to get close to her and tell her the truth, but like always, I couldn't because my father, as usual, gave me almost no freedom. He wanted me to rely on him, but I never would, because my father was corrupt.

I remember the commotion that happened a month ago. James had sounded the alarm and a dragon was caught. I saw the dragon, and instantly I knew it was Aurora. Her body was sleek and pearl white, and her eyes were like deep golden sunsets. She was unconscious and her body was bound in bolas, and I just knew that she was a shape-shifter, like our mother. She was taken into the most maximum security prison cell under the arena, and she had our strongest guards always keeping watch, which gave her no opportunity to use her powers and escape. If she were smart, she'd wait until she was completely alone so no one would know about her abilities. Instinct told me she was an intelligent creature, but she wouldn't get out on her own. I had to help her, because she wasn't just my sister. She was the only living connection to my mother, our mother, and she was my way out. I would wait until tonight to carry out my plan. I couldn't wait any longer. I had to break her out.

* * *

><p>AN: Wow, just wow. I don't think that the Haddock twins are ever gonna forgive their father, after what went down. Meanwhile, a shocking revelation confirms that Alex is in fact Aurora's brother. Speaking of Alex, he's got a plan to break his sister out. How do y'all think it's gonna go down? We shall see soon enough, my loyal readers. **

32. The Last Night

Jane's POV

I felt stronger than ever before. I let go of all my grudges and my issues. I actually kind of felt refreshed. A few minutes later, Fenn crawled into the cove through the tunnel. He looked at me with a confused expression, cocking his head to one side.

**Fenn: **Is everything okay?

****Me: **Yeah.** Hiccup and I just had a little heart-heart

****Fenn: ****(joking) You? Have a heart-to-heart? Seriously, what happened?

I laughed and I pushed his face away, when I started to feel light-headed. My forehead was covered in a thin layer of sweat, and I started to feel really weak. My knees felt wobbly and I sat on them, and my head started to pound. I knew this feeling. I knew what was happening.

****Hiccup:**** Jane, _what's_ going on? Are you alright?

He sounded worried when he spoke. Fenn looked at me with certainty. He knew what was happening, which was why he was calm. Hiccup came to me, his eyes filled with fear and worry, and that was the last thing I saw, before I slowly drifted into darkness.

When I opened my eyes again a second later, I was outside of my body. I wasn't dead, but I knew what was happening. This only happened when I needed to see something. It happens with all Keepers at one point in their lives, or so I've been told, but I never had anyone to relate with about it. I saw my brother, bending over my body. He kept telling me frantically to wake up, but I knew that I wouldn't until I saw what needed to be seen. Hiccup lifted my body onto Fenn's back and they proceeded to take me into the crypt.

_I felt my "astral" self being pulled away, and it was dark for a few seconds. When the dark disappeared, I was in an unfamiliar place. I was standing in the middle of an arena, like the one back on Berk, except it was a little bigger. I looked around, and I saw a door, and instantly I was pulled inside in a matter of seconds. The interior was an underground prison, just like the one on Outcast Island. I looked around and there were guards roaming the halls. They couldn't see me, in fact they passed right through me. In this state, I'm kind of like a ghost, except for the fact that I wasn't dead. I kept walking through the halls. All the cells were empty, except for one. That cell had at least 4 beefy, burly guards, with 2 on each side. In the cell, was the dragon that had been with me since the beginning. It was Aurora, but instead of the strong, radiant Aurora I was used to seeing, I saw an Aurora that was beaten down and worn out. The pearlescence in her scales was replaced with a thin layer of black dirt, and the usual pearl white now looked a dingy grey. All her legs were chained to the floor, so she could barely move, and it looked like the chains were made of iron, iron that wasn't rusted, which meant that they would be nearly impossible to break out of. _

It hurt me deeply to see her like that, trapped and helpless and not being able to do anything about it. I'd ask why she hadn't used her powers to get herself out, but then I read her thoughts, and then I knew. Those guards were not as stupid as the ones on Outcast Island. These guards watched her every move. They banged against the cage and they taunted her with food and with water, but she refused to even look their way. The guards then turned and faced away from her. I was fuming at this point. They had no right to treat her this way. What the hell did she do wrong? I wanted to scream at them, but I'd be wasting my breath. They wouldn't be able to hear me. When they spoke, they sounded very British, and their voices were kind of raspy, but not too raspy.

"_How much longer do we have to watch this beast? I can barely stand to look at it anymore"_

"_Don't get your knickers in a twist, ya bum. You heard the executioner"_

"_He's right. By this time tomorrow, this beast's head is gonna be hangin' on the king's wall"_

Words could not even begin to describe what was going through my mind at that moment. I should've been afraid, but I wasn't. I was devastated, and yet somehow, I knew that everything was gonna be okay, but that didn't mean that it didn't scare the hell out of me. I felt myself being pulled back, and it was pitch black for a few seconds, and thenâ€¦|

I woke up. I pulled in a huge breath and I was panting. I was back in my body, and I was laid across the stone mixing desk. The earthy smell of the crypt greeted me, as did my brother. His eyes were frantic, but the rest of him was calm. Fenn looked at me with hardened eyes. He didn't look angry, but stern. Hiccup came over to me, and he did not look happy, at all. In fact, he looked kind of angry, and he sounded that way.

**Hiccup: **_What_ the hell happened? Are you okay?

**Me: **I'm fine. I promise

**Hiccup: **You scared the living _hell_ out of me! What happened?

**Me: **_Listen_ to me. If you calm down, I promise you, I will explain everything. Okay?

**Hiccup: **How am I supposed to calm down after whatever the hell that was?!

**Me: **You're supposed to because you should know that I have no control over it. Now please just relax.

Hiccup was still panting, but then gradually, he calmed down. He relaxed his limbs, his breathing slowed, and his expression more calm.

**Me: **_Thank_ you.

**Hiccup: **Okay, so what happened?

Me: I, (pause) I had a vision.

**Hiccup: ** (skeptical) A vision?

**Me: **Look, I don't know why it happens the way it happens, I don't even know why it _does_ happen, and frankly I don't have any control over it. It's a Keeper thing. It's complicated. And yes, Fenn knows about it.

**Hiccup: **Okay. Well what did you see?

I opened my mouth to say something, then I looked at Fenn. He looked at me expectantly. Of course he wanted to know what I had seen, but I wasn't gonna tell him, because he could be a little bit on the impulsive side.

****Me: **Just a minute Hiccup.**

I walked over to Fenn. He was sitting down waiting patiently, so I did what I had to do. I started to scratch his neck, one of his very few weaknesses. Then ever so slightly, I brought my hands down inch by inch, until I reached the pressure point in his jawline, and once I squeezed it, he was out like a light. I sat down and patted the space next to me, inviting Hiccup to come and sit, which he did.

****Hiccup:** What'd you do that for?**

****Me: **Because he is _not_ gonna like what I have to say. He doesn't need to hear this.**

****Hiccup:** Okay. Well what is it that you have to say?**

****Me: **I was in a place I didn't know. I was standing in the middle of an arena, like ours, only bigger. One minute I was there, the next minute I was pulled under it. There was an underground prison, you know, like the one on Outcast Island. I looked through the halls and the cells were all empty, except for one.**

****Hiccup: **What happened?**

****Me: **She was in the cell. She looked all dirty and dingy and she was chained to the floor. She just looked defeated. The guards were outside of the cell. They were talking andâ€¦**

****Hiccup: **And what?**

I almost couldn't say the words. I guessed in my case, the word for it was in-denial, but still I knew that everything would be okay. I just didn't know how.

****Me: **And they said she was gonna be executed tomorrow.**

As soon as I said the words, the reality of it hit me. My best friend was gonna be dead by this time tomorrow, but like I said before, I felt like it would all be taken care of somehow. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know whether I should feel upset or frantic or calm or scared or whether or not I should do something. I was just confused. Hiccup's expression was a mix of shock and sympathy. By then, Fenn had woken up.

****Fenn: **(yawning) What's going on? What just happened?**

****Me: **C'mon. Let's go home**

****Hiccup:** Hey Jane?**

****Me: **Yeah?**

****Hiccup:** Do you think we could, you know, stay here tonight? I don't think I'm ready to go home yet.**

****Me:**** Yeah. Of course we can.

* * *

><p>Alex's POV; That Night

I had been planning every detail of this night ever since Aurora was captured a month ago, and now it was finally here. I could barely contain my excitement. After all these years, I was finally getting out of here. I was in my room, when I heard a knock. A second later, the door opened, only to find that my dad was the one who dared to enter. His charming British accent may work with all his mistresses, but not with me.

****Dad: ****Alexander, may I speak with you for a moment?

****Me: ****Did I say you could come in?

****Dad: ****(stern) Alexander

****Me: ****Fine. What is it?

****Dad: ****There's going to be an execution tomorrow.

****Me: ****(annoyed) Yeah, the execution of the dragon that James caught over a month ago. How could I not know when it's the only thing that anyone in this whole damn castle and this whole damn kingdom is talking about?

****Dad: ****Alexander, I know you're upset, but you have to understand that this is for your own safety. Everything I do is for your own safety.

****Me: ****Everything you do, is for the sole purpose of making sure that I never set foot outside this damn castle.

****Dad: ****With good reason.

****Me: ****(sarcastic) Yeah, right.

****Dad: ****(highly annoyed) Did I just hear you correctly? Did you just talk back to me?

****Me: ****Didn't it sound clear to you Dad?

His face just screamed angry. I smirked. That was what I was going for. I'm not gonna lie to you, my dad was a bastard, so I took whatever chance that I got to get under his skin. He started to walk towards the door. He turned back to face me.

****Dad: ****It appears that you need another night without supper

He walked out and shut the door behind him, and I heard it lock. As a kid, I went many, many nights without supper, and many, many nights being locked in my room, and then I just couldn't take it anymore. That was one of the many things that forced me to learn how to be stealthy and elusive, and over the years, I'd been perfecting it. I prepared for this, and that was why I had a few apples stored away in my knapsack, and it was always more fun to jump out the window. Since

my dad locked the door, he wouldn't be coming back to unlock it for God-knows-how-long, and I was counting on that. I went to my wardrobe, opened it, and prepared for tonight. I pulled out everything I would need. My black hooded cloak, black leather boots, black leather long-sleeved shirt, black pants, a skeleton key, a rope with a grappling hook, and darts. The darts were dipped in poison that wouldn't kill a man, but only knock them unconscious, and I had enough darts for the entire guard. I changed into my black ensemble. I pulled my cloak on and I pulled the black cloth up enough to cover my face from the eyes down. I was ready. I picked up the rope and walked to the doors of my balcony. I opened them, and the cool air breezed on my face. This was it. Tonight was going to be my last night here, and then I'd never have to see this place again. I just knew it.

33. The Great Escape

****A/N:** Hello everyone! I have returned! Alright enough dillydallying. This story has reached over 13,000 views and I have y'all to thank for that. Shout outs to my new followers: horsegirl177, 1827alouette6927, and bartosz2131. I hope y'all enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Alex's POV

Tonight was the last night I would ever be imprisoned in this hellhole. I could still feel the whiplashes on my back from when my dad used to punish me as a kid. I could still feel the sting of his hand on my cheek when he used to hit me, but now all he did was lock me up. Not tonight, not ever again. I stood on the balcony with my rope in hand. I placed the grappling hook in between two of the stone railing beams, when I heard the lock to my bedroom jiggling. Wait, no. My dad never came back that quick. I became frantic and I pulled the hook out of where I placed it. I heard the door creak open, and I knew that it was too late. I stood up with my head held high, and I turned around to face my punishment like a man, only to find it wasâ€¦|

"Matilda?"

I was immensely surprised, and relieved at the same time. Matilda was the only one who ever cared about me, and knew that my dad was a bastard. She came toward me with an urgent look on her face, and a long brass skeleton key.

****Matilda:** ****You're a foolish boy. Do you know that?**

****Me:** ****Matilda, please help me. I need to get out of here. I need get my sister and get out of here.**

****Matilda:** ****I'm well aware of that, which is why you'll need this.**

She handed me her skeleton key and I looked at it more closely. The bow of the key swirled intricately, and the bit had just a few more crosses than mine.

****Me:** ****Matilda, I don't need-**

****Matilda: ****_Yes_ you do. _Yours _opens any door in the castle. _Mine_ opens any cell in the arena prison. What? You thought you were going to pull some of your own little tricks and then sneak the keys off of one of them? I'll not have guards chasing you at every corridor.

****Me: ****(sarcastic) Come on Matilda. Where's the fun in all this if I can't be a pickpocket?

****Matilda: ****(stern) Don't jest with me boy. I'm risking my neck for you as it is. (pause) Be careful. Do you understand?

****Me: ****Yes Matilda. (pause) I'll miss you.

****Matilda: ****And I you.

She nodded and then she walked out. I _would_ miss that woman. I went to my wardrobe, and put on my black leather gloves. I went to my balcony. I put the hook back in it's place. I stepped on the stone railing, and I looked down. The kingdom was dreary and lifeless. The only lights came from the torches that surrounded the arena. I turned around and ever so slightly, I stepped down. Once I was over the railing, I grabbed onto the rope. I started sliding down the rope as fast as I could. When I finally reached the bottom, I landed on the stone street without a sound, and I came prepared. I took a dart out of my small knapsack, and loaded it in my tiny crossbow. I quickly made my way to the arena. There were 2 guards at the entrance, so I took the back way in. I wasn't going to use these darts unless I absolutely had to. I ran to the entrance of the underground prison. My footsteps were quick and light, so I got to the entrance easily without being noticed. Once I slipped in, I started to navigate the corridors of the prison. I could sense that my sister was near. It took me 5 minutes to find her cell, which was the only one that was filled. Her execution date was tomorrow, so there was no time to waste. There were 2 burly guards keeping watch of her. My tiny crossbow was loaded. The whole thing happened in 5 seconds or less. The next thing I knew, both of the guards were out cold. I approached my sister's cell. She was awoken by the small commotion. She looked confused, and I proceeded with caution.

****Aurora's POV****

I sat in that nasty, dingy cell for the past month. Some days I went without food, some days I went without water, but I'd been through worse. I was going to wait until the executioner came, then I would make my escape. Although, it appeared that it wasn't necessary. The person in the cloak walked toward me slowly. I started to walk towards him, as far as the chains would allow me. I looked more closely at the face. The things that stood out were the icy blue eyes, the ones that mirrored "Elsa's" .

****Cloaked Person:**** It's okay. I'm here to help.

I recognized that voice, and the eyes.

****Me: ****Alexander?

****Alexander: ****Call me Alex.

I was astonished that he could answer my question just like that. I looked at Alex once more, and then I got a feeling, one that was familiar on my part.

****Me: **You understand me?**

****Alex: **Yes. Listen I'm here to break you out.**

****Me: **Why?**

****Alex: **It's a long story. I'll tell you when I break you free, but when that happens, I want you to do something for me.**

Of course, he wanted something from me. I knew this was too good to be true, but Night Furies are naturally curious creatures, so you can guess what I did next.

****Me: **(skeptical) What do you want?**

****Alex: **Take me with you**

****Me:** What?**

****Alex: **Take me with you. Wherever you're going, please take me with you. I don't care as long as it's a million miles from here. If you do this, I promise you, I will never ask a favor from you ever again.**

****Me: **Don't make promises you can't keep.**

****Alex:** Please**

His eyes pleaded for his wish to be made. It was such a simple request, to take him with me, wherever the hell I was going. I was confused. He had everything he could possibly want here. Why leave? I thought and I thought, I looked more closely at Alex, and then I knew. This was his way out. He couldn't live the way he was living anymore. I understood that better than anyone ever could.

****Me: **Okay.**

****Alex: **(whisper) Thank you.**

Alex took out a long, brass skeleton key and started to jiggle it into the lock. I noticed that the guards were unconscious, so I could finally exercise what I was capable of. I thought only one thing. Human. The transformation took all but 3 seconds. I looked at my fair skin and stroked my icy blonde hair. I was wearing the black outfit that I wore a month ago, when I freed the dragons. When Alex looked up at me, he didn't really seem surprised, in fact he actually looked kind of smug. He knew it was me the entire time, but I was taking him with me, so if he needed shutting up, I'd take care of it.

****Alex: **I knew it was you.**

****Me: **I know. I just had to get out of the chains. Now unlock the door.**

****Alex: **(smug) A simple thank-you would suffice.**

I rubbed my wrists and my back. My saddle stayed with my dragon form, and miraculously, my back hadn't chaffed at all in the past month. It stayed perfectly normal, though I supposed it had something to do with my rapid self-healing. It felt weird to be standing on two feet again, so I made the transformation back to my dragon form. It felt good to actually stand on my own four legs. I stretched them out, and Alex unlocked the door. Finally. I walked out of the cell and started on my way out of the prison. I looked back at Alex, because he was still standing at the cell door.

****Me: ****(witty) You comin', your highness?

****Alex: ****You have a rider?

He was looking at my saddle. He came up to me and he stroked the leather with his hands. My saddle. Jane. Oh gods, I missed her.

****Me: ****(softly) Yeah. I do. (pause) We better go.

****Alex: ****Right, sorry.

I waited and in two seconds, I felt the weight of a human body on my neck. Alex weighed more than Jane, in fact he weighed just a little more than I imagine Tuffnut would weigh, just a little, but I could handle it. I was built for this. Alex got a firm grip on the front of the saddle, and we were ready. I started to run through the halls. I smelled wind and then suddenly I came upon the entrance. It was the first light that I'd seen in a month. I ran through the door and suddenly I was standing in the middle of the arena. I looked up at the sky. The moon was full, and the light shined on the dreary kingdom, and into my eyes. I'd never seen anything so beautiful, but my moment of marvel was cut short, when I heard the crossbows being raised. Standing in the middle of the soldiers was the king. We were surrounded. I could easily get out of this situation, but I needed to act fast.

****King: ****(pointing) You. Unmount. Now

The king was talking to Alex, who refused to get off my back. He was silent, but somehow I knew what he was thinking. He whispered something, so quiet that even my dragon hearing almost couldn't pick it up.

****Alex: ****You know what to do, Aurora.

****Me:**** What?

****Alex: ****Look up.

And so I did. I looked up and I saw the cage-like roof above our heads. I knew then what I had to do.

****Alex's POV****

I sensed what she was about to do. I couldn't let her expose her powers, no matter how small the action. In this case, it was turning herself invisible. We were surrounded by my father's soldiers. I was this close to my freedom, and I wasn't gonna let these goons stand

in my way. My sister wasn't the only one with powers. I flicked my wrist, and everyone was thrown to the far side of the arena, including my father.

****Me: **Now!**

****Aurora's POV****

I was just about to turn myself invisible, when all of a sudden, everyone was thrown to the far side of the arena.

****Alex: **Now!**

****Me: **Hang on!**

I flew up, and fired a shot through the roof, giving us a quick escape. I flew as fast as I could out of that place. I was surprised that Alex was still able to keep hold of the saddle, I was going so fast. I heard catapults being put into place from afar, but we were long gone by the time they were loaded. Once I was absolutely sure that we were a good distance away from the castle, I slowed down and came upon a large sea stack with a small cave. I landed and Alex got off.

****Alex: **Holy hell, that was fast. (pause) I'm free.**

A look of realization dawned on his face. He was finally free of his torment, finally free of that life, and had chance to start a new one. He took off the cloth that covered his face and pull back his hood. He sat down and he brought his hands to his face. He sighed repeatedly and his breath was shaking. He had the biggest smile on his face. He leaned back into the rock wall. He turned to look at me, his expression growing serious.

****Alex: **I need to tell you something.**

****Me: **Speaking of things to tell, _you _need to tell _me_ something. How did you know my name? My _real _name?**

****Alex: **Mom told me.**

****Me:** (shocked) What?**

****Alex:** You're my sister.**

*** * ***

><p>AN: *gasp* Aurora finally knows! Finally! How is Aurora gonna react to this? Where will she take Alex? Where will _she_ go? What's gonna happen?**

34. Arrival and Departure

****Aurora's POV****

For the first few minutes, I couldn't speak. I was too shocked, not at the fact that Alex was my brother, but at the fact that my suspicions had been confirmed, and the fact that I didn't want it to be true. The reasons that I didn't want it to be true weren't the

reasons that some might expect, then again I don't think _anyone_ would know what to expect in this situation. Alex looked at me with genuine concern in his eyes, and a hint of sympathy.

Alex: I know it's a lot to take in. I would've told you sooner, but-

Me: (sympathetic) Your dad?

Alex: (shrugs) Yeah. You caught that?

Me: He seems to be a bit over-bearing.

Alex: Yeah. That would be putting it lightly.

We both chuckled at that. Alex looked at me again, this time his expression holding deep gratitude.

Alex: I can't thank you enough

Me: I'm the one who should be thanking you.

Alex: Well we're family, aren't we? I'd think that family needs to stick together.

Me: Yeah (pause) How much did Mom tell you about me?

Alex: Not much. All she told me was your name and that you were my sister, and that one day, you'd come to me, and that I'd know who you were the second I saw you. I guess she was right.

Me: Yeah. (pause) You have Mom's eyes.

Alex: So do you.

Me: No I don't. "Elsa" has Mom's eyes. My true form is a dragon.

Alex: And a pretty badass one at that.

Me: (laugh/exhale) Thanks.

Alex: I'm serious.

Me: Speaking of being badass, what you did back there was amazing. You have powers too?

Alex: Let's just say you're not the only one with tricks up your sleeve Sis, but yeah I do. I can move things with my mind, and I can read people.

Me: So what? You're a telepath?

Alex: Well not exactly. I can't read people's minds per say. It's hard to describe. Just by looking at someone, I know everything about them, who they are, what they've done, what they're capable of, their deepest fears, their darkest secrets, their next move, things like that. But I can never read exactly what they're thinking. Maybe that'll come later on.

****Me: ****Maybe. So can you do anything else?

****Alex: ****Let's see. Besides the enhanced strength and agility, I think that's about it.

There was a hint of arrogance in the sentence. His lips curled into a smirk, and so I whacked him in the head with my tail. A whack that hard would've knocked a normal person out cold, but Alex wasn't normal, and neither was I.

****Alex: ****Um, _Ow_!

****Me:**** (sarcastic) By _all means_, don't get ahead of yourself, mister.

****Alex:**** Hey, I can't help it if I'm awesome.

****Me: ****(chuckling) Shut up. (pause) We should get some sleep. We've got a big journey ahead of us.

****Alex: ****_That_ we do. Night Sis.

****Me:**** (pause) Night.

He curled up next to me and drifted off to sleep. I was confused at this point. We'd barely known each other for a few hours, and he was already calling me Sis. Why was he so quick to trust me? Why did all of this happen? I didn't know. One thing I did know, was that I had to stay away from Berk as long as I could. I had to buy, as much time as I could for Jane and I. If I hadn't left when I did, the soldiers would've captured me by morning, that's how close they were. I had enough time that I could sleep tonight, but I'd have to travel fast if I was going to get ahead of them. I finally let myself drift off to sleep, thinking about how everything in my life has changed. We left first thing the next morning.

****3****rd****** Person; The Next Night******

After weeks and weeks of seemingly endless flying, the soldiers finally arrived at the stone kingdom, where the Night Fury princess had been for the past 2 months. Mathias led his soldiers to the arena, under the cover of night. Her essence was strongest there. They searched the prison up and down, every nook and cranny, every inch, every corner of it, and could not find her. Finally, they came upon her old cell. Mathias was overwhelmed by the strength of the essence left behind, and then he realized, that's exactly what it was. _Left behind_. He turned back to his soldiers and told them to fall back into the woods.

****Mathias: ****So no one found anything of the princess? Not a trace but her essence?

****Soldiers: ****Sir we found nothing-, No trace of her-, She's most likely left the island sir.

****Mathias: ****She's most likely left the island? And there is no trace of her? Tell me, how is it that she keeps escaping?

Mathias spoke the words with a false calm demeanor, which was never a good sign. His reptilian eyes burned with anger and frustration, and

just to show his frustration, he fired at the ground.

Mathias: **(yelling)** Damn you all! Do you not realize that we were this close to finding her?! THIS CLOSE?! You all know what the Master would do if we came back empty-handed! If we don't bring her back with us soon, everyone that each of you love, will be killed right in front of your very eyes!

Mathias knew exactly what the Master was capable of. He'd witnessed it himself. Everyone feared the Master, and that was how he ruled. Mathias had watched his own wife die at the hands of the Master, and was now at risk of losing his son, whom he hadn't even seen since he was a mere hatchling. The Master threatened to find and kill his son if Mathias didn't do his bidding, and that wasn't a sacrifice he was willing to make.

Alex's POV

The entire journey took us a week. We traveled a great distance each day, from sun-up to sundown, and only then would she stop for rest. I had only known my sister for a week, and already my respect for her was through the roof. On the night of the 7th day, we finally came upon a small island in the middle of nowhere. There were docks surrounding it and a village on it. Aurora looked at it with longing.

Aurora: **There it is. Berk. 4 days North of Hopeless, a few Degrees south of freezing to death, and located solidly on the Meridian of Misery. Get ready.**

She flew low to the ground so she wouldn't be seen. It was a half-moon, but she wasn't taking any chances. We landed on a beach just outside the forest. I dismounted her and gathered sticks for a fire.

Aurora: **I'll be right back.**

Me: **Where are you going?**

But she was already gone. I waited for her at our little makeshift campsite. She came back 5 minutes later with what looked like exactly what it was. A change of clothes. She laid the pile at my feet, and I awkwardly stared at it.

Aurora: **Here's a change of clothes. They'll help you fit in.**

Me: **Why do I need new clothes?**

Aurora: **So you won't draw attention to yourself. Trust me, you don't want these people asking questions. (pause) Well what are you waiting for?**

Me: **What do you mean?**

Aurora: **Change.**

Me: **Right now?**

Aurora: **Yeah. It'll help if the clothes look worn. Trust me, some**

of them are smarter than they look.

I blushed, and the heat rushed to my cheeks.

****Aurora: ****What's wrong?

She paused, and then a look of realization dawned on her face, which then melted into a smirk.

****Aurora: ****(chuckling) Oh my gods. You're squeamish about changing in front of me? That I will see you, _in the nude?_

****Me:**** Wouldn't you be squeamish? Don't you have an ounce of modesty?

****Aurora: ****You're on Berk now. Modesty doesn't exist here.

****Me: ****It doesn't?

****Aurora: ****No. Now change. I'll even turn around if you want _princess_.

Modesty didn't exist here. Wow, so new. She turned around as I stripped myself of my black ensemble and into the clothes that she had gotten.

****Aurora's POV****

When Alex put his pants on, he finally allowed me to turn around while he was getting dressed, and he didn't have a shirt on. His body was as chiseled as his face, and then I remembered. Alex was Jane's age. This should be fun, very fun indeed.

****Alex: ****Like what you see Sis?

****Me:**** No , but I know someone who might.

If things went well, Jane would thank me one day. Alex seemed like her type, like someone who would challenge her. Oh man I wished I could be there to watch it, but I had to stay away. I had to buy as much time as I possibly could for us. I did the only thing I could think of. I closed my eyes, and I willed my scales to turn jet black. I looked in the water and saw my reflection. My golden eyes stood out in even sharper contrast than in my natural scales. The scales that I wore now shined in the half-moon light, black and luminous. I turned to Alex, getting ready to prepare him for what I was about to ask of him, because trust me, if Jane was involved, he was going to need it. I saw Alex in his new outfit, and it fit him perfectly. He had a gray short-sleeved shirt with black twine in the neckline, dark brown pants, light-brown boots lined with fur, a wide leather belt with a medal on the front, and cloth arm braces that extended from his elbow to his wrist. The look actually suited him better than his prince clothes. The only problem was his olive skin, in contrast to the usual fair skin tones that the Vikings had, but I was sure it wasn't that noticeable.

****Alex: ****Okay, so where do we go now?

****Me: ****This is where we go our separate ways. Okay?

Alex: **(worried)** What? Why? We're supposed to stick together.

Me: **Alex**, this won't be forever, okay? It'll only be a little while.

Alex: **Promise?**

Me: **Yes**, I promise. Okay, here's what you need to do. Find Jane Haddock. Tell her that I'm okay. Tell her that Aurora sent you, and tell her that we don't have much time. And tell her I'm sorry. Tell her what happened.

Alex: **How** will she know the message is from you?

Me: **Trust** me she'll know.

Alex: **Kay**, so how do I find her?

Me: **The** possible places that she could be are the arena, or the cove. The cove's in the middle of the woods, and the arena is on the far side of the village. If you go to the arena, and she's not there, there's a chance that her brother could be. His name is Hiccup.

Alex: **What** does he look like?

Me: **He's** kinda skinny. He has brown hair, green eyes, freckles, and a metal leg. He rides a Night Fury. This Night Fury has black scales and a prosthetic tailfin. Don't ask why because it's a long story.

Alex: **Okay.**

Me: **If** he's there, then ask him to see Jane. He'll question you for sure, so tell him that it's important. Don't say anything until you see Jane. Got it?

Alex: **Got** it.

I turned around and stretched out my wings. I was getting ready to leave. I turned back to Alex, and I saw the look on his face. He was anxious. I knew that look. It was the look that the Haddock twins got when they were leaving each other. I went up to Alex and I nuzzled him. He held onto my head and when I pulled back, he still held my jaw.

Me: **Take** care. Okay?

Alex: **I** will. Don't be gone too long, okay?

I gave my brother one last look before flying off into the night, when I knew I could only buy so much time before the war that would surely come.

35. Ignorance is Bliss

A/N: Hey everyone. On to the usual updates. This story has reached over 14,000 views and I'm really happy about that :) . Shout outs to

my new followers: Kristy Annabelle Cullens, Hurricanekat, and Noviren. I really hope you enjoy!**

* * *

><p>Alex's POV

I stayed on the beach that night. For the first time in my life, I had no idea what to do next, and I was loving every minute of it, except for the fact that Aurora was gone. Now, once again, I was all alone, but she promised she'd be back. She promised that we'd see each other again, and I believed her. Even without reading her, I knew that she would always keep a promise, but every time I've read her, I always felt like there was something missing, like I could read everything else, but that one thing. That night, I read her again, and there was something new, although it wasn't the thing that was missing. I read exactly what she wanted me to do. I was scared though. I was in a place I didn't know, I was going to find a girl who I'd never met, and I was going to tell her things, warn her of things that I shouldn't've even known about. I had no idea how it was gonna go down, but I did know one thing. That my sister was running out of time, and I had to help her in whatever way possible. How was I going to break this gently to Jane? I'd know who she was the second I saw her, but what was she going to think when I told her that her dragon sent me to warn her? What exactly was she going to do? I didn't know. I know what you're probably thinking: "Well if you can read people then shouldn't you have been able to find out that stuff through Aurora?". A ha, that's where that ability gets tricky. I could only read things about the one that I was looking at directly, and not about other people indirectly, if that makes any sense. It was weird being on the ground again, but also familiar. I heard howling noises in the distance, but that didn't faze me one bit. I laid down on the ground as fatigue washed over me. As I drifted off to sleep, I didn't know what to expect. I didn't know what was gonna happen, I didn't know the island of Berk, and my situation didn't make any sense, but that was why I trusted it.

Hiccup's POV; The Next Morning

Jane and I had stayed in the crypt for the past week, which surprisingly had living quarters. I had asked my sister to train me, not in knowledge. We did enough of that already. For the past week, I've tried to get her to teach me hand-to-hand combat, which would be the only time she'd ever give me a beating willingly, and I ended up winning the argument. She warned that she wasn't gonna go easy on me, and I didn't expect her to.

"_It's not gonna be easy Hiccup"_

"_So you've told me for the millionth time"_

"_Because you're known for having the attention span of a sparrow"_

"_Duly noted"_

"_I'm serious Hiccup. This is never as easy as it looks. You have almost no muscle"_

"Thank you_ for summing that up"_

"_Let me finish okay? You have almost no muscle, which is why you'll need to build a little up. In the meantime, you're gonna have to use your whole body, not just your fists. You may not be strong, but you're quick. Use that to your advantage"_

And that was it. For the past week, after class at the academy, it was straight to the crypt. For the past week, she's been making me do callisthenic after callisthenic, until my limbs burned. She'd been teaching me about different weapons, how to use them, different poisons that you could smear them with.

Jane was the perfect teacher. She wasn't mean, but she didn't coddle. When I fell, she picked me right up off the ground and once I was standing, she'd let go and I'd almost fall back down, and she would simply tell me do it again. I realized something else about my sister. She had almost no body fat. She may be as skinny as I am, but her whole body was almost pure muscle. It was no wonder she was so strong. Truth be told, this training was good for the both of us, in a few ways. The most important, was that it helped get our minds off of what had happened with Dad. He didn't blame us for staying at the cove, and he knew that we'd come home when we were ready. Today was different, though. This morning I found her just sitting by the cove, looking at the pond. She was abnormally quiet, and she was hugging her knees, tracing the water with her finger. Toothless was hanging in a tree, napping like a bat. I walked over to my sister, sat next to her, and I put my hand on her shoulder.

****Jane's POV****

Why my brother was so good to me, I didn't know. He sat next to me and he put his hand on my shoulder. I didn't even try to hide that there was something wrong because there was no point.

****Hiccup:**** Are you alright?

****Me:**** I don't know

****Hiccup:**** (confused) What do you mean you don't know?

I looked back at Fenn, who was napping in the tree like a bat, blissfully unaware that the love of his life was probably dead by now. I turned back to the pond and looked at my reflection.

****Me: ****I mean, I'm lost. I feel nothing. I don't feel devastated or upset or anything that I should be feeling right now. My gut's telling that everything's alright, but I don't know. I don't feel anything about this, nothing that I should be feeling at least. Does that make sense?

I looked up at my brother. He looked at me sympathetically, and he started to pull me into a hug. I rested my forehead in the crook of his neck, appreciating his attempt to comfort me, which was somewhat working. He brought his head back to face me.

****Hiccup: ****Listen. No matter what happens I'm gonna be here for you. You know that, right?

I nodded. It was great to have a shoulder to lean on for once in my

life, but I swear to the gods, I had the suckiest damn timing in the history of the world. I tell myself every day that I should've just stayed out of his life, but it was too late now. Hiccup got up and walked over to wake up Fenn. I hadn't budged yet, but Fenn had been persistently asking me about the vision for the past week. He knew it was about Aurora, but if he only knew what I had seen. Like I said before, Fenn could be a bit impulsive.

****Hiccup:**** Hey. Bud wake up. Time to go.

Fenn woke up groaning in protest. _"Just a few more minutes"_ he whined. I chuckled quietly at that. Finally, he came down from his tree, graceful as a dragon of his kind. He stretched and then he looked toward me sternly. He still wanted to know. I was still sitting down, and Hiccup was looking at me.

****Hiccup: ****Let me guess. You still haven't told him?

****Fenn: ****(aggravated) Told me what?! For Thor's sake, _ what_ the hell was in your vision?!

Hiccup, still not being able to understand him, just shrugged.

****Hiccup: ****I'm guessing that's a "no". (pause) Are you coming? If you're not I can cancel class.

****Me: ****I'll be fine here.

****Hiccup: ****Are you_ sure_ you don't want me to stay?

****Me:**** I'll be _fine._ Go teach your class, okay?

****Hiccup:**** Kay. (pause) Hey, Fishlegs has been asking about you.

****Me:**** Really?

****Hiccup:**** (smug) Care to tell me why, Sis?

****Me: ****(giggling) Shut up and go to class, okay?

****Hiccup: ****Okay, but when I get back, I want an explanation.

We both laughed at that. It was good to laugh, especially after all that's happened. Hiccup turned to go, but he didn't leave without hugging me. I watched him leave with Fenn, and once again, I was all alone.

****Alex's POV; That Morning****

I woke up on the beach, and my gray shirt was a little dirty from sleeping on the ground all night, which was good because it looked worn. I dusted myself off and looked out over the horizon. The sun was directly overhead, which was surprising because I wasn't known for being a late sleeper, then again I wasn't in my normal comfortable bed, but that was the good thing. The full reality of it hit finally hit me full force. I wasn't in my posh castle anymore, and that I wasn't going to get things handed to me on a silver platter anymore. I was on my own now. Did that scare me one bit? No.

No it did not. I stretched out my stiff limbs and I started on my way. I looked around and found the woods connecting to the beach. Ah, the woods. My second home. I jogged up and entered the unfamiliar, yet beguiling forest. So new, so much to explore. I walked deeper into the woods. I knelt down and I ran my fingers through the grass. It was soft and damp, but it was also kind of warm, unlike the cool damp grass of the woods I grew up in. I stood back up and kept walking. It seemed like an hour before I actually got to the outskirts of the village, where I passed many trees with single cut marks etched into them. Note to self: Stay away from whatever made those. I kept walking until I reached the village and then I stopped. I scanned my surroundings, looking for anything in the distance that looked like an arena. Then, off in the distance, I found it. At the very edge of town was where it sat.

I walked casually into the village like I belonged there, but some of the people were staring at me. I just kept walking nonchalantly, but I knew why they were staring. My olive skin made me look like a Roman, and honestly I don't know how I didn't end up pale like the rest of my relatives, but it is what it is.

I took a few more steps through the town and then I stopped and looked around me. There was something in this village that I had never seen before. Life. There were children chasing each other with stuffed toy dragons. There were a few Viking men who were chatting over a pint of beer. Most of the men and some of the women had beards, and there were a few women chasing their husbands around with axes. It was crazy, it was messed up. It was perfect, and in the midst of it all, I was jealous. Everything about this place gave off this vibe as if it were created for the sole purpose of keeping you on your toes, whereas I grew up in a place where everyone and everything had to be perfectly in place, everyone_ had_ to obey, everyone had to act a certain way, everyone had to know their place, and anyone who took even a small step out of line, anyone who made even the tiniest mistake would be punished.

I remembered that now, I was free of that. I'd take anything else but go back to that place. I shook my head and got back to the task at hand. I kept walking to the edge of town, along with getting a few side glances from the children. I smiled and waved at them. Most of them were little girls, so they started giggling. I chuckled to myself and kept walking. I was almost to the arena, when I stopped myself. I hadn't thought this through one bit, and I was just walking to certain doom.

Did I think that I was just going to wing it? Yes, yes I did. I was seriously regretting that decision now, but I kept my cool. I stayed calm and I kept walking until I reached the entrance, and then I stopped again and turned around. The choice was that I either lie my way in, or I answer truthfully, telling as little as possible. I was going with the second choice, because the first one sounded like my dear old dad. I was just about to turn back around when I heard a girl's voice. "Can I help you?", it said.

36. The Messenger Boy

****Still Alex****

"Can I help you?"

I turned around and saw a pale skinny girl with blonde hair and blue eyes a few shades less icy than mine. She wore a band around her head, a blue shirt, metal shoulder pads, black leggings, fur-lined boots, and a spiky skirt. I looked at her and I instantly knew everything about her. Her name was Astrid Hofferson. She was born and raised in Berk, she spent countless hours throwing her axe at trees for target practice (so that's where those cut marks came from), her weak spot was her knees, and above all else, she had a very, very competitive nature, something that was going to get her in trouble one day.

****Astrid:**** Well?

****Me:**** Yeah, um, I need to speak to Jane Haddock. Is she here?

"Who's asking?", said a boy from the distance. The owner of the voice walked up and eyed me warily. I looked at him and knew that this was the guy I needed to see. Brown hair, emerald green eyes, and a metal leg. Aurora wasn't lying when she said he was skinny. He was downright scrawny. I could easily snap him in half, but the stern look in his eyes said otherwise.

****Me:**** My name's Alex.

"Hiccup", The scrawny boy said. He never took his eyes off me, watching me like a hawk. From reading him, I knew now that he was a very patient person, a peacemaker even, but when his sister's wellbeing was involved, that was a completely different story. "Astrid, why don't you get back to training? This should only take a minute", he said. Astrid went back to whatever she was doing, and Hiccup took me outside the door of the arena, pulling me aside to begin our private conversation.

****Me: ****Listen, I need to talk to Jane.

****Hiccup:**** (stern) Why exactly do you need to talk to my sister?

****Me: ****Trust me dude, it's important. I need to see her. Do you know where she might be?

****Hiccup:**** I can't let you see her unless you give me a damn good reason

Alright, I saw that one coming. Now that I was pushing, he was getting more and more suspicious, and with that, more and more defensive. I didn't blame for being protective of Jane, but from what I read, he was a very smart guy. Wouldn't he be able to tell that I could be trusted? I guessed not, but I blamed that on my looking like a Roman.

****Me:**** You really want a reason? Let's just say I'm playing messenger boy for a friend of Jane's if you will.

At first, Hiccup looked confused, but then 2 seconds later, his intuition kicked in. His eyes widened with realization, then shrunk back to normal and he bit his lip, debating his next move. The dragon, who'd followed Hiccup when he took me outside, started to

growl at me, but it wasn't because he was being protective like normal. I looked at him and everything made sense. The dragon's name was Fennrys, but Hiccup called him Toothless. A dragon named Aron was the reason that he had half a tail, and currently what took up most of his being, was immense guilt. He thought he was the reason that my sister left. If he only knew about all the near misses, but that was the thing. He knew that I was talking about Aurora, and once again, he was being kept out of the loop when it came to her, and it was starting to piss him off.

Like the curious person I was, I continued to read on. Jane still hadn't told him about what was in her vision. A vision? This should be fun. After about a minute of silence, Hiccup finally spoke. "Wait here. I'll take you to Jane when class is over". "I need to see her now", I pressed. "Listen, you either wait until after class, or you don't see her at all. Got it?", he said firmly. I was shocked. No one had ever spoken to me that way before, but in a way, I was glad. That meant I wasn't going to be treated like royalty. Hiccup and Fenn went back into the arena, and I waited a few hours before they came back out. Hiccup was on his dragon's back and they both looked at me expectantly.

****Hiccup:**** What are you waiting for? A formal invitation? Get on.

Fenn growled when I got close to him. He didn't know a thing about me and already he hated me with a burning passion. My sister's boyfriend hates me, that's just perfect.

****Hiccup:** ****It's okay bud. (pause) Let's see what he has to say.**

"Yeah before I kill him painfully. Why the hell should we listen?", Fenn muttered under his breath. "Because if you don't, you might never see her again", I shot back. Honestly, I didn't come here just to take crap from this grumpy bastard, and I sure as hell wouldn't stand for it.

Fenn seemed shocked that I answered his question, but then his expression reverted back to the snarl that he wore. Hiccup didn't look surprised at all. His time with his sister had introduced him to a whole new world. With hesitation, I climbed onto the black dragon's slender body. Then we ascended. It was a quick flight, only lasting about maybe 3 minutes. When we finally arrived, Hiccup landed just outside the valley that scooped. We unmounted Fenn, who I could tell was glad to have me off, then he started to growl at me again. He was really starting to get on my nerves.

****Hiccup:** ****This way.**

I followed Hiccup to a tunnel that lead into the cove. We slid down it and then I got a good look at the place. The cove was like a little slice of a woodland wonderland. It scooped low and the tree roots grew over it and the pond was clear as day, but no sign of Jane.

****Me:**** Are you sure she's-

****Hiccup:** ****She's here, just wait.**

That was just what we did. We waited. In the 5 minutes that followed, there was only an awkward silence, in which dragon and rider both were staring at me sternly, intently. I read more from Hiccup in that time. He didn't trust me enough to leave his sister alone with me, then again he almost didn't trust anyone to be alone with her. Like I said before, he was very protective of his sister. He knew that she could take care of herself, but he wasn't taking any chances. What finally broke the silence was the sound of grinding stone, only then to have someone coming out from within the walls of rock. The one who came out, was just the one I needed to see. Jane had her hair in a braid that came down to the middle of her back. She wore a regular green short-sleeved shirt, black leggings, fur-lined boots, and cloth arm braces that extended from her elbow to her wrist, and another thing that Aurora forgot to mention. I swear, Jane and Hiccup looked exactly alike, from their skinny frame, to their green eyes, to their jawlines. It was freaky.

I looked at her, but this time was different. This time when I tried to read her, I was instantly bounced back, and the force was so great that it almost knocked me over. The first things that I saw in her were walls. Rows and rows of thick walls that were placed for the sole purpose of keeping everyone and everything out, strategically set so nothing had a chance of escaping or being stolen. Hiccup walked over to his sister and pulled her aside, and I stood there waiting patiently.

****Jane's POV****

When Hiccup had left for the academy that day, I looked at my reflection in the pond. It was windy, and my hair had grown a couple inches in the past 4 months, so I decided to braid it. I went into the crypt so I could change out of my tunic, and I replaced it with just a regular green short-sleeved shirt. I came out, and standing in the cove are my brother and someone else. The boy looked about my age. He had tousled, wind-blown hair that was so pale blond it was almost white. His hair sharply contrasted his olive skin, which was accompanied by chiseled, angular features. His eyes were a mesmerizing icy blue, and for the life of me I couldn't look away.

****Hiccup: **You changed.**

****Me: **Yeah. I had nothing to do so I figured I'd give myself a makeover. (looking at the boy) Who's that?**

Hiccup stayed silent for a minute. Now I my inquisitive nature was kicking in. I raised an eyebrow and waited for an answer.

****Me:** Hiccup?**

****Hiccup:** His name's Alex. He came to the academy asking for you. He knew your name.**

****Me:** How?**

****Hiccup: **Your guess is as good as mine.**

Now I was getting worried. This boy, Alex, knew my name, and he knew where to find me. What else did he know about me? A better question would be: How did he even know about me? I started to panic while

my face remained expressionless. I contemplated my response as I took another glance at Alex.

****Me:**** What's he doing here?

****Hiccup:**** Apparently he's playing messenger boy.

****Me:**** For who?

****Hiccup:**** He said it was a friend of your's.

I suddenly knew who Hiccup was talking about. Oh my gods. Was it possible? I paced fast over to Alex, and then I gripped his elbow, pulling him to the rock wall before I shoved him up against it, bending his wrist up as far as it would go, grinding his face into the stone wall with my other arm. I spoke to him through gritted teeth, just to let him know that I meant business.

****Me:**** Alright, listen. You have 5 seconds to tell me what the hell you're doing here and who sent you before I grind you into dust.

"I guess I'm not surprised you've never heard of saying please", he snapped. "Now I understand why she left this place". I was shocked at first, but then I got even angrier. I twisted his wrist harder, and shoved my foot into the back of his knee, causing him to fall on his knees. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and sure enough it was Hiccup's. I turned my face to him, but I didn't let up my death grip on Alex, not for one second. "Jane, let go". I was hesitant, but Hiccup's stern eyes pressed on. Finally I just gave up and I let Alex up.

****Alex's POV****

Jane finally let me up and I rolled my shoulder, and then I rubbed it. I looked at her and I was bounced back again. Again with the walls. Jane remained rigid but she became more composed, but the same could not be said for Fenn. Seriously, how did my sister live with these people? Fenn eyed me like a hawk, his gaze demanding. He took a few steps toward me, his feral growl never faltering, but I wasn't backing down. I looked up at Jane again. All the emotion was gone from her face, and all that was left was an expression that seemed cold and unmoving, like a statue.

****Jane:**** Who sent you?

I didn't answer right away. She raised her eyebrows, expecting an answer, and crossed her arms.

****Me:**** Aurora

That got her attention. She unfolded her arms and her stone cold face melted into shock. Her eyes widened with hope, but the rest of her face reverted back to being a statue. She bit her lip, as if debating her next move.

****Jane:**** How do I know you're not lying?

She always needed confirmation. She has an answer right in front of her, and all she can think about is whether or not she can trust it,

and we're back to the walls in her head. Stupid walls.

****Me:**** Would I be here if I was? Plus, how would I have even known about her?

She raised her eyebrows and she crossed her arms, when I caught sight of the pendant hanging from her neck. It was opalescent white, and shaped like a raindrop. Engraved gold on the pendant was a Night Fury with a circle around it. Wait a minute, of course. Now it all made sense. She was a Keeper. That's why she's so paranoid.

****Flashback****

I remember that my mother was a healer for the Keepers, that and her abilities made her a wonderful spy. She used to tell me stories all the time about them, teach me their ways, and technically she wasn't breaking any laws, because when I was 8, I swore the oath of secrecy. Right before she left, my mother gave me a medallion, so that I would always be protected._

****Present; Alex****

The medallion was all I had left of my mother, so I never went anywhere without it, and I never took it off, until now. I pulled the chain and tugged it out of my shirt. Once it was off, I held it right up to Jane's face, and then I put it back on once I was sure she got a good look at it. Both the twins' eyes seemed to widen at the same time. Jane bit her lip again, and then turned to Hiccup.

****Jane: ****Hiccup, could you wait right here please?

****Hiccup:**** Jane-

****Jane:**** Hiccup, please trust me on this, okay? It'll only take a minute. I promise.

Hiccup's eyebrows furrowed in disagreement, but Jane's pleading eyes pressed on, which was weird because she didn't seem like the kind of person who would plead. Eventually, she won the unspoken argument when Hiccup shrugged in defeat. Jane took me by the elbow and she pulled me to the far side of the cove, well out of Hiccup's hearing range. Jane looked at me with urgency.

****Jane: ****Hiccup says you came here to give me a message. Is that true?

****Me:**** Yeah. Aurora's alive. She says that she's sorry, and that she's okay. She says you both are running out of time.

* * *

><p>Meanwhile

By this time, the prince had been missing for an entire week. King William had his knights working from sun-up to sundown looking for Alexander. During all that time, the king had shut himself up in his room. Alexander was just like his mother, refusing to be holed up inside this castle. The king knew this would happen. How had he escaped? The king didn't know. On the last day of the week, King

William was informed of someone who could help.

That night, he had ventured into the woods, looking for the witch that he was told of. The king was told that the witch was a powerful one, and so he proceeded with caution. Normally, King William wouldn't turn to magic for help, but this time, he was desperate. The crescent moon was directly overhead when the king reached the witches cottage. The cottage looked like any old peasants cottage, but King William knew better. He approached the steps with great hesitation, only to find that the cottage door was open.

The king walked in the door, and he took in his surroundings. In the middle of the cottage was a large black cauldron, boiling with something. He looked around and he saw rows and rows of shelves with potions and ingredients and anything else you could imagine in a witch's cottage. King William was still taking everything in when he heard the voice. "I've been expecting you", the voice said. The voice sounded that of a kind old woman, and that was exactly who the voice belonged to. A kind old woman, whose snow white hair hung in soft waves and her skin was wrinkled and she looked like such a delicate thing. She wore a hooded cloak and when she looked up at the king, what stuck out most to him were her eyes, a shade of blue so icy that it was mesmerizing.

* * *

><p>AN: Hello everyone! So much has happened. The soldiers were this close to finding Aurora. This close. Alex had never met anyone he couldn't read, until today that is. Is Jane ever going to bring down her walls? Is Alex even gonna stay? Will his father ever find him? We shall see what the future holds soon enough.**

37. The Secrets Grow

A/N: Hello writers of FanFiction! I have returned from the dead. JK! I'm sorry for not having updated in almost a month. I have suffered the dreaded writer's block. We all know it was bound to happen at some point. I'm sorry for dropping of the face of the earth but I'm back now. Please don't kill me! *hides in the corner and cowers*. Anywho, onto the usual things. This story has reached most 16,000 views! I'm totally fangirling over this! Thank y'all soooo much. Shout outs to my new followers: Sofi-Lu Astin, Nixon Mysterio, FangedMe, , and Dragon Lord Draco. I hope y'all enjoy!

* * *

><p>The sorceress had expected the king's arrival long before he even knew that she existed. She knew that one day he'd come to her doorstep and ask for her help. She knew of the boy, Alexander. She knew of him all too well, it seemed. Her visions told her much about the boy, and of the things his father was capable of. She stroked her cauldron as the images shifted and changed to reveal the boy himself. She stared at the image longer than normal, and she stroked the edge of the cauldron with longing. She heard the whistle of the cauldron. The potion she was brewing was done and so she went to go and get a vial, when she heard someone on the doorstep. She silently willed the door to open, and went and got the vial. As she was in her back room, she sensed the visitor. She entered her hallway and said in the most regal tone you could ever imagine: "I've been expecting you".<p>

The visitor's head whipped up to reveal the king's angular face, the picture of a concerned parent, but the sorceress knew better. She knew better than anyone of the actions that of the king. "Come forward", she said. The king obeyed and stepped forward to the cauldron. Fortunately, the king couldn't see what the sorceress saw. He did not have the gift of foresight, which she thanked the gods for.

"Witch", the king began. "Sorceress", she corrected. "I care not what you wish to be called", the king replied, ignoring her remark. "Is that any way to ask someone for help?", the sorceress countered. The king looked shocked for a few seconds, but then regained his composure. "I know why you're here Highness. You're looking for someone, your son, is it?". She seemed to pause between breaths. There was a hint of a teasing tone in the sentence. The king didn't know what to make of this. She wasn't instantly falling to her feet, shrinking back in fear. She simply stood there, just waiting.

"You come here expecting help Highness, as if I will simply bend to your will, just because you say you're my king. I bow to no one. Although, if I am granted something in return, then I suppose I can offer my cooperation".

****Fenn's POV; Earlier that day****

I didn't trust Alex. I really didn't. From the moment I laid eyes on him, I didn't trust him one bit. What did he know about Aurora? The real question is: How did he even know about her? I didn't know. I didn't seem to know about anything these days. First, Jane wouldn't tell me what she saw in her vision, next some random kid appears out of nowhere, claims to have a message from Aurora, and now is telling Jane about it right now.

I looked over and stared at the boy, and it made me mad just looking at the smug little bastard. Right now I was just pissed off, because nobody would tell me what the hell was going on, and I don't know about you, but I'd think that it would concern me. I kept looking at Jane and the new kid. At one point in the conversation she looked worried, and anything that could make Jane worried was definitely worth being scared of.

"What the hell is going on over there?", I whispered to myself. Not quietly enough apparently because Hiccup started to stroke my neck. "It's okay bud, everything's okay", he said reassuringly. Normally those things would calm me down, but this time there was something different about the way that he said it. Now, I didn't know if he was trying to convince me or himself, but one thing's for sure, I needed convincing.

I needed to know that Aurora was alright, that she was alive and I needed to know that she was safe. It wasn't just a matter of want anymore. I needed to be with her, then all would be right our world, other than all the usual stuff that was wrong with it but that's beside the point.

Jane reached out and touched Blondie's medallion, and then she clutched her gem. The fact that he even had a medallion made me trust him even less, because those things work like a sorcerer's ring, and I prayed to Thor that he didn't know how to use it. Given that he's

had it for years he probably did, but still it's nice to dream.

Jane finally sighed in defeat and walked away. She walked up to us and she just looked exhausted. "He's gonna stay in the cove for tonight", she said tiredly, then she started to walk back towards the crypt, but I wasn't letting her get away this time. "Oh no you don't", I said as I stopped in front of her. "You're telling me what was in your vision and you're telling me everything that Blondie told you", I demanded.

****Jane's POV****

It was sunset by the time that Alex had told me the message, that I was running out of time. I used my gem on him, but I could only read so much. He didn't know what "running out of time" meant for us, and I thanked the gods for that. I decided to let him stay in the cove for the night, and then tomorrow I was going to meet with him. I was walking lazily back to the crypt, when Fenn stopped me. "Oh no you don't. You're telling me what was in your vision and you're telling me what Blondie told you", he demanded.

****Me:**** Blondie's name is Alex

****Fenn:**** I don't care what the hell his name is. Tell me what's going on.

****Me:**** I can't do that

****Fenn: ****Why the hell not?!

****Me:**** Because you're not gonna like what I have to say! You'll burn down the whole damn village going on a rampage and you might even kill someone close to you. Is that what you want?

Fenn opened his mouth to say something, but then he pulled back and bit his lip. He turned around and looked at Hiccup for a few seconds. Now Fenn was catching on. Dragons could be more volatile than me, and that's saying something. Fenn heaved a grunt and he walked back to Hiccup. He wasn't happy about a lot of things happening right now, especially Alex staying.

As soon as Alex told me that Aurora was alive, it was like the weight of a thousand Vikings was lifted off of my shoulders. My gut had been right. She was alright. Everything was okay, for now. Now there was a new matter at hand, Alex. When I tried to use my gem to read him, I was bounced back, and now I was getting really worried, because now I would actually have to trust his word, which I wasn't sure of.

What was he really doing here? Why did Aurora send him? How did they even know each other? Could I even trust him? But out of all the questions that raced through my mind, there was one that stood above all the others. Why did he seem familiar? I was sure that I'd sort it out at the meeting tomorrow.

Another thing I wasn't sure of was whether or not my brother was coming with me, and if he wasn't, was I going to tell him about it later? I wasn't sure. Speaking of, Hiccup came and tapped me on the shoulder.

****Hiccup:**** Hey

****Me:**** Hey, what's up?

****Hiccup:**** I-, I think it's time for us to go home.

This came as a shock to me. I didn't expect him to want to go home so quickly, but then again he wasn't me. He started to mount Fenn, and then he looked back at me. "You coming?", he asked. I paused, debating my answer. I didn't want him to leave me, but even more so I didn't want him to be stuck in the middle of this whole thing. "Go on without me. I'll- I'll meet you back at the house", I finally said.

He bit his lip and looked down. He didn't want to go back in that house, he didn't want to face our father alone, even though he did nothing wrong, and I wouldn't want him to. After all, he didn't have a reason to be angry with our father, at least that's the way I saw it. Hiccup finally turned away and he and Fenn flew up into the air.

That left me alone with Alex. I turned around and he was standing there, his eyes intense and focused on me. It was starting to creep me out. "What are you staring at?", I asked. He seemed to realize that I noticed, and just tried to shrug it off. I still didn't trust him, so I bound the door to the crypt so he couldn't get in.

It was 2 minutes of awkward silence between us. "I'll be here when the sun's at its highest", I finally said. He nodded, confirming the probably unnecessary information. I didn't know what else to say, but he ended up being the one breaking the silence.

****Alex:**** You seem to care about him a lot

****Me:**** Huh?

****Alex:**** Hiccup. You seem to care about him a lot.

****Me:**** Of course I care about him. He's my brother.

****Alex:**** Calm down. No need to get all defensive. It's just most girls that have brothers take them for granted, but not you.

****Me:**** And you care, why?

****Alex:**** It's called making conversation. You should try it sometime.

Okay, now I didn't like him. I didn't like that he was poking around in my personal life. It wouldn't cross most people's mind, but for some reason it crossed his. "I'll see you tomorrow", I finally said, before I made the seemingly impossible journey back to my house.

****James; That Night****

He'd followed his father to the witch's cottage. He was shocked, because he never thought he'd see the day when his father resorted to magic, of all things. Although, it seemed that ever since Elsa

left, things began to unravel, one by one. First she leaves, then a soulless winged reptile takes her place, then Alexander runs off to God-knows-where, then his father loses his goddamn mind. James didn't even want to know what came next after that, because he knew it would involve some dark, dark deeds.

James needed some solid ground for once in his life, and the only time he ever felt he had that was when he was with Elsa. He needed to find her, then maybe, just maybe he thought all this madness would stop.

The next thing that James saw was the witch walking out with his father. What the hell was going on around here? They were both carrying a few of the witch's things it seemed. A few small books, a pouch, and a medium sized wooden chest with Celtic knots lining the borders and a brass lock.

They were walking toward his father's horse, and so James ran back to the castle as fast as his legs would allow. He had to get back to the castle or else his father was going to give him such hell, and words could not even begin to describe how unpleasant that could be.

****Jane's POV; The Next Morning****

Last night when I approached the house, Hiccup was waiting for me on the front doorstep. He was sitting there, all alone.

****Me:**** Where's Fe-, I mean, where's Toothless?

****Hiccup: ****(dryly) Inside having dinner. Where do you think?

****Me:**** What are you still doing out here?

****Hiccup:**** Do you honestly think I wanna go in there by myself?

He meant he didn't want to go in there without me. Like I said before, I didn't want him to be stuck in the middle of this, but it was too late now. Besides, I wouldn't want to go in there without him either. _

Long story short, when we walked in, our father was in the house, and we just hurried on up to our room without so much as a glance his way, and the rest of the evening was spent in awkward, almost-deafening silence.

It was morning now, and Dad was gone by the time that we had woken up. I had woken up before my brother, and I went downstairs and poured myself a cup of warm yak milk, and I thought about today. Today was the day that Alex would tell all, but as usual, I had doubts. What if he was lying? What if he was telling the truth? What if he knew where she was, and what if he was being sworn to secrecy?

I was so lost in thought that I almost didn't notice Hiccup walking down the stairs and he waved his hand in front of me. "Earth to Jane", he said, trying to snap me out of my trance. "Oh, hey", I said. "You look well rested", he said, the sentence lined with his

usual sarcasm. "Everything okay?".

"Of course Hiccup. After all the crap that's been going on, I'm just a little ray of sunshine", I replied dryly, my words tired and my sentence lined with the same sarcasm as my twin's. "Likewise", he agreed. He paused. "Are you sure you don't want me to go with you?". "No", I said, "But you shouldn't put your life on hold for me. Go teach your class". Hiccup eyed me skeptically. "I'm serious. Go", I said. He finally shrugged and he went with Fenn to the academy, while I headed out the door to the cove, where I would finally hear a story that was loooooong overdue.

* * *

><p>Hey. Hope y'all enjoyed. I realize that it's not my best chapter, but at the moment it was the best that I could come up with. AAAARRRGGGHH! Stupid writers block!

Anywho, I wanted to explain Jane's behavior in this chapter. By now you guys all know that Jane is a very guarded person, and now someone she barely even knows is now commenting on something personal about her like her relationship with her twin. She's not used people doing that and she doesn't really know how to handle it, so her first instinct is to be on the defense. I didn't want her to sound rude, just on her guard as she always is.

Hope y'all enjoyed!

38. How Could You Keep This From Me!

Alex's POV

When Jane touched my medallion yesterday, I knew that she had done something. When I woke up this morning, I realized I couldn't leave. It was starting to annoy the living hell out of me. Every time I would try to get out, try to crawl out through the tunnel that lead into the valley or any other way, I would end up right back in the middle of the cove, landing on my back and feeling like I'd been punched in the gut mercilessly.

Well, now I realized something about Jane. She was a very powerful Keeper, and she knew what she was doing. That I could tell without having to read her, even if I could. She did a good job. I also couldn't go in the crypt. If I tried I ended up right back in the middle of the cove, as I always did. Stupid enchantment.

After a few hours, I'd given up and realized that there was nothing I could do but sit there and wait. It wasn't that I hated waiting, but waiting, sitting still, was one of the few things that made me anxious, made the minutes seem like hours. Never in my life could I ever sit still. I was like my mom in that way.

I passed the time by levitating things, but eventually I grew restless, and that couldn't have been good because normally that calms me down.

After what seemed like forever, I heard rustling in the bushes and the trees above. I heard someone sliding in the tunnel, and sure enough it was my hostess, Jane Haddock.

At this point I was on my back again, panting. She walked over to me, she grabbed my arm, and she yanked me up rather abruptly. When I saw her face, she looked at me with a grim expression, like I'd murdered her brother or something, although I imagined _that _face would look much more terrifying.

I rolled my shoulder, the same one that felt the worst of the girl's iron grip yesterday, and the same one that suffered the grip right now. Seriously, why did she hate me? She was _really _starting to get on my nerves. She looked at me and crossed her arms, like she expected something from me.

****Me: ****What? (pause) Okay, do you expect me to roll over or something? I'm not a dog

****Jane:**** I didn't come here to play games.

****Me:**** (muttering) _Clearly_

She said nothing. She stood still and waited, and she crossed her arms.

****Me:**** What?

****Jane:**** I'm waiting. Do what you came here to do, messenger boy.

****Me:**** Would it kill you to say please? I've been getting yanked and shoved flat on my ass for God-knows-how-many-hours, and you don't even have the decency to ask if I'm okay.

She stood still, taking on her usual stone-like face, betraying no motion whatsoever. Seriously, how could my sister stand someone so cold? Jane bit a microscopically tiny portion of her lip, indicating that she was debating her next move. I had to find _some_ way to read her other than my usual way, so body language would have to do. After a few minutes of awkward silence and a battle of stares, Jane finally spoke.

****Jane:**** You were trying to escape

****Me:**** What?

****Jane: ****You said you were getting knocked flat on your ass. Were you trying to escape?

****Me:**** Well, I'm not the kind of person who can sit still for very long.

****Jane:**** I can see that.

Jane started tapping her foot impatiently, and then she crossed her arms again. She seemed to do that a lot. After about 10 seconds of silence, she finally stopped and her grim expression softened, but only just a hair. "Please. Tell me what you know. Please", she said, a hint of pleading in her words. I looked at her and the interesting thing was, her eyes weren't stone-cold like the rest of her face. I'd been noticing that a lot. Maybe she wasn't as icy she wanted people to think.

"Okay", I finally said. I then proceeded to tell her everything that happened, from start to finish. I'd told her of my ability to understand dragons, and not about any of my other abilities. I'd told her of the woman "Elsa" that had arrived at my home, and of how she freed hundreds of dragons from their prison in the arena (The underground prison held more dragons than you could count, because as you probably already know, my father hated dragons with a passion).

I told her of how my brother James was responsible for the capturing of the White Night Fury with golden eyes, and when I got to that part, Jane's eyes seemed to widen. I told her of how I snuck into the prison, knocked out all the guards, and set her free and watched her transform into "Elsa".

Not a total lie, but not the complete truth. I also left out the part where my father was the king and I was a prince. To tell you the truth, I didn't really trust this girl all that much either, but soon it looked like I wouldn't have a choice.

****Jane:** ****Where did you get the key? You know, the key to her cell?**

****Me:** ****How did you know I used a key?**

****Jane:**** I didn't. But thanks for telling me.

She smirked after saying that. Huh, so she _did_ smile. Sure it was in an arrogant manner, but still, that was something, right? And like the _observant_ person that I was, I just _had_ _to_ point it out.

****Me:**** Wow. So you _do_ smile. Is there anything else I don't know about you?

She raised one eyebrow and her smile grew somewhat.

****Jane:**** Lots of things. (pause) So where did you get the key?

****Me:**** Let's just say I have a lot of connections

****Jane:** ****_That_ sounds sketchy.**

****Me:**** Well, you got to what you got to do. Wouldn't you agree?

****Jane:**** I guess so.

She spaced out a little, with that lost-in-thought look in her emerald green eyes. She looked like she was playing back a memory in her head, and then she hugged herself. She seemed to do that a lot too.

****Jane:**** So what are you gonna do?

****Me:**** What do you mean?

****Jane:**** I mean when this whole thing blows over, what are you gonna

do?

I wasn't sure if I should tell her what I was planning to do or not, but one thing's for sure. I got out of the place I was living. I had a chance to start a new life, one where I wouldn't have to walk on eggshells all the time, where I would be free, and I sure as hell wasn't going to squander it. For the time being though, I figured it would be best to ease myself into the island's normal routine slowly.

****Me:**** I'm not sure exactly

"Well then you better think fast", said a low growl behind me. I turned around, and who other could it be than Fenn. Just how long he had been standing there, I didn't know. I stood completely still and then I realized he was looking at Jane. When I got a good look at his face, all I could see was shock, which slowly melted into anger. Oh crap, Jane and I were in so much trouble.

****Fenn's POV****

That morning, I went to the academy with Hiccup, and I watched Jane run off to the cove to meet with Alex. I knew what it was about, and _once _again, I was kept out of the loop. By that point, I was so fed up, and there's an old saying that ignorance is bliss. That's not true, not by a longshot. By noon, I was fidgeting and anxious and I couldn't sit still, and the riders noticed.

****Astrid:**** Hey, what's up with Toothless?

****Tuffnut:**** Oo, Oo I love this game! Okay, how many guesses do I get? Five?

Not even Tuffnut's idiocy could distract me from my growing need to know what happened. At this point, I was pacing and panting, and so Hiccup walked over to me in an attempt to calm me down.

****Hiccup: ****Hey, settle down bud. What's the matter?

Sometimes, I really, really wished that Hiccup had the gift, then he could understand me and I could just tell him flat out. I couldn't just leave in the middle of class, then Hiccup would follow me. Gods, it was all so frustrating I just wanted to fire at the ground! Wait a minute. Fire, ground. That's it!

I started to burn the ground and a message was left in the mark. I inclined my head toward the burn mark, beckoning my rider to it. Hiccup walked over to the burn and examined it. His eyes ran back and forth and back and forth, reading the lines. Once he was finished, he looked up at me.

"Do what you got to do bud. Alright?".

I gave him a look that said _thank you_, then I ran off to the cove as fast as my legs would allow. It took me about 10 minutes to get there at the speed I was going. Once I approached the cove, I slowed down. I slowly climbed down into the cove behind a large rock, and I waited and I listened. Alex was telling the story. He told Jane the whole story from start to finish, and I heard _every_ word. Once I finally knew the truth, there were no words for what I was feeling at

that moment. I heard them talking and I finally decided to show myself.

****Jane:** ****What are you gonna do, when this whole thing blows over?**

****Alex:**** I'm not sure exactly.

****Me:**** (growl) Well you better think fast

Alex turned his head around, then the rest of his body followed. His eyes widened, his face portraying a look that said "_Oh shit_". Jane walked up and stopped about 5 feet away from me. Her thin eyebrows were scrunched together, her face hardening.

****Jane:**** How much did you hear Fenn?

****Me:**** _I heard enough._

There was a long pause. You could practically taste the tension in the air. I felt my pupils growing thinner and thinner as the minutes passed. Finally, I was the one to break the silence.

****Me:**** _How_ could you not tell me? How?!

****Jane:**** Fenn, I-

****Me:**** Guess _now_ I know what was in your vision. She was going to be executed, are you kidding me?! How could you keep this from me?! And _don't_ say that you were just protecting me!

She said nothing, which only pissed me off more. I was literally shaking, I was _that_ mad. I mean, really? _Despite_ everything that's happened, I still think I have the right to know about these things.

****Jane:** ****Do you want an honest answer Fenn? I didn't see what _good_ it would do. We didn't know where she was, and even if we did, we_ never_ would've gotten there in time to save her.**

****Me:**** So you were willing to give up, _just_ like that?

****Jane:** ****What _choice_ did I have Fenn?! Don't you think I would've done something if I could've?**

****Me:**** _Yes_. I believe you _could've_ done something, but instead you took a huge risk by just staying here, doing nothing!

****Jane:**** And it paid off, I might add. She's alive, and she's safe. We may not know where she is, but at least she's alive. _Don't_ forget that.

****That Night****

The ship had set sail that night. On it were the king, his best soldiers and one very special guest. The sorceress had gathered everything that she would need for her journey. She noticed that the king's men kept their distance, as they should've. That meant they were smart, and yet they had not even begun to scratch the surface of what she was capable of.

The sorceress was alone at the bow of the ship. The feeling of the wind in her face was a feeling that she had missed, and the salty mist sprayed her face lightly as the wind played with her hair. She looked ahead, and she watched the ship sail along as its crew and its guests grew closer to their destination.

The sorceress took out her tiny crystal ball. She realized that it might have been a little cliché, but she preferred to keep her particular talents hidden. That way, if need be, the soldiers would never see her coming, and would grow careless, which was exactly what she was counting on.

She looked at her crystal ball and she started to chant "_Ostendite mihi Alexander". She kept chanting that until the boy showed up on the ball. She looked at the boy with longing, stroking his image with her finger. "Soon", she said.

She put the ball away. She looked up again and the ship was going at its normal pace, and yet it seemed to slow down. Her icy blue eyes began to water, and she took a deep breath, and she calmed herself.

"Soon", she said to herself again. Soon, indeed. Soon, she would arrive at her destination. Soon, she would have what she wanted. Soon, her family would be together again.

39. Nightmares and Memories

A/N: Hello everyone. I have returned! Okay, enough dillydallying. I wanted to start by apologizing about these last few chapters. I realize that they are what we call "filler chapters", and I'd like to apologize to those of you who want to see something actually happen in my story, and I promise you we'll get to that. Should only be a few more chapters. Enjoy!

* * *

<p>The Past

Jane Haddock was never one to listen. She was like her brother in that way, then again at that time, she was like him in almost every way, but when she heard the shrill, high-pitched cries for help, she immediately forgot her mother's warning and she took off without a second thought.

She ran and she ran until finally she found the source of the cries, and, well you know the rest. After she had watched the young Nadder ride off on her mother's back, Jane could not believe what she'd just done. It went against everything she was taught, everything that her father taught her, although at this point, she didn't care.

_As you already know very well, Jane Haddock had always been a smart girl. She had always gone against everything that the vikings stood for, and they always kept their distance. Even her own father looked at her like she was a monster for her "ungodly" ways as the villagers put it. _

_That night, she thought: "To hell with them. To hell with them all".

It had been 5 minutes and she was still standing at the tree. As she was thinking of these things, she thought of another thing. She took her dragon tooth necklace and started to carve runes into the tree. When she was done, she looked at her handiwork. The thing she had carved into the tree was just one simple word._

Dragonheart.

****The Present; Earlier That Day****

By that point, the three in the cove were all on edge. One learned the truth, one told a story, and one listened to it. One was keeping a secret, another was keeping a secret, and the third, given what he was, could not tell a lie. How unfortunate, in a world where the truth can be more deadly than a sword covered in poison.

Fennrys was extremely angry at Jane, for keeping the secret of her vision from him, although Alexander was a different story. Fennrys was conflicted. At this point, he wasn't sure if he should rip the boy's throat out or thank him. Jane on the other hand, was thinking things through very thoroughly.

Jane wasn't sure what to do at this point. Alexander had told her the truth, he had done what he came here to do, so what was she supposed to do with him now? Let him stay, or send him on his way? Whatever he decided to do, she had to prepare, but the fact that it was impossible for her to determine his next move was troubling. It wasn't until noon that she decided to go to the arena, taking Fennrys with her, bringing down the barrier in the crypt, which was unknown to Alexander.

Jane and Fennrys didn't say one word to each other on the way back. In fact, when they approached the outskirts of the town, he ran back to the arena, leaving Jane alone with her thoughts.

She looked at the peaceful town below, the people going about their usual routine, townsfolk having a pint of beer, pushing wheelbarrows, children playing. She walked into the hustle and bustle of the village, watching all of these things happen up close. She looked around and the corners of her mouth curled up into a small smile, something that didn't last very long, because she knew that the peacefulness of this town wouldn't last, but she would at least enjoy it while she did.

****Jane's POV; That Night****

We were surrounded by Outcasts. They had spears and swords raised, ready to kill us. Hiccup and I were back-to-back, our swords of Gronckle Iron raised. As you already know, Hiccup and I pretty much thought with one mind, so we calmed ourselves, and we waited. We closed our eyes, and then we opened them. "Go!", I yelled. We faced off with the Outcasts. We deflected blows, severed spearheads, and warned each other of our attackers.

My first stab was right to the throat, a surefire way to end someone's life, but for some reason, Hiccup preferred to slash rather than stab. We moved like a well-oiled machine, perfectly in synch. The Outcast soldiers just kept coming at us, yelling battle cries and running towards us, thinking that a couple of fish bones like us couldn't possibly defeat an army of bloodthirsty savages.

They were wrong.

Hiccup was perfect. He was nimble, he was agile, he was quick, and that little extra muscle that he built helped him immensely. He did everything exactly the way he was trained, and in the end, we survived. We were surrounded by the large, meaty, bloodied bodies of the Outcast soldiers, a job well done. I admit, not the prettiest sight, but this was battle. You did what you had to do.

We started to walk towards the beach, where our dragons would be waiting for us, when we heard rustling. We shrugged it off and started back on our way to the beach. Big mistake. I thought we'd taken care of the situation. I thought they were all dead and over with.

I was wrong.

The next thing I knew, an Outcast sprung up from the ground and shoved me aside. The wind was knocked out of me. When I looked up, I saw something I would never be able to forget.

The Outcast soldier had pushed a broken spearhead into Hiccup's chest, and twisted it, resulting in a pained squeak from him. I started panting so hard and I looked around frantically for something, anything that could save him, anything I could use on the Outcast. I suddenly found my sword and I picked it up, and I ran hollering at the Outcast, and when I approached him, I brought the sword down and I severed the arm that pushed in the spearhead. He fell back and screamed in pain, writhing in agony on the ground.

I walked up to the soldier, breathing in and out heavily. I was growling with anger and fury at what he had done, and without hesitation, I drove the sword into his chest, twisting it all the way around, so he would suffer as much as possible. Finally, with one agonized groan, he stopped breathing. He was dead, and I had killed him, but now my focus had shifted.

I turned , dropped the sword, and I ran towards my brother's body, frantic and shaking. He was bleeding out so much, and so I cradled him and I put my hand over the stab wound. He was still breathing, raggedly, but still. I was still panting, and I could feel the tears rolling down my face.

"Hiccup, stay with me. Everything's gonna be okay. You gotta stay with me. You better not go anywhere", I warned half-heartedly. He looked up at me, his emerald eyes looking right into me, and then I watched the life slowly go out of them. His last breath was a quiet groan, and then he went limp. Once I felt that happen, to say I was in denial would be an understatement.

I started panicking. I shook Hiccup's body, my hand covered in his blood. "Hiccup, no. NO! You can't do this! Please, please wake up. Wake up! Hiccup, you, you have to wake up. Don't you dare leave, please. Hiccup!", I yelled. My breath was shaky, and by now, the tears were spilling down, plopping on his clothes and the blood of his wound. I raised my hand up to my face, and that's what finally snapped me to reality, seeing the blood. That was what finally convinced me that he was dead.

So finally, I lifted my blood-covered hand up to his face and closed his eyelids, then cradled his head to my chest. But then the most extraordinary thing happened.

I woke up.

I sucked in a huge breath as I awoke from my hellish nightmare. I was panting and breathing heavily. I seemed to do that a lot lately. I looked to my right and I saw the rise and fall of my brother's chest. There was no stab wound, no blood spurting out from it, proof that what I had seen was just a nightmare. It wasn't real, and I thanked the gods a thousand times for it.

A wave of relief swept through me, and my breathing slowed. I rested my head on the wall that my bed was pressed up against. I looked over at Hiccup. '_He's alive',_ I had to keep telling myself. _He's alive_.

I figured that I wasn't going to sleep anytime soon, so I got up and I slipped through my large bedroom window. I slid down the side of the house and I ran into the woods, not before looking back at my house though.

I ran into the forest, my second home when I first lived here. I ran and I didn't stop. I didn't know where I was going until I stopped at a tall, sparse evergreen. I put my hand on the tree for support and I took a moment to catch my breath.

My fingers pressed into the bark of the tree, and I felt something in it. I looked up, and I rubbed my thumb back and forth and back and forth where I felt them, the indentations. I started to scratch the dry moss off of the tree and once I was done, I couldn't believe what I had found.

After all these years, it was still there. _Dragonheart_. I sucked in a quiet breath as I realized where I was standing. _This_ was where it all started. _This_ is where my story began. This exact spot.

I was confused, and my heart was beating fast because I ran all the way. "What am I doing out here?", I asked myself out loud. Too loud apparently. "That's what I'd like to know", said a voice that could only be described as a nonchalant smirk, if it _could_ be described that way.

I stood up and I looked around and caught a flash of icy blonde hair. _Of course_. It _had_ to be Alex. Why did it have to be Alex? Why couldn't it have been Hiccup? Gods, why did he have to be such a heavy sleeper? Why?! Uggghh. I looked up at the sky. '_Real funny, Loki_', I thought.

"What are _you_ doing out here?"

"I could ask you the same thing, Dragon Girl", Alex said, "I mean that _is_ your nickname, right?", he added with a smirk. I shot him a death glare and he took a step back, raising up his hands in mock surrender.

"If you're here to gloat about something, feel free to leave", I snapped. As soon as I said that, he came out of the thicket, showing himself. He walked toward me slowly, until he was at least a foot

away from me, he crossed his arms and he cocked his head to one side.

It was then that I really took in his features. A strong, chiseled jawline with semi-full lips made for smirking. He was tall and he wasn't buff like the Berkian boys. He was strong, but lean, and all this went perfectly with his olive skin, and I swear to the gods, I'd be damned if this guy wasn't a Roman. The full moon illuminated his icy blonde hair, and last but not least, the eyes. The sharp, mesmerizing, icy blue eyes that I couldn't look away from, that I wanted to get lost in.

'_No, stop! Get it together!_', my brain screamed. '_This is no time for boys! Pull yourself together woman!_', it commanded once more. All the while, my face remained an emotionless mask. Unfortunately, for myself, so did his.

"So what _are _you doing out here?", I asked. He uncrossed his arms and exhaled a little with a grin. "I couldn't sleep, so I decided to go for a walk. And what do you know, I can actually leave now, so I'm embracing my newfound freedom as you can see", he said in that cocky, nonchalant way that he always spoke.

"Okay, princess. You're turn. What are you doing out here?", he asked. "I couldn't sleep either. Wait, why do you care?", I asked, getting all defensive. "It's called curiosity, princess", he said, once again in his cocky, nonchalant manner, but something else was bothering me. "Why do you keep calling me princess?"

"Because you're acting like one", he said matter-of-factly. "Believe me, I would know".

Before I had a chance to ask what he was talking about, he looked up at the horizon, and he smiled. It was a small smile, but still filled with warmth. "The sun's waking up", he said wistfully, before disappearing into the trees. I cocked my head to one side in confusion, before turning around to see what he was looking at. The sunrise.

****Aron's POV****

_I was standing in pitch black darkness. I didn't know where I was, maybe I was nowhere. I _was_ nowhere, and then I was in a thicket full of evergreen trees, and then it all started to come back._

_I was young. I was just a mere hatchling when it happened. I remember being chased in the woods while men wearing armor and chain-metal were chasing me. I didn't know what the hell was going on, and the men were so much bigger than me, so I kept running. I remember being scared, more scared than I had ever been in my entire life. I kept running, but then I was cornered into a tree by three of the men. One of them had a dagger with them. _

I was scared and I wanted to get away from these men, so I fired shots at their faces and burned some of their eyes. Eventually, I ran out of shots, and then I was in trouble. I thought that they were all down. I thought that I could escape.

I was wrong.

_The next thing I knew, I felt someone grab me from behind and my small body was shoved against a tree trunk. Splinters pricked their way into my back, so now I was scared _and_ in pain. Double whammy._

_I'll never forget the look on his face. A cold, savage smirk imprinted on the man's face as he raised the dagger to kill me. "You'll pay the price for your crimes", he said with a thick, British accent. I closed my eyes, and I braced myself for death, but it never came. What _did_ come though, was a screech that sounded like a dragon. The man missed his target and the dagger sliced the corner of my left eye, leaving a fresh, crescent shaped scar in it's place. But luckily for me, it distracted the man with the dagger, enough for me to clamp my jaws down on the man's arm. _

The man howled in pain and grabbed his wrist while I scrambled up the tree. I climbed up to a high branch, and I clung to it for dear life. The men were shaking the tree, trying to knock me off, but I held on, and then I heard another screech that closely resembled a Nadder. The men's ears were too underdeveloped to realize that it wasn't a real dragon. They ran off to see where the noise was coming from.

They eventually were gone, but I had to go fast. Now keep in mind, I was young, barely 5 years old, so you can imagine how my flight skills were. They were decent, but not top-notch like Aurora.

"_Psst", I heard. I turned as far as my trembling body would allow, and in the next tree, I saw a small, young boy with olive skin, blonde hair, and sharp, icy blue eyes that could put you in a trance._

40. All Good Things To Those Who Wait

**A/N: Hello everyone. I am terribly sorry for not updating for weeks, but what do you know? Stupid finals got in the way, plus I blame writer's block, and my inspiration has been somewhat low lately. Grrrrrrrrr... Anywho, enough of my ranting. This story has reached almost 18,000 views. Thank y'all soooooo very very much for taking time out of your life to read this. It really means a lot. A shout-out to my new followers: squirpsdolphin, ApolcalypticSquirrel, Zues231.
>

This chapter is not one of my best, I'll admit, so if the reviews for it aren't that great, I understand completely. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Aron's POV

I had been able to come and go for a week now. Good behavior, I guessed, but there was nothing to do but sit in my unlocked cage and wait for the verdict. That was what it really came down to, what they were going to do with me. I knew they didn't trust me, and to tell you the truth, I was a little scared.

Well, I wasn't scared per say, but all this waiting and sitting still

made me anxious. I started to pace back and forth, back and forth, again and again, because I swear to the gods if I waited any longer, I would go crazy.

But it was all worth it, when I locked sight with the boy with the ice blue eyes that had seared themselves into my memory all those years ago.

****Earlier that day****

Alex had been on Berk for the past 2 weeks. When he first got here, Jane had to erase the memories of everyone who saw him, which didn't really take long, but still. Alex got tired of hiding in the crypt, and he just wanted to go into the outside world. He looked at Jane with his icy blue eyes, sharp and mesmerizing as always, but of course she wouldn't let him know that.

His story was that he came here with Trader Johann. That was what they had inserted into the memories of everyone on Berk, as a precaution of course. In case you haven't already noticed, Jane took her job as a Keeper very seriously, so anything that could threaten to reveal that, anything that was a threat to it had to be dealt with immediately.

For the past 2 weeks, Alex had been slightly easing himself into Berk's normal, daily routine. It turned out he could be a gentleman. Who knew? Then again, he was from England. For the first week, he mostly just helped out with a few simple chores around the village, like reigning in the sheep, loading barrels, small things like that, then he came upon the forge.

It was heaven for Alex, who apparently was an expert on weapons, as he had to be, given his mother was a Keeper, but it was more than that. Alex, over the years, had always had a special interest in weapons. He lit up as soon as Jane took him there, and Hiccup noticed it too, and so did Gobber. So the smith asked Alex to hold a few weapons, and it seemed as though that each one fit in his grip perfectly, as if it were meant to be there.

And that's how he ended up getting a job at the forge with Gobber and Hiccup, also because he was a fast learner. He got along with the smith and the apprentice quite swimmingly. It seemed he was fitting in with everyone quite swimmingly. All except Jane, who for the life of her could not ignore the boy. She could ignore everything else about him, his sculpted facial features, his strong, lean frame, his olive skin. But the one thing that she couldn't ignore was his eyes. Every time she looked into them, it took all her willpower not to go weak at the knees and melt before him, but she wouldn't let him know that. She'd never let him know that.

Alex, for the life of him, could not stop thinking about Jane Haddock. He wouldn't let it affect his duties, he carried on normally, and it wouldn't distract him from his tasks, but still, he couldn't stop thinking about her. Her long, wavy hair, her strong, lean frame, but the thing that stuck out to him the most was her eyes. Deep emerald eyes that pierced him to his core, looking right into him, and that scared him. He never let anyone in, he never told anyone anything, except for his mother of course. Though her eyes scared him, they also made him feel safe, secure, but most of all, intrigued. He wanted to know what was behind them, what secrets they

held.

But the thing he wanted to know the most, was why she seemed to hate him. Was it because she had shown just a brief moment of weakness when he had told her his story? Was it for no reason? The question had been eating away at him for the past 2 weeks. The boys had gone to the forge in the morning, and they were sharpening swords for Gobber when Jane walked up.

"Class starts in 10 minutes Hiccup. Are you coming or not?", She asked. She glanced at Alex, who looked back, then she quickly looked away.

"I'll be done soon. Meet me there", Hiccup said. He took off his smithing apron and he hung it on a nearby chair. Alex had been sharpening an axe when he looked up at the girl and they looked each other in the eyes, locked into each other's gaze.

****Jane's POV****

It was around noon. Alex had been here for the past 2 weeks, being his charming self. Ugggghhh. He had gotten a job at the forge, and had gotten along swimmingly with my brother and Gobber. I still didn't trust him though.

Aron had done his time in prison, and now he could come and go as he pleased, but the other dragons were getting restless. They were still a little wary of him and now that had grown somewhat. I assured them countless times that he was harmless, but they wanted something to be done. They didn't care what, but they all agreed that he couldn't just "stay here" anymore.

"Actually, I need to steal my brother for a minute", I said. Gobber looked up at me like I was crazy.

"Can ye not see that we're busy lass? I'm puttin' yer brother on the job, seein' as he rarely shows up fer work anymore", he said, sounding annoyed. He looked at Hiccup, who was blissfully sharpening a sword, then looked up to find that Gobber was giving him the stink eye. Alex chuckled at that, resulting in a stink eye from Hiccup.

"What?", Alex said with mock innocence. Hiccup rolled his eyes and Alex wore his signature smirk, revealing dimples that I hadn't noticed before. Oh that's just great, he had dimples now? Great. Oh well, I could ignore the dimples, but that's not what I came here to do. Hiccup walked towards me and his expression was questioning.

"Is everything okay?", he asked.

"I'm not sure at the moment", I said. Hiccup's face became concerned and he pulled me to the side. He pulled me to the back of the forge, and then we stopped. "What is it? Did Orin come back?".

"No, no. It has nothing to do with Keepers", I said quickly. As soon as I said it, Hiccup calmed down. "It's about Aron". This resulted in a look of confusion. "The dragons. They're getting restless".

"Wait, what?", said Hiccup. Now he sounded worried.

"Well, yeah. They've felt like this for weeks now. They just wanna know what we're gonna do with him. They don't want him to just 'stay here' anymore?", I explained.

"Why not?", Hiccup asked.

"They don't trust him enough, but I kind of agree with them. Something needs to be done".

"What do you suggest we do, Jane?".

"That's kind of what I wanted to talk to you about", I began. I looked at Alex, who was still sharpening the axe, then bit my lip. Hiccup turned in the direction I was looking, and then looked back at me, then bit his lip.

"You're saying he should join the academy? Are you sure that's a good idea?", he asked. Although, I don't know why he bothered to, because he already knew the answer.

"No, believe me I've considered every other option even remotely possible, but it's all I've got. Aron's not going to want to leave, and his only options are that he leaves Berk and never returns, or he gets a rider, and Alex is only one available, plus we need to do something about him. The way I see it, there is a tiny sliver of a chance that the latter might work, but Aron isn't going to want to be tied down by a rider, and I'm not even sure that Alex is gonna take this seriously, I mean you know how he is, but what other choice do we have? He has a medallion".

The look of contemplation spread across my brother's face. He bit his lip, then he looked back up at me, then he shrugged. "And as always, you're right", he replied sarcastically. "Look I don't know how he acts around you, but he shares the load and he's a great conversationalist. He gets along with Gobber and me just fine. I don't think you have anything to worry about".

I shrugged. "I guess you're right. But I still don't trust him".

"You do what you want, but I guess it's decided. Do you want me to ask him about it? See if he's up for it?"

"You do what you want Hiccup, I'm gonna go talk to the other dragons", I said as I walked off to the arena.

****Alex's POV****

Someone once said that ignorance was bliss. In this case, they were right. I watched the Haddock twins as they were talking. They kept looking back at me and gesturing at me. Of course, I was curious of any talk of me that the twins, seeing as they were the only ones that I really knew. Finally, their conversation ended and Jane headed off to the arena.

Hiccup took off his apron and replaced it with his riders vest. "What was that all about?", I asked.

"What are you talking about?", he asked.

"I'm talking about that little chat you had with your sister. You've spiked my curiosity".

"We were actually talking about_ you_", Hiccup said in a matter-of-fact tone. Ooo, _now_ I was interested. Interested in what the seemingly cold girl had to say about me.

"What about?", I asked.

By then, he had clicked his vest into place. "Come with me", he said.

>"Why?", I asked, growing wary.
"Just come on", he said. "Follow me".

I was reluctant at first, but then I thought, hey, maybe he's finally going to show me around. Even though I'd already been here for 2 weeks, I still had no idea where the hell everything was, or _what_ it was for that matter.

So I followed Hiccup into the unknown, for me at least. "So where are you taking me exactly?", I asked.

"You'll see", he replied. "Wow, you've really got that mysterious thing down pat. You get that from your sister?", I remarked.

"Okay _now_ I know what she was talking about", Hiccup said nonchalantly.

"Wait, what do you mean?", I asked, suddenly interested. Hiccup just snickered to himself, and thus my curiosity grew. "What? What did she say?"

Hiccup kept quiet and kept snickering to himself. "Come on, dude. You can't just leave me hanging here", I mock-pleaded. "What did she say?"

"You'll have to ask her".

"Why should I? She hates me"

"She doesn't hate you Alex".

Wait what? She didn't hate me? That came as a shock, but can you blame me? Everything about that girl screamed: "Keep your distance or I'll snap your neck". She didn't hate me, that was surprisingly the biggest relief I'd ever had.

"She just doesn't trust you".

"Why?"

"Because you're new and you're a stranger. Given her job, it's second nature for her to constantly have her guard up. Don't take it personally".

Oh, well that made sense, but I had a feeling it was more than that, like she had something to hide, which only spiked my curiosity even more. "Who _does_ she trust?", I asked.

"Just me, her dragon, and my dragon. That's about it. Look, just give time. I'm sure she'll come around".

I nodded and we kept walking until we reached the arena that I had seen 2 weeks ago. It was just like the one back home, only a little smaller. "Whoa"

"I know, right?", Hiccup agreed. He lead me inside the door and into the arena I went. It seemed bigger on the inside than it did on the outside. It was made of stone and resembled a bird cage. Speaking of birds, a blue dragon that looked like one flew up to me and started eyeing me, evaluating me, and not long after, the rest of them followed. .

Is this the guy you told us about?" said a large, red dragon with horns.

>"Look at his eyes. They're so pretty" said the blue, bird-like dragon.
"Ooo, fresh meat" said a green, two-headed dragon.

>"Wait, is he Roman?", asked a brown dragon that resembled multiple bludgeons<p>

I read all of them. The large red dragon was Maddox, a.k.a. Hookfang, the blue dragon that looked like a bird was Naveah a.k.a. Stormfly, the two-headed dragon was Aneel-and-Percival a.k.a. Barf-and-Belch(kind of a gross name for a dragon if you ask me, even a Zippleback), and the one that looked like multiple bludgeons was Fallon a.k.a. Meatlug. Okay, I liked the names Hookfang and Stormfly, but Meatlug? Barf-and-Belch? Seriously? I just decided to call all of them by their real names. They kept eyeing me, evaluating me like I was on trial for a crime I didn't commit.

"Guys, give him some elbow room", said the voice that could only be Jane Haddock's. They all backed up and cleared a path for said girl. Rather than the usual pierce and chill that came with her gaze, today her eyes were surprisingly neutral, and I was grateful for that. I was already nervous enough as to what she had in store for me. She walked up to me and stopped 2 feet away from me.

"Come on", she said. "I wanna show you something".

She inclined her head and beckoned me to follow her, and so that's exactly what I did. I followed her to the back of the arena. We approached a cage with wooden bars lined with metal, so it had square openings. What I saw in those openings changed everything.

I wrapped my hands around the door handle and I pulled, and then I went to the other side and pushed the door open. The shape in the cage turned around, and we locked eyes. What I saw, was a dragon with a long sleek body, with pearl white scales, sky blue eyes, and a crescent shaped scar that I'd know anywhere.

****Meanwhile; That Night ****

_For the past 2 weeks, she had been all alone. For the past 2 weeks, she felt like her world was crumbling apart. Even though it had only been 2 weeks, she could never stay anywhere for more than a few days. She had to take new form every time she found a new place. Tonight, she was a wolf. She had soft white fur the color of the moon, and ice blue eyes like her brother. _

_She hadn't been with her loved ones in almost 3 months. It took all of her willpower not to give in and go back, but what she wouldn't give just to be under Fennrys's wing right now, what she wouldn't give to see her rider once more. What she wouldn't give to see her brother again, even if she barely knew him. She stared up at the moon, and she howled. She howled for her rider, for her brother, for her Fennrys. She howled because she was a lone wolf, because she had no one to turn to right now. _

The sorceress had seen all of this in her vision. They had been on the ship for a week now. She had been watching over the boy and the shape-shifter in her "crystal ball", which was merely just for show. She had been watching over them both for the past week, spending nearly all her time in her cabin. She only came out when the king summoned her. They were nearing their destination. Their journey should only last for 2 more weeks, 1 if they made good time.

Now, she watched the boy with the icy blue eyes stare at his long-lost reptilian companion. She stroked the crystal ball longingly, wistfully. She was so proud of the boy, more than one could even begin to imagine. She watched the shifter in sadness, as she made her loneliness known to the world for just one night, in the form of wolf howls.

The sorceress fought the tears that were threatening to come out as she watched the boy and the shifter. She stroked the crystal ball once more. "Soon, my children", She said. "Soon".

41. Unnatural Ways Of Thinking

****A/N: Hello, people. ****

****Okay, to cut to the chase, this author's note has no relevance to this chapter. It is here because I have an announcement to make. I have recently taken up a new side project for this story. I am creating a playlist for this story. I'll be picking songs for the characters and songs for scenes in my story. I have already chosen songs for a few of the characters, but I still need to choose a song for Hiccup. PM any suggestions that you have for chapter songs or character songs, that will be greatly appreciated. Also PM any character you want me to choose a song for if you think of one. The playlist can be found on my profile page.****

****As for this chapter, I hope you enjoy.****

*** * ***

><p>That Night

The sorceress was staring into her "crystal ball" (she had to use it for show to lower suspicion if needed) when she heard a knock at her cabin door. She put her little bauble in the wooden box that she had brought with her on her journey and then she went to go and see what was expected of her this time.

As she opened the door to her cabin, she was greeted by the face of one of the king's men. Gregory, she believed. Gregory was a pudgy man, with a round face and red stubble. He wore a tan undershirt and

a maroon tunic with the king's seal on it. "The king wishes to speak with you, madam", said Gregory

"Oh, what have I done this time Gregory?", the sorceress replied, disinterested and bored. Gregory just shrugged his shoulders, giving the impression that he hadn't the slightest idea. The sorceress rolled her eyes and sighed, wanting to get this meeting with the king over with so she could continue watching over the boy and the shape-shifter.

Gregory escorted the sorceress to the ship's meeting room, where the king and some of his captains stood waiting at the table, which resided in the middle of the room. When she had entered, the captain's hands flew to their swords, slowly drawing them out of their sheaths. "Lower your weapons. The witch and I have business to attend to", said the king, weary of the captains' wariness.

"Do you know what I find amusing Highness?", began the sorceress. "The only one on this voyage who has ever acted like a gentleman towards me is Gregory. Everyone in this room would do good to follow his example", she said to the guard, in a dark, feline manner. This resulted in sheepish frowns from them, and the king waved them away.

"Leave us", said the king, and with slight hesitation, they left the room, leaving the two of them alone. The king tapped the table impatiently with his fingers, obviously wanting something, although, the sorceress didn't see how what the king wanted was of any importance.

It was then that she got a good look at the king. She found it strange that the lighting could make his skin appear to change from olive, to light olive, back to olive again, when his skin in truth was light olive, like his son, James. "What is it this time William? Come to demand gold and jewels?", the sorceress replied in the usual mocking, disinterested tone that she used with the king.

"Are we close?", asked the king.

"I assume that that's not the only reason you called me here", said the sorceress.

"Are. We. Close?", pressed the king, taking on a firm tone with the sorceress, attempting to intimidate her.

"Shouldn't be any more than 2 weeks", replied the sorceress. "I'm curious William. Why are you in such a hurry?".

"He's my_ son_", replied the king in an agitated tone. "Alexander is all that matters", he continued, trying to regain his composure.

"I'm impressed Highness. I almost believed you for a second there", the sorceress replied in a sarcastic, playful tone.

"What are you insinuating? That I don't care for my son?", The king replied, growing defensive.

"I find it interesting that this is the only real concern you've ever shown for Alexander since the day the boy was born".

The king looked shocked at the sorceress's words. She smirked at the king and walked up to the table, tracing her finger along the edge. "You see Highness, I've been doing some digging. You're not very nice to your children, are you?"

The king's shock only grew. He suddenly realized what the sorceress was capable of, yet he did not even begin to scratch the surface. "What game are you playing?", the king said, his kingly demeanor unraveling into the scared man that he was.

"Oh no no no, Highness. This might surprise you, but I am not one to play games. I am simply gifted with words, as well as many other things. Tell me something Highness. Why now, all the sudden interest in your son, why now?", cooed the sorceress. "Are you trying to right an age old wrong?"

"My son _will_ forgive me".

After all that you've done to him, I don't see how that's possible, the sorceress thought. That's what she wanted to say to him, but she held her tongue. If there was one thing she learned in life, it was to choose your words carefully.

"Think what you will Highness", was all she said when she went back to her chambers. The King knew that he'd have to deal with the witch sooner or later. But the thing that troubled the king the most was that she was right. Every word that came out of her mouth was true.

He wanted only the best for his son. He wanted to make his son see that his views were unnatural, that dragons were not to be trusted. If Alexander could've only seen that, then his life would've been easier. But Alexander was a stubborn, naïve little boy. He was like his mother in that way. The king's thoughts traveled back to that fateful day all those years ago, when his son did the unthinkable.

Had the king not been so lost in his thoughts, he would've known about the stowaway that had gone unnoticed.

****The Past****

_The little boy ran through the woods, jumped from tree to tree, as per his usual daily exercise routine. He had been practicing with his mother how to use his powers, it was only once a week that he could, and now he could have some fun. The boy was quick as a bird, the wind pushing his ice blonde hair away from his face. _

The child felt as though nothing could bring him down, but all those good feelings vanished as he saw what took place below him. He saw his father and a few of his father's soldiers chasing and cornering a small young dragon. This dragon couldn't have been more than 5 years old, and his father shoved it up against a tree. The king held a dagger up to the little dragon, and that's when the boy started to panic, and then he stopped panicking.

_The boy suddenly got an idea. Mustering up all his strength, he let out a screech that the men could only identify as dragon. The king missed his target and that gave the little dragon time to clamp his

jaw down on the king's arm. Revolting and shameful as it might sound, the boy actually enjoyed watching his father in pain. _

The little dragon took this chance and scrambled up the tree, as high as he could go. Luckily for the hatchling, that was as high as the boy was. The boy held out his arms and beckoned the little dragon forward. The little dragon looked scared out of his mind, but seeing no other choice, the little dragon leapt forward, flapped his wings and landed into the boys arms.

_There wasn't much time, the king and his men would be back any moment. The boy quickly climbed down the tree with the little dragon clinging to his neck. Once they reached the bottom of the tree, the boy ran. He ran and ran. He snaked through the woods, going this way and that, changing paths and changing them again it seemed.

_

_Finally, after the boy seemingly stopped running in circles, they stopped. He set the little dragon down and got a good look at it. The little dragon had a lean, slender body and a large wingspan, for a young dragon at least. The scales were pearl white and the eyes sky blue, a blue nowhere near similar to his ice blue eyes. Now imagine how the little dragon was feeling, what he was thinking. He was thinking: "What the hell is going on?". _

He was scared out of his mind. The little dragon trembled as the boy fished around for something in his knapsack. The little dragon had never met a human like the young boy, one who wouldn't raise something sharp and pointy at him and try to kill him for crimes he didn't commit. He watched the boy like a hawk, ready to run if the boy pulled out something that fit into either of those categories, but to his great surprise, it was quite the opposite actually.

The thing that the boy held up as he turned to face the little dragon was a mere chicken leg, which happened to be the boy's lunch. The boy held out the chicken leg to the little dragon, who sniffed the leg tentatively, as if he feared it was poison. He sniffed it and sniffed it, and so the boy held the chicken leg a little closer to the dragon, whose pupils grew wider as the chicken got closer to him. The little dragon's mouth began to water, and then he just couldn't take it anymore.

With one swift movement, the tiny dragon leapt forward and grabbed the chicken leg and ate it in two bites. He licked his lips and looked at the human boy with wonder. The little dragon started to flame at the ground, and the boy was curious to see what his new friend was doing. When the little dragon was done, he inclined his head, beckoning the boy to the burn mark.

_Being the curious little boy that he was, he walked over to the burn mark to see what the little dragon had done. What he saw changed everything. He saw a message burned into the mark. '_A flame message, of course', _the little boy thought. He had heard about flame messages, his mother told him plenty of stories about them. Actually seeing one was a completely different story._

My name is Aron. Thank you for saving me from the bad man with the dagger.

_That was all the message had said. The boy read the message over and

over again. The bad man with the dagger, no doubt that it was the boy's father. The boy was ashamed of his father, and in seeing what his father had done to this poor little dragon, the boy's shame increased. "My name's Alexander, but my mom calls me Alex", the little boy said, introducing himself to his new friend. _

The young dragon nodded in response, as if he understood, which he did. The young dragon walked towards the boy's knapsack and started to sniff it. "Do you want some more?", the little boy asked. The young dragon's eyes widened and the boy took that as a yes. The boy grabbed another chicken leg out of his knapsack and tossed it in the air, to have the young dragon catch it in his mouth mid-air. Once he was on the ground again, the young dragon warbled happily.

"_Got anymore?", the little dragon asked. _

"_No, sorry. That was my last one", the boy answered._

The young dragon seemed shocked. He didn't expect the boy to answer back. "Did you just-

"_Mm hmm", said the boy, nodding his head up and down. The young dragon looked up at him with such wonder, a look in which the boy reciprocated. No one had ever looked at the boy like that, ever. Before he knew it, the boy was reaching out his hand to the little dragon. _

The young dragon himself was stretching out his head, leaning in closer and closer to the boy's hand, and the two were about to make contact.

That's where it all went wrong.

42. Initiations and Horrifying Discoveries

****Alex's POV****

As I looked the dragon with the sky blue eyes and the crescent shaped scar on the corner of his left eye, the memories came flooding back. They seemed to punch me in the face, that's how they hit me. I knew this dragon, I'd know him anywhere. I didn't know what to do, didn't know what to say. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. I was petrified. How did he survive?

The dragon mirrored what must've been my expression. His sky blue eyes were the biggest that I'd ever seen, and his pupils were practically a straight line, they were so thin. You could hear a pin drop, it was so quiet. As the dragon approached me, I took a few steps back. This was so unreal. I mean, could it really be him?

He began walking towards me again, a careful hesitancy in his steps, as if he were afraid that this was too good to be true. We circled each other, eyeing each other, sizing each other up and trying to wrap our minds around the fact that this was really happening, that after all these years, here we are, in the same place, at the same time. Wow, first I escape my father, and now my best friend is standing right in front of me. Man, I was on a roll.

"A-, Aron?", I choked out, too shocked to get another word

out.

"Long time no see", he said with shaky breath. His voice was deeper than I remembered, a rich, velvety baritone, then again, all Night Furies sounded rich and velvety. We didn't speak for what seemed like hours, yet only seconds had passed by. I mean, what were we supposed to do? Make small talk about the weather?

"Ooookkaaayyyy. Uh guys, I don't know if you've noticed, but this is getting kind of awkward", said Maddox. It wasn't in a dragon's nature to be subtle, so I wasn't the least bit surprised that one of them snapped us back to reality. Jane walked over to Aron, and bent down to look him in the eye.

"How did you find him?", Aron asked, still shell shocked.

"I didn't. He came to us", Jane answered. Aron's eyes widened at her response. Then he looked back at me. Without thinking, I slowly reached out my hand, and Jane backed away. I took a step toward the dragon that started it all, the dragon that had been locked away in the back of my mind for a decade now.

I never forgot that fateful day, and there wasn't a day in the last 10 years that I hadn't thought about it. Aron's eyes were glued to my hand, and his pupils widened at its approach. As if on instinct, when my hand got close enough, he lifted his head to it, and he closed his eyes with my hand above his snout.

It felt scaly and warm, but most of all, familiar. Thank God I had at least one familiar thing in this foreign place. But the reality of it all hit me harder than the memories did. Now, Aron was officially my dragon, and the nudge that he gave me only confirmed it. I pulled his head to mine, so our foreheads were touching. "Missed you too bud", I said. I pulled back and I stood up, running a hand through my hair.

"Come on. Don't start getting all mushy on me", Aron replied.

"Speak for yourself. You dragons are known for your feelings", I shot back. The battle of wits had officially begun.

"TouchÃ©", said Aron

"And once again, I am victorious in the battle of wits".

"Still the same arrogant little boy I see".

"Oh come on Aron. I was a little angel and you know it".

"Wha-, How-, how is this happening?", said a voice that I didn't recognize. I turned around to the front of the arena, only to find not only dragons, but humans as well. I searched around for the owner of the voice, when he spoke up again.

"No one's ever bonded with a dragon that fast". The owner of the voice was a chubby, blonde boy, who by the looks of it was a book worm.

"Wait a minute. Is this the guy that came here with Trader Johann?", asked the same boy.

"Yes. This is Alex", Jane explained to the boy. "He's gonna be joining the academy".

Wait, I was joining the academy? _Sweet_.

"Alex, this is Fishlegs, Snotlout, Astrid, and those are the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut".

Jane pointed to each and every one of them. Fishlegs was the blonde, chubby bookworm. Snotlout was the dark haired, muscular boy. Astrid, well, I had already met Astrid, but she didn't know that, or I should say, she didn't remember that. The blonde twins Ruffnut and Tuffnut weren't the sharpest knives in the drawer, were they? The polar opposites of the Haddock twins, no doubt.

Had I not been thinking about what was in store for me, I would've read every single one of them. I guessed since I was joining the academy, I would have time to do it later. Then entered the beefy, blonde mustachioed man that had become my mentor in the forge, Gobber. Along with him, he was pulling something with him. "What are ye standin' around fer, ya lazy dogs? _Help _me", he commanded.

So that's exactly what everyone did. We all helped him pull in the barrels of fish for all the dragons, and they all ran towards it, all of them except Aron. He just sat where he was and he made no attempt to go and eat his fill. He wasn't going to go because the other dragons didn't trust him, because he wasn't accepted. Well, that wasn't going to fly with me.

I walked over to one of the barrels and I grabbed as many fish as I could carry, then I walked over to Aron. I dropped the all fish right in front of him, and he eyed it with a confused look. "What? Are you gonna starve yourself to death or something? Eat", I said.

He smiled to himself. "Just like old times", he said

"Exactly", I said. "Now eat. I can your ribs poking out".

"Okay you weren't _nearly_ this bossy the first time you fed me".

"Alright we get it. I was a little hellion. Now _eat_".

He laughed and only then did he start eating. He gobbled down the entire pile in about 7 seconds. I gave him a nod of approval and he rolled his eyes. I got up and I saw that Naveah was staring at us. "Aron, why are you over there? Come eat with us", she said. Aron's eyes widened with surprise.

"Are you sure?", he asked.

"Yeah, I'm sure. You haven't been eating enough. You almost look like a walking skeleton. Come. Eat", she commanded

Aron looked at me star struck, and then he went and ate out of the barrels. The others were finally warming up to him, which was a good thing, except the look of disdain from Fenn. What else was new? I wondered when that grumpy bastard was going to come around. If he only knew who I really was, _then_ maybe he might start trusting me,

but I'd wait till Aurora came back, then maybe, he might be kinder.

Honestly, from reading him, I understood why he was acting like a grumpy bastard, so I tried not to provoke him too much, so basically, I avoided him altogether. Lost in my thoughts, I almost didn't notice Gobber coming and putting his good hand on my shoulder. "Well, are ye ready lad?".

"For what?", I asked.

"Initiation", said Ruffnut in her usual husky voice. Initiation. Somehow, coming from Ruffnut, I didn't like the sound of that, given her destructive hobbies and tendencies. Jane walked over to me and must've sensed my nervousness.

"Relax, you're just going to choose a weapon", Jane said. Hearing it from her, I relaxed a bit. A sparring match, this was going to be easy. Jane beckoned for me to follow her and she took me to the wall of weapons that rested near the entrance of the arena. 'Whoa', I thought. Gobber brought out the best of the weapons in stock, for me to choose. Me, can you believe it?

The wooden wall was lined with everything from spears, to bludgeons, to swords, to crossbows, to maces, etc. I evaluated every weapon that was on the wooden wall, because believe it or not, I am very picky when it comes to weapons. I needed something light, but strong. I ran my fingers along the wall of weapons.

"Hurry up lad, we haven't got all day", Gobber said.

Forgive me if I sound like a brat, but being rushed is one of the few things that I've come to hate in this world, as far-fetched as that might sound. I kept looking around for my weapon of choice, when I laid eyes on the most beautiful sword I had ever seen. I reached up and brought it down, wrapping my fingers around the hilt.

It was luminescent and gleaming silver. It fit perfectly in my grasp, and it was light, not easy to come by in a sword. But was it strong? That was the question.

"Aye. Good choice lad. That sword's made o' Gronckle Iron. Strongest metal we've got", bellowed Gobber. So it was strong. That answered that question.

"Alright, now choose your opponent", said Gobber

"Wait, isn't he supposed to choose our sparring partners?", I asked.

"Just go with it", Jane advised

I shrugged, accepting my fate. Like my weapons, I choose my opponents very, very carefully. I looked around and evaluated each of the academy members. Tuffnut seemed too confused, so it would be too easy, Fishlegs from what I read was more book-smart than battle-smart, and Hiccup was already ruled out because even without being able to read her, I knew Jane would murder me if I laid a hand on him, and I don't know about you guys, but I would actually like to live to see my next birthday.

I ruled out Jane, Astrid, and Ruffnut because I didn't fight girls. I am in no way trying to sound sexist whatsoever, I've just never fought a girl before, and seeing how crazy the women here were, I didn't plan to start, but given time I was sure I would grow more comfortable with it. That left Snotlout, the dark-haired muscular boy, arrogant and full of himself.

It made my blood boil just looking at him. I'd seen guys like him my entire life in my very own court, the children of nobles, thinking that they were the best at everything, thinking they were better than everyone just because they were privileged and entitled and all that load of shit. It was guys like Snotlout that I never associated with anyone my own age, that I never really had any friends.

All my life, I've seen guys like Snotlout, and what happens? Their egos get bigger and bigger and bigger. The boiling in my blood grew just to look at him and I thought. To finally put at least one of those guys in their place, the thought excited me so much it took all my willpower not to giggle evilly like a lunatic.

"I choose Snotlout", I said with finality

Everyone looked up at me with a dumbfounded expression, their eyes bugging out of their heads. "Are ye sure lad?", Gobber asked, not certain if I'd make it out alive. Snotlout looked up from kissing his muscles and started to laugh.

"I have to spar with this weakling? He ain't got nothin' on the Snotman", Snotlout replied smugly.

"Question. Are you deaf? Because there's no way that you could say that without hearing how ridiculous you sound", I shot back. He wanted to call me out? Two could play at that game. Snotlout actually looked taken aback by my comment. Then his smug little grin disappeared, to leave a disgruntled frown. He walked toward me, cracking his knuckles, in an attempt to make me back down. Pitiful.

"What did you say?", he asked in an attempt to be menacing.

"Wow so you are deaf", I replied with a smirk. "Tell me, was the cracking of the knuckles supposed to scare me?"

This time, his frown grew and his nostrils flared. Now I knew where he got his name.

"Careful, or else this is gonna end badly for you", he threatened. I took a step closer, getting right up in his face. If he thought I was ever backing down, then he had another thing coming.

"I don't respond to idle threats, do you know why? Because idle threats are made by cowards", I said in a dark tone, loud enough for everyone to hear. Once again, it was so quiet, you could hear a pin drop. Snotlout's disgruntled look shifted to anger. He was getting madder and madder, now that he was being challenged. 'That's right, you conceited, snot-nosed bastard, take the bait_', I thought.

I kept a firm hold on my sword as he picked up a mace from the wall of weapons. Oh, I was soooooo gonna enjoy this. "Gobber we all know

that _I'm_ gonna win this sparring match, so there's really no point in having one", Snotlout boasted, and then went back to kissing his muscles once more.

"What are you saying, _Snotman_? Are you backing down?", I taunted. Now he got mad again. "Are you scared, Snotty?", I taunted once more.

Snotlout's look of anger shifted. Now he was furious, breathing heavily through his namesake nostrils. He was clutching his mace so hard, his knuckles were white. This was going to be so easy. "Alright. Begin", said Gobber.

And so the spar had begun. I figured a little more verbal sparring would do the trick. "What are you waiting for Snotty? Come at me. I _dare_ you".

That did it. His heavy breathing shifted to growling and the others looked at me like I'd gone completely insane, and maybe I did, but who the hell cares? Am I right? Snotlout finished his growling and he let out a battle cry, and with his mace raised, he came at me. I stayed calm and I assumed a fighting stance, and when Snotlout came close enough, I slashed my sword right into his mace.

It was cleanly cut in two and half of the mace fell to the ground. Snotlout was caught off guard and that was when I took my chance. I jabbed my fingers into his throat, causing him to drop his weapon. I took all the opportunities that were presented to me. I spun around, jammed the hilt of my sword into the back of his neck, shoved my knee into his gut, and shoved my foot into the obvious weak spot, the groin. I then swept his legs right out from under him, giving him no time to react. The whole thing happened in at least 10 seconds.

Now he was on his back, and at my mercy. I held the blade of my sword close to his throat, and he looked like he was about to crap his pants, he was so scared. "Alright, let 'em up", said Gobber in his thick, Scottish accent. I stepped off of him and I held out my hand.

"You alright?", I asked. My hand was still out, but then he put on a scowl and he helped himself up.

"I let you win", Snotlout said with the tone of a bratty child sticking his tongue out.

"Yeah, that's why you looked like you were about shit your pants", I shot back, resulting in a few "_Oooooo_'s" and "_Oh no you didn't_'s" and snickers from the rest of the academy members. The only one who said nothing was Jane. Now I'd say that it was typical, but there was something different in her still, icy composure. _This_ time, her eyes widened, as if she were impressed.

****3****rd**** Person****

As Jane watched the boy get ready for the spar, she was wondering why in the hell he would choose Snotlout for an opponent. Sure, she knew the boy was clever, but was it enough to prevent himself from getting pummeled? When she saw that he had won, _that_ had answered her question.

She was quite impressed with the way that the boy fought. She was even more impressed with how similar, almost identical, that their fighting styles were. Truth be told, she found herself a little worried that the boy might've gotten hurt. As to _why_ she was worried, she didn't know the reason. She barely knew this boy, so why was she finding herself worried for his safety? Perhaps it was because of the fact that she had seen the kindness and warmth in his icy blue eyes the minute they laid on Aron, his long-lost companion.

When the sparring match was done, Snotlout tried to shrug it off, saying the he'd let Alex win, only to have Alex throw a smartass comment right back at him. Typical Alex. That thought made the Haddock girl's lips curl into a small smile, and her eyes followed Alex to his dragon of half an hour.

****Jane's POV****

I found myself watching Alex going to Aron, and it was like they'd never been apart, like the time had meant nothing, except for the fact that it would take them weeks and weeks to catch up on what happened the past decade. I bit my lip and before I knew it, I was walking over to Alex. Why I was, I didn't know. What would I do? What would I say? Before I knew it I was 5 feet away from him, and as usual in these I-don't-know-what-the-hell-to-do situations, my instincts kicked in right when I needed them to. _Thank the Gods_.

"Hey", I said. He looked up at me with his icy blue eyes, confusion written all over them, wondering what I was doing over here, seeing as I am not the most sociable person in the world, I'll admit, but I had my reasons, and they were _damn_ good reasons let me tell you.

He regained his usual smarmy composure and his smirk was smaller than usual. "Hi. Come to congratulate me on my job well done? Because let me tell you, I _enjoyed_ putting him in his place", he said matter-of-factly.

"As did I", I agreed.

Now he just looked shocked. "I just wanted to say, I was impressed, with you know, how you fought. That's all", I said. I had the feeling I was _sooo_ gonna regret this later.

"Oh, well, um, thanks", he said, right before he went back to stroking Aron's neck. The image of them just made me think of Aurora, and I felt my eyes grow hot as tears formed in the back of them. Alex must've noticed this, because his eyes became curious, wanting to know if I was alright.

"Hey, are you okay?", he asked, his tone sincere.

"I'm fine", I lied. "I'm fine".

I quickly turned away before he could see anymore.

****Meanwhile****

On the traveling ship with British passengers, it seemed everyone was

caught unawares. Everyone except the sorceress, of course. The king was unaware of what the sorceress planned to do, the soldiers were unaware of that as well, and it seemed that the only one that was aware of the stowaway was the sorceress, but she decided to keep that under wraps, seeing as it wasn't any concern of hers.

The sorceress planned to do something that day. Once again it will be said that the king was completely and utterly unaware of everything that was going on around him, because he kept thinking about that fateful day, the day when he discovered the truth about his son.

****The Past****

The day that Alexander and Aron met was the beginning of a beautiful friendship. After that day, Alexander and Aron had met in the woods in secret every day for a month. Every day of that month, they played. It was dangerous, but they played. They had the most fun that either of them had had in a long time, which supposedly isn't saying much since they were both very young, but still.

_However, their days of fun-filled rolling down hills and wrestling were put to an end, when one day they were followed. _

_It started out as any other day when the king decided to go hunting alone, as he so often did. He preferred to use a longbow when hunting, always. He was walking through the woods when he heard rustling in the thicket. Thinking it was a deer, he hid behind a tree and then searched for it. He found no deer, but what he _did_ find was much more horrifying. _

_He heard the laughter of a child and happy, high-pitched warbles, only to find that the owner of the laughter was _his_ child, and that the owner of the warbles belonged to a young dragon with sky blue eyes and a scar on the corner of his left eye. He recognized the young dragon, and it made the king angry to see _his_ child playing with one of the ungodly beasts._

Slowly, but surely, he drew an arrow out of his quiver, and loaded his bow, and aimed for the young dragon that served as his son's playmate. He pulled back the string ever so slowly, and when he had pulled back the arrow all the way, when the young dragon was perfectly in view, he let go of the arrow. Luckily for Alexander, he saw it just in time. "Look out!", he shouted as he pushed the young dragon out of the way.

"_Are you okay?", the young boy asked his friend. Aron nodded 'yes'. It was then that the king chose to reveal himself. He stepped out from behind the tree, and he walked slowly towards the boy and the dragon. He clutched his bow tightly as he saw the affection that his son was showing a _dragon_, of all things. _

The little boy was scared out of his mind, for himself and for his friend. But most of all, he was scared of the man towering over them, clutching a longbow in his hand. The boy's heart was pounding out of his chest. He had been caught, and his friend had been caught. The king caught his son with a dragon, and intent on killing it, he grabbed his son by the scruff of his neck and threw him aside.

_Aron was scared for Alex, more so than he was for his own life, but as the man with the longbow approached him, he froze, and he was trembling. The king drew an arrow, and was prepared to end this young dragon's life. The young dragon closed his eyes as the last moments of his life approached, but to his great surprise, the arrow never came. _

What did_ come was a sharp cry of pain from the man who was about to end his life. The king, as he was about to shoot, felt something hard thrown against the back of his head. When the king turned around, what he saw changed everything. Clutched in his young son's hand was a rock, and the boy looked as though he was ready to throw it._

"_Run!", the boy yelled to his friend. "Ruuunnn!"._

The young dragon didn't want to, but he didn't know what else to do. So he ran for his life, too fast for the king to catch, but not before hearing the man strike the young boy many times, and the cries of pain that came with it.

* * *

><p>AN: Hi everyone! Okay so, I would like to apologize once more for my story being kind of slow lately, and I would like to explain why. I could say things like I'm busy with school, or that I have writer's block, but those are not the case at all. The thing is, I am lacking the inspiration needed, and I know exactly how my story is going to happen, but lately I've been having trouble deciding _how_ exactly I'm getting to those points, I'm having trouble deciding _how_ exactly I'm going to play it out. Do you know what I'm saying? I hope so. So what I'm asking is that you review my story and tell me what you think at this point in it. **

If the reviews for this chapter aren't good ones, as I have said before, I understand completely. Still hope you enjoyed though. Bye!

**Oh and one more thing before you go. Remember that playlist I said I was going to make? It's incomplete and I need your help to finish it. If you have any suggestions for characters to choose songs for, PM me. Also, I need to choose a song for Hiccup, so if you guys would PM your suggestions on that, it will be greatly appreciated. **

Thank you!

43. New Friends and Broken Deals

A/N: Hello everyone! Sorry for dropping off the face of the earth again, but I was grounded and my computer was taken away(don't ask why) but I got it back and now I am finally updating my story. In previous entries, I have told you about the playlist that I am creating for my story, and I still need to choose a song for Hiccup, and complete it, so if you have any suggestions for him, please PM me them and I promise you it will be greatly appreciated.

**A Shout-Out to my new followers: Phobiac01, Horsemadgirl, and Nox2000. **

****Hope y'all enjoy!****

* * *

><p>The Past

_Esme was starting to worry. No one had seen her son all morning, and it seemed he was nowhere to be found. The same could be said of her husband, William, who had gone on his hunt an hour earlier. Her worry shifted to anxiety when she heard distant cries from afar. Sharp, high-pitched cries, that of a child. _'Alex', _she thought._

_She could wait no longer. She picked up her skirts and she ran. She ran and ran down to the stables searching frantically for her horse. "Milady, the king doesn't permit you to walk in the stables", said a stable boy. _

"_The king's not here, now is he?", the queen remarked. The stable boy knew better than to argue with the queen, so he got out of her way, and she saddled her horse faster than any stable hand ever could. She mounted her horse and into the woods she went. She followed the sound of the child's cries._

_Deeper, deeper into the woods she went, and the closer she got, the more clearly she could hear the cries. She rode deeper and deeper, and then finally in view was the one she was looking for, and what she saw changed everything. The scene that unfolded before her was her husband, towering over a helpless child covered in bruises. _Her_ child._

He trembled in fear and curled himself up into a ball, as if to shield himself from his father's blows. Esme couldn't take this anymore. Her blood boiled just at the sight of this. What gave William the right to beat their child, her_ child?_

"What_ is going on here?!", the queen demanded. The king looked back and saw that the voice belonged to his enraged queen. The little boy looked up at his mother, and what she saw broke her heart. His ice blue eyes were red and puffy, and one of them was black and swollen, from a hit no doubt. _

"_Esme, what are you doing out of the castle?", the king asked, his words laced with concern. _

"_I was worried about our son. I guess I found him", Esme said quietly, her tone a false calm. "William, how _could_ you?_

_The king was horrified, at being caught no doubt. "_How_ could you do this to him?! He's only a child!", Esme was raising her voice. She was breathing heavily, and she kept doing that until she saw the look of pure fear in her son's eyes when he could feel the rage radiating off of her. He took a few steps back, hiding behind a tree._

"_Oh, no no no, no. Don't hide", she said softly. She unmounted her horse and she walked over to her son's hiding place. He quivered at the sight of her, afraid that she too would beat him. _

"_No, no it's alright. It's alright, I won't hurt you. I will never hurt you". She spoke softly to her son, who ran straight into her

arms and clung to her tightly. The little boy shook terribly with fear, and he began to weep into his mother's neck. Esme took her son up in her arms and carried him back to her horse._

_The queen looked at her husband coldly, hatefully. The only thing that didn't show on her face was her confusion. She didn't understand. She didn't understand how _anyone_, including the king, would ever even think of wanting to harm her son. Her beautiful little boy, his tiny body curled up in a ball, tucked away into the safety blanket of his mother's arms, riding back to the castle that from now on wouldn't be their home. It would be their prison._

For the next 5 years, Esme trained her son, in every way necessary. Hunting, fighting, knowledge, all of which she trained him rigorously, in every aspect of the trinity. She taught him well, for she knew that one day, he would need to be prepared for the danger that she knew was yet to come.

****The Present****

The sorceress packed her things and was preparing for what lied ahead. She prepared for what she planned to do, and she prepared with swiftness. The only thing that troubled her was leaving the men behind. They were good men, under the rule of a bad one, but she had to get to her destination.

She had to warn the boy and the shifter of what was to come in what seemingly was the near future, before it was too late. She feared the worst would come in a matter of weeks. She had to get to them, she just _had_ to. Her things were packed and she took one last look in her book. The books pages were worn with age, yet she could see the picture of the island perfectly.

She brushed the picture of the island ever-so-delicately, as if the page would crumble at her touch. She left the book open to that page, and she left to go eat breakfast. Little did she know, the stowaway had hidden away in the crevice of her room and went over to her nightstand, looking at the page long enough to figure out where she was leading them.

The stowaway closed the book and crawled back into the crevice before anyone could notice.

****Alex****

Someone once said that the eyes were the windows to the soul. Those words stayed with Alex all his life, and now he had seen living proof that it was true. That day, in the stone-cold Haddock girl's eyes, he didn't see a wall, or stone, or ice. He saw a person, even if it was only a tiny glimpse before she turned away, hiding behind the walls in her head.

Alex was _really_ starting to hate those walls. In that moment, he learned that she was a human, no matter how hard she tried to conceal it, she was only human, and no matter how long they build up walls, eventually they'd come down, and her walls _would_ come down, if he had anything to say about it.

He started to follow her, but everyone kept piling around him with congratulatory stares, and he was uncomfortable with all the

attention, which was more than he had ever gotten in his years back home. The academy spent the entire afternoon assessing Aron's skills, reflexes, endurance, strength, agility, speed, intelligence, all of that. All of those things matched right up there with Fennrys, but it wasn't a surprise, given that Aron was Night Fury. Whether his scales were white or black, he was still a Night Fury.

When it was sundown, Alex and Aron headed back to the forge. Alex had been sleeping at the forge for the past 2 weeks. He had grown used to the cold stone floor, but he had to admit it was hard on the back, and he knew that with Aron staying there, the space would get a whole lot smaller, but he didn't care. He had his best friend back, and that was all that mattered.

But that night, things got very, very strange.

****Alex's POV****

It was dark. There was nothing. Nothing but myself and the pitch black nothingness. I was completely alone in said nothingness, at least, that's what I thought. There I stood and then I heard the noise. I didn't know what exactly the noise was, because this wasn't a noise that I recognized. I would've liked to think that the noise was a figment of my subconscious mind, but that of course was never the case.

So I followed the noise. It seemed like I'd been following it for hours, yet only minutes passed by, but time could be funny in your mind, couldn't it? At least, that's where I thought I was, but I wasn't sure. The more I followed the sound, the clearer it became. The sound was a scream of pure terror, and then it shifted to cries of disbelief, and then just downright sobs. The nothingness shifted and swirled and changed until the image in front of me became clear.

_Suddenly I was standing in the woods of Berk. The sobs became clearer, and a little louder. I turned and turned around, again and again, until I finally found the source of the crying. In that moment, I would never be able to unsee, forget, or erase from my mind what I saw next. _

I saw Jane. Her face was red and puffy and streaked with tears, and her breath was shaky. As to why she was crying, the reason lay right in front of her, literally. I saw Hiccup laid down in front of his sister. His eyes were open and his throat was slit, quite gruesomely I might add considering the amount of blood that poured from the wound. His face was pale and white, as if the life were drained out of him.

_Honestly, I didn't know which was more worthy of a _"Holy Mother of all Hell", _Hiccup's bloody throat, or Jane expressing human emotion. Either way, I would never unsee those things, and I would never forget those things. I was scared to death, but for some reason, I couldn't look away. _

What was I doing here? Was Hiccup really dead? Was this real? I didn't know. "What the hell is going on?", I asked to myself. Big mistake. Jane's gaze shifted from her dead brother up to me. The emerald eyes pierced me hard, like a spear being pushed into my chest, ready to impale me whenever it pleased.

_Now, she looked angry. "_What_ are you doing here?", she demanded.

—

There were no words that I could find to describe the pure fury in the girl's voice. I started to feel nauseous, and that's when it hit me. The pain. I clutched my head as the pain made its way there. It felt like someone was squeezing my head, along with my insides, tighter and tighter. I felt myself being pushed out, like I was being exiled, and then—|

I woke up panting and I felt that I could move again. My body shuddered with relief as it grasped ahold of its freedom, traumatized at the constriction that had been brought upon it. I sucked in breathes as my chest was realizing that it could expand again. I almost didn't notice that it was morning. I trembled at the thought of what was in my subconscious. Why the hell would those images even be _in_ my head?

"Nice to see _you_ awake", a familiar teenage voice said. I stood up with shaky legs, and I saw that it was Hiccup, in all his scrawny, peg-legged glory. I closed my eyes and sighed a little. What I had seen wasn't real. Thank God a thousand times for that. But now as I was looking at him, I was instantly reminded of the image of his bloody throat. Hiccup cocked his head to one side, confused.

"Are you okay?", He asked. "You look like you've seen a ghost".

Aron cocked his head to one side, his eyes a little worried, as if sensing my mixed fear and bafflement, with a just a touch of horror. "Yeah, I'm-, I'm fine", I answered not very convincingly. Aron raised one of his eyelids up, like the place where an eyebrow would be, in an I-don't-believe-you-for-a-second face.

I bent down to my dragon's face and I whispered, "I'll tell you about it later bud, okay?".

He gave me a dissatisfied warble before walking off to eat a barrel of fish that was just lying around, looking innocent as ever. If only I was like him, not having a care in the world, not haunted by horrifying images. I was too distracted. I had to know what happened. I _had _to know. "Hiccup, where's your sister?", I asked.

"Down at the cove, why?", he asked, his inquisitive nature kicking in.

"Thanks", I said, without answering his question. I don't know about you guys, but I don't think he'd be too pleased with the explanation of seeing what he looked like with a slit throat. I rushed off to the cove as fast as I could. So many questions were brimming in my head, but the most important one was this.

Why? Why did I see that? Why was my mind coming up with these images? Was I foretelling the future? No, if that had been the case, I wouldn't have been pushed out. I started to feel a little sick as I remembered the feeling of tightness in my head. I shook my head and I kept running towards the cove, running to the tormented soul with piercing green pools of emerald.

****Jane's POV****

The nightmares kept getting worse and worse, each death a baby step up from the next. I saw my brother get stabbed in various places, I'd seen his neck snapped, and in the most recent one, a slit throat. The image of the blood pouring from his throat was still fresh, and it still stung me like a slap in the face. And the worst part, someone was there to witness it.

My blood boiled as Alex's face came to mind. Who did he think he was, barging into my mind and seeing my nightmares? Right then and there, I wanted to gouge his pretty little eyes out. I wanted to make him pay for what he had done. I wanted toâ€¦

'_No, no, no, no, stop it!', _I told myself, trying to stop the dark thoughts from clouding my mind. I had to rid myself of them before they took control of me. I felt my wrist grow hot as my conflicted emotions were amplified. '_No! No, not now', _I thought. I had to get control. I fought myself, and I focused.

I concentrated, blocking out the thoughts from my head, feeling my limbs relax, and I was still. I sighed in relief as I regained control of myself, and I was scared at how close I came that time. Over the past five years, I had learned to control it, but now, I was losing my grip. I wondered how long it would be before I lost my hold on it. I was taking deep breathes, when I heard quick footsteps, light footsteps. I looked at the top of the cove, and who else do I see but the intruder himself?

I feel myself growing rigid as he gets closer and closer to me. His icy blue eyes were filled with agitation and shock. It wasn't even his damn dream. Not by a longshot. I felt my expression shifting to anger as Alex approached, and he stepped back a little. "What the hell are you doing here?", I asked, low and strained, trying so hard to keep it together.

"I-, I-," he stammers. "Are-, Did you see it too?"

"See what?", I asked.

"I think you know what", he says, taking a step towards me.

"You caught me", I said, my tone darkly sarcastic. "You're not the only one. You and I both saw my brother's bloody throat, but the question is, why?". I was starting to sound a little deranged.

"_Why_ were you there?"

"I-, I don't know", he answered, sounding confused. "I was hoping you could answer that".

"I mean, how could you have even been there? I mean there's no way that you could've even been there unlessâ€¦ unless you wereâ€¦"

It took a moment, but then I figured it out.

"You liar", I seethed under my breath.

"What?", he said, sounding out of breath. "What the hell are you talking about?".

I couldn't believe it. He had been lying to me this entire time, how could I not sense it? None of this made sense. Why was he here? And was he what I thought he was? I continued to relay my thoughts out loud as I came to realize the truth about Alex, or at least one of the truths. I looked him right in the eye, completely devoid of emotion.

"You're a telepath", I said under my breath.

"What?", he said, not hearing me.

"You're a telepath, aren't you?", I said louder, with more conviction. As soon as the words left my lips, his eyes widened, indicating that I had struck a nerve. He took a few steps back, putting distance between us. For some reason, it felt wrong for there to be distance between us, and I didn't know why.

I took a few steps toward Alex, closing off the distance. I was standing 2 feet away from him. "_Answer _me. You're a telepath, aren't you?", I asked once more.

He seemed to calm down, and he ran his fingers along the back of his head. "Not exactly", he answered sheepishly. Huh?

"What does _that _mean?", I asked, getting irritated with his evasiveness. He looked nervous now, agitation evident in his ice blue eyes. And what surprised me was that I wanted to calm him down. There was some small part of me that wanted to tell him that it would be okay, that wanted to see the normal, arrogant gleam in his eyes, but that part of me resided in my heart, and I barely listened to that anymore.

When he didn't answer for some time, I got even more irritated. "Look, if you're gonna be staying here, I have to know I can trust you", I stated.

At this, his whole demeanor grew hard. He took long strides and crossed over to me in 2 steps. He was standing at least 5 inches away from my face, and his body seemed to tighten. "I could say the same of you", he said, his voice completely devoid of emotion. I'll admit, I was a little intimidated, but I kept my cool.

"Let me tell you something, princess. Trust goes both ways. You of all people should know that better than anyone. You want me to trust you? Don't treat me like I'm a goddamn criminal", he said, his voice low and firm. I was shocked. No one had ever spoken to me that way before, because most people were afraid of me, but not him. Not Alex.

"Look, I'll tell you what you want to know, alright? But let me tell you this. I'm not going anywhere. I'll stay out of your way, I'll share the load, whatever I need to do, but I'm _not_ going anywhere", he said, the hardness gone but the firmness still there. He was willing to just _tell_ me what I wanted to know, just like that?

I relaxed my shoulders and I sighed, but I didn't let my guard down, not for one second. "You'll tell me whatever I ask?".

"Yeah", he said, without even a trace of hesitation. I still found

myself shocked. I was in uncharted territory. I mean seriously, I'd never met anyone who would just out and out tell me what I wanted to know straight up, no one except my brother. So naturally, my first instinct is to proceed with caution.

"Okay, so explain. What do you mean you're not exactly a telepath?"

"Well, I call it reading people. I guess you could say that it's a form of telepathy, but I'm the only one I've ever heard of with this particular power".

"Okay, so how does it work?"

"Well, it-, it's kind of hard to explain. It's like, like just by looking at a person, I know everything about them. Their name, when they were born, what they've done, what they're capable of, their weak spots, they're next move. Everything except your mind".

As he told me the truth about his ability, my heartbeat kept getting faster. I didn't know how many times he looked at me in the 2 weeks that he'd been here. All that time, he had been able to know my deepest, darkest secrets, look into the deepest, darkest, most twisted corners of my mind. Did he know the truth about me?

"So what do you know about me?", I said at barely a whisper, my voice strained.

"Nothing", he said, as if disbelieving it himself. "When I first came here, I tried to read you, but I was exiled at first glance. You, princess, have too many walls in your head".

"Not enough apparently, if you can get into my head once. I mean where do you get the nerve, watching my nightmares like that?! You had no right!", I shouted. I shoved him back as my anger grew again, and then I clenched my fists as my wrist started to burn again, sending searing pain throughout my entire arm. The more I fought it, the more my wrist burned.

"For God's sake, it was an accident! Believe me, I wish I hadn't seen it, but I did. I was in your head by accident. I didn't mean to witness the scary shit that goes on in there! But you know what? You're gonna have to start accepting the fact that I saw what I saw, and I can't unsee it, no matter how hard I try to forget, that image is with me forever. That image".

Alex's outburst is what finally stopped the burning. Somehow, he snapped me out of it, somehow he brought me back to myself in that instance. I didn't know how, but he did it. The burning in my wrist was gone, and I was in control.

After his little outburst. Alex started to calm down. His limbs relaxed and there was nothing but tenderness in his mesmerizing ice blue eyes. It took all my willpower not to go weak at the knees. "It's with both of us, forever", I agreed.

He walked toward me, the tenderness still in his eyes. He put a hand on my shoulder, and he looked right at me. "Look, I know that you don't like me all that much, and I'm sure that you have reasons for being guarded, but can we at least try and be friends? Please?"

Because if that dream thing ever happens again, I'd like for my limbs not to be hacked off".

I couldn't help myself. I smiled at the comment, chuckling to myself. Alex flashed his signature smirk, revealing his dimples. "Is there anything else I don't know about you?", I asked.

"All in good time", he answered. Man, I hated to be on the receiving end of this. I really did. Now I know how Hiccup feels.

"Alright, well, I better go".

"Aww really? I was kind of enjoying our little talk. You didn't even shove me against rock this time", he said sarcastically.

I smiled, amused by his sarcasm. I turned around and left him in the cove, heading to the forge.

****Meanwhile****

The sorceress was finally ready to carry out her plan. It wasn't the most morally ethical of plans, she would admit. Under normal circumstances, she wouldn't be able to tolerate deaths on her hands, but these weren't normal circumstances. She could feel the Battle of the Furies growing nearer and nearer, and as much as she wanted to be wrong, the shifter was right in the middle of it.

She sighed as she walked out of her cabin, looking at it one last time, given that it would most likely be underwater in a few hours, and she closed the door behind her. She would have to put her conscience aside for now, if everything was to go according to plan. She walked up the stairs above deck, and she looked over the port bow.

She had to squint her eyes a little, but she saw that her reinforcements were here. They were deep in the water, careful not to fall into the line of sight of any humans. Scauldrons were clever creatures when immersed in their natural habitat. The sorceress closed her eyes and waited for just the right moment.

She stepped onto the ledge of the ship, and then she closed her eyes. She breathed in the salty sea air, taking in the sights and scents all around her. She was just about to give the signal, when the British soldiers all piled out onto the top deck and saw her standing there.

"Oi, get down from there, witch. The king don't want you gettin' hurt!", one of the soldiers yelled in a deep cockney accent. The sorceress was getting soooooo tired of the king and his orders. She knew that this would all be over in a matter of seconds.

"I would step back if I were you", she said casually, as if their lives weren't about to be threatened in the next few minutes.

"We don't take orders from tha likes a' you, witch. We answer only to the king", said the same soldier. She turned around from her place on the ledge, and looked the soldiers dead in the eyes, her ice blue eyes as intimidating as they were beautiful.

"Well then, tell your_ king, _that the deal is off", she said. She

turned around and she jumped over the edge. She plunged into the water with slight pain, and then it subsided. Once she was in the water, she began to concentrate. She willed her limbs to change and altered her appendages to accommodate to the water.

When the change had finished, her skin was as soft and fair as it truly was, her hair once again its ice blonde, long and soft and glossy as it really was. As she willed her legs to meld together, silver scales sprouted up. Her feet elongated and stretched out to form a silver, flowing fin. In a matter of seconds, she had taken the form of a beautiful mermaid, the fastest creature in the sea, not to mention one of her favorite forms to take.

She then gave the signal to her Scauldron friends, who charged at the ship, buying time for their friend, who was now swimming as fast as she could to her destination. She stopped and she looked back for a second. She saw the Scauldrons banging at the ship, but they were careful not to tear holes in the bottom of the ship. They were only meant to create turbulence.

She worried for her reptilian friends, but she didn't have much time, so she sent up a silent prayer to the gods in hopes that they would protect the dragons. She then turned towards the direction of her destination, and she fought back tears, and before she continued on, she closed her eyes.

"I am coming, my children", she said. "I am coming".

44. Set Course For Berk

The girl was frightened, more frightened than she had ever been in her entire life. One minute, she was sleeping peacefully in her bed, and then the next thing she knew, she smelled smoke. The smoke covered her entire house like a thick, dark fog, and she coughed and coughed, trying not to inhale it as she ran through the house. That's when she saw the fire, the liquid amber flames sprouting up from the wood in her cottage.

"_Mom!", she yelled. "Mom!". She held her arms out in front of her in an attempt to shield herself from the fire. "Aurora!", she yelled once more, calling for her best friend, hoping that she had gotten out safely. _

The girl felt hands wrap around her waist, and then she got scared. She kicked and screamed and flailed, but the arms held tight, so tight that the girl almost couldn't breathe. About 3 seconds later, the girl was out of the house, and she was still struggling to get out of the arms that held her captive.

"_Jane! Jane, stop! It's alright, it's alright. It's me", said a familiar voice. The girl turned around and who does she see but her mother? Upon seeing her, the girl wrapped her arms tightly around her mother's neck. Her mother returned the embrace, but she knew that there wasn't much time._

Her mother unwrapped her daughter's arms from around her neck. The woman looked at her daughter with urgency. "There isn't much time", she said. "You must hurry".

The girl's eyes carried tears, as did the mother. She did not want leave her daughter, nor did her daughter want to leave her, but they both knew that it was the only way to get out of this alive. The girl's dragon ran up to her, and the mother looked at the young dragon. The girl's mother spoke shakily with tears in her eyes.

"_Now ye make sure that she stays alive. Keep my daughter safe. Do ye understand?". The young dragon nodded hurriedly. Jane watched as her house was burst into flames, the purple glow of the plasma blasts radiating from it. To say she was shocked would've been the understatement of the century._

She was frozen by the shock, she could not move. "Come on! We have to go! NOW!", her dragon called. If only she had heeded her friend's calls. Then the lasting pain that would be hers in the future could've been avoided. She still stood there, watching her life being burnt to the ground. "Jane, snap out of it!", the young dragon called once more. "COME ON!".

Finally, the girl came to grips with reality, and only a split second later, she decided to run. She ran to her dragon and mounted her, then they took off into the woods. The young dragon kept running and running, but she knew it wasn't wise to fly in the woods, but at this point, she was willing to try anything.

_Not willing enough it seemed. Out of nowhere, White Night Furies cornered them from all sides, but still the young dragon kept running, and refused to give up. But then that's where things went wrong. The girl clung to her dragon, but not tightly enough. She saw the plasma blast coming, and before she knew it, she felt the burn for only a split second before the force of it catapulted her off her dragon. She landed hard on the ground, but she was alright. The girl was surprisingly resilient. _

She got right back up and she ran. She ran and she ran and she kept running, unaware of the true danger that chased after her. She sensed something more powerful than the White Night Furies that chased her. She kept running until she tripped and fell, and even then she dragged herself away, but nothing could've saved her from what had happened next.

_She was surrounded by White Night Furies. She was able to stand up and keep running, but little did she know, the real danger was above her, ready to strike just as soon as the time was right. _

****Jane's POV****

As I headed to the forge, I could still feel a slight grin on my face. From Alex, no doubt. Today's confrontation left me with many questions, like whether or not he actually knew what was in my head, and did we just become friends suddenly? I didn't know, but I figured I would sort it out later.

But right now, I was focused on what he knew about me. How much did he know? I wrapped my fingers around my wrist and started to rub it. If he were to find out, if _anyone_ were to find out the truthâ€¦|

No. I wouldn't let that happen. I controlled my breathing as I

convinced myself that the truth about me was something I would carry to my grave if I had to. I had to conceal it, if I wanted to protect the ones that I loved. Sometimes, I felt like secrets were the only thing standing between those that I loved, and what I was trying to protect them from.

Given that, I suddenly felt like a very scummy person. As I approached the forge, I saw my brother sharpening a sword, and I saw that he and Gobber were conversing fluently in the language of sarcasm. Upon seeing that, I felt guilt like a hand twisting my insides. Why did I have to keep so many secrets? Why did I have to be the most horrible, scummy, miserable excuse for a sister that ever lived in the history of history itself?

If I were a good sister, Hiccup would know everything, but then he would be in grave danger. Gods dammit, of all the girls in the world that could've been his twin, Hiccup just_ had_ to get stuck with _me_ in the womb, me and my secret, messed up life that was so full of crap. Honestly, I didn't know how he put up with it, I really didn't.

I walked into the forge, and Hiccup was gone. I looked around for him and then I saw the swords. I saw the wall of sharp things, gleaming shiny silver, rather than the dirty tinge of the other weapons, and I assumed that these were made from Gronckle Iron. I picked one of the swords from the wall and I held it. It was lighter than any other sword I'd ever held, so it was _definitely_ made out of Gronckle Iron.

I hung it back on the wall, and then I ran my fingers along the rest of the weapons. They were surprisingly smooth. That was when I heard the shuffling footsteps. That was when I turned my head and saw my brother scrambling around, trying to put newly made weapons in their rightful place. "Sorry Gobber! I was- I was just fixing a few things for-", he stopped talking as soon as he saw that it was me.

"Oh, hey. It's just you", he said, sounding relieved. His look of relief turned to an inquisitive look, which was never a good sign.

"Well hello there, little brother", I said with a smirk.

"2 minutes! 2 freakin' minutes!", he complained, refusing to admit defeat in this ongoing sibling debate that was now reaching its 2 month mark. And while he was ranting shortly, he managed to knock some tools over, in which case he had to bend down, and in the process tripping on his metal prosthetic, and thus falling on the floor.

It took all my willpower not to laugh, and it remained evident on my face that I was trying not to.

"Ah, so you admit defeat", I shot back, in a nonchalant, smug manner, while also sneaking in a little chuckle.

"I admit nothing", he replied stubbornly, but while chuckling, in which case I started chuckling once more. He held out his hand for me to help him and so I took it, yanking him up, harder than I intended to, and I became aware of just how light he was, how easy it would be for someone to just snap him in half, how easy it would be.

And yet again I managed to traumatize myself with images of all the different ways that Hiccup could meet his demise. But that was not evident on my face, because I wouldn't allow it to be.

"So what are you doing here?", he asked.

"What? I have to have a reason to visit my dear little brother?", I said, reopening the argument, because I needed a distraction from what I was dreading telling him. He just shook his head and looked up, as if to say, '_Why me?_'.

"No", he finally said. "Actually, I'm glad you stopped by".

"Oh? And why would that be?", I asked.

"Because maybe you can tell me what's going on with Alex?", he asked. "He seemed kinda jumpy this morning".

"Yeah about that-", I began

"He asked to see you and he wouldn't tell me why", he filled in, slipping in just enough suspicion into his tone for me to tell that his inquisitive nature was kicking in.

"What's going on?", he asked finally.

Damn it. He just had to ask the question. Even when we were having what I guessed normal twins would call a normal conversation. Honestly, I didn't know I'd be able to get through telling him without the familiar burning in my wrist that I had grown used to over the years, without riskingâ€¦|

No. I couldn't think like that. If it started, I would stop it. I would control it. I would not allow myself to hurt Hiccup, no matter how hard I had to fight myself, I would not allow myself to hurt him. I turned towards him and I took a deep breath. I could do this, I could do this.

"He was in my head", I said, my voice low and quiet, but not like, quiet-as-a-mouse quiet, just quiet enough so Hiccup could barely hear what I was saying. I was sure that he caught my words just then, because his head cocked to one side in a confused look. "Huh?", he asked.

I took a deep breath, and I proceeded to tell him the subconscious events of last night. "Well, last night, I was dreaming. I was in the woods, and trust me when I tell you I saw something that I'll never unsee".

He nodded his head in understanding. "Okay, go on", he said while twirling his hand, clearly not going to ask what my dream was about. Thank the Gods.

"Kay, so as I was looking at said thing, who else but Alex shows up?", I said, annoyance lining the sentence. Hiccup's lips curled up in a just-barely-enough-to-see-it-smirk. I would've playfully smacked him on the shoulder, but given my situation, that would result in the risk of damaging him, and the same goes for anyone else, so I tried to limit my physical contact with people. Sad, but true.

"Shut up. It wasn't like that", I said with a smile on my face.

"Riiigght", he said, sliding the word, just enough to let on that he was mocking me. I mentally smacked him on the shoulder and then I proceeded to tell him the rest of the story.

"So _anyway", _I said, putting enough emphasis on the word to get him to wipe the smirk off of his face, "said thing was so disturbing that I started crying and then _very_ much to my dismay, Alex shows up and witnesses both things".

I stopped talking and looked at Hiccup, who was dead still, and dead silent. His face stood still, but his eyes grew until they almost popped out of his head. "Yes Hiccup. Believe it or not, I can experience human emotion", I said dryly.

"Okay so how did he even get _into_ your head? I've heard from a _very_ reliable source that it's fortified all the way to Valhalla", he asked, lacing his question with his usual sarcasm.

"Well, what can I say? Scary shit goes on in here", I said, pointing to my head.

"Come on, it can't be that bad", he replied, actually meaning it.

"Oh yes it can", I said without elaborating.

"This _scary shit_ wouldn't happen to have anything to do with Alex, now would it?", Hiccup said, the smirk coming back. I kind of had to think for a second about what that meant, when it came to me a split second later.

"Oh. Oh Gods no! Hell no!", I shouted. By this time, Hiccup was laughing so hard.

"Okay, would you _stop_?! I'm trying to be serious here!", I shouted, trying to be rock hard and failing miserably, laughing uncontrollably.

"Okay, you know what? I'm just gonna let Alex explain it to you, since _clearly_, your mind is in the gutter", I stated, regaining my composure, trying to keep myself from cracking up again.

"Oh come on. Don't go, it's been a slow day, and I'm bored", he complained.

"Well, I'm not always gonna be around to entertain you with my nonexistent boy fantasies", I remarked sarcastically.

"Ah, so you admit that you fantasize. For shame, sister. For shame", he mocked, crossing his fingers in the 'tsk, tsk' motion.

"Speak for yourself. You're like a little puppy when it comes to Astrid", I shot back.

"I can vouch fer thaht", commented Gobber, who was somewhere in the back of the shop, sharpening a sword. I smirked at my brother and he

just shrugged with an annoyed look on his face.

"Thanks Gobber, I knew I could count on you", Hiccup sarcastically shouted to the blacksmith.

"Always happy to help", Gobber replied.

'_This is what it should be like'_ , I thought. '_No wars, no Masters, no hiding, no secrets, just me and my brother, speaking fluently in the language of sarcasm because we had nothing better to do, laughing while our mind are in the gutters, rolling down the hill above Thor's beach, just like when we were young._

But that couldn't happen. No matter how much I hoped that this would all come to a happy ending, it wouldn't. My time was running out, and sooner or later, I'd have to accept it, but for right now, I'd try and carve out a few memories that I'd take with me into the next life.

"Oi, Hiccup! I need yer help in here! Ow, Gods that's hot!", Gobber yelled to his apprentice. Hiccup closed his eyes, pinched the bridge of his nose, and shook his head, as if to say '_Gods, do I have to do everything around here_?'

He looked at me with an apologetic face. "It's okay. Go, do your job. I have to go do something anyway", I said. He cocked his head to one side, looking confused.

"Go", I told him. Finally, he jogged back to where Gobber was, and his gasp was nothing short of horrified.

"Gobber, what the- how did you spill this lava?!", Hiccup exclaimed to his mentor.

"Never mind that! Help me get this cleaned up!", Gobber yelled to his apprentice.

By that time, I was already out of the shop and heading for the crypt, attempting to locate my dragon once again. Ever since it had been confirmed that she was in fact alive, I had been sitting in the crypt, performing the looking glass/locator spell, trying to find her. The spell could only be done once a day, since it took a lot of energy and concentration.

Which was weird, considering that this kind of spell only requires concentration, and not energy, which could only mean 2 things. That either something was blocking my gem's magic, or she didn't want to be found, or both. But I wasn't giving up. I was going to find my dragon. Whether she liked it or not, I was going to find her.

So now here I was, in the woods, and who else but Alex shows up? I'll admit, I was annoyed that this will be technically be the 3rd time that I've seen him in the last 10 hours, and at the same time, I was actually kind of happy to see him this time. He ran up to me, and when he finally got to me, he ran a hand through his tousled, icy blonde hair.

"Hey. There you are", he said. "I've been looking for you".

"You have?", I asked, genuinely confused.

"Why yes princess. As it turns out, you are sought after by the most eligible bachelor that this island has to offer", he replied in that charming, carefree way of his.

"Really, where is he then?", I asked with a smirk, ruining his attempt to be charming. I wanted to blame my behavior on my brain that once again was telling me that it was no time for boys, but deep down, I just wanted to tease and be flirty for once, but that was my heart speaking. But really, what could it hurt just to tease. Right?

"What? Oh come on, that is just-", he said, and in response to this, I giggled. Wait, why was I giggling? I never giggled, like ever. So why was I just now starting?

"Okay so, what brings you out into the woods to find me?", I asked.

"Ah you know me, always have to save a damsel in distress", he replied, in which he got smacked in the shoulder by yours truly.

"Seriously, what are you doing?", I asked once more. His entire posture softened just a bit, almost looking sympathetic.

"You really wanna know? I've been thinking a lot lately", he began.

"Wow. This must be serious if you're actually thinking", I remarked with a smirk.

"Okay, I'm trying to be nice princess. Work with me here", he replied in response to my remark. I could see a his lips curling up in a small smile, the slight folds of his dimples coming into view.

"So anyway, I've been thinking, and-", he began.

"And?".

"I'm gonna help you find Aurora".

****Meanwhile****

"So you mean to tell me that she jumped over the side of the ship, and now we are all but lost at sea?", the king said through his gritting teeth, trying to control his anger.

"Yes my king", said the guard with the deep cockney accent, Gareth was his name.

"And she says our deal is all but null and void?", asked the king again.

"Yes, my king", was all Gareth had said.

The king trembled with rage. He knew something like this would happen, he just knew it, but what choice did he have? The damned witch was his only hope of finding his son and getting through this God forsaken ocean, but now, they might as well be dead.

"Did she leave anything behind, Gareth?".

"No, my king. We found nothing in her cabin", Gareth replied obediently.

"Hold that thought Gareth", said a familiar voice, a voice that sounded likeâ€|

"James?", the king said.

The king turned around, and saw that it was just who he said it was, his son James. James was the stowaway, James was the son who saw reason, the one out of his two sons who was sane.

As soon as he saw his son, the anger became evident in his face, and he knew this because James widened his eyes and raised his hand to his father, as if the prince wanted to calm the king down.

"Alright, yes I know, I shouldn't have stowed away, but before you bite my head off, here". The prince handed his father a book, opened to a page with a picture of an island on it, and the course required to get there.

"What am I looking at exactly?", the king asked.

"I saw the sorceress looking at a certain page every night of this voyage. I believe this was it", James replied. The king tried to make out the words on the page. His memory was a little rusty on runes, but after a few minutes, he could make out the encrypted word. _Berk.

—

Berk. This was where she was going? Berk, an island full of mindless, barbaric vikings, and even more abundant in soulless, winged reptiles. Why here? Was this where Alexander was?

"I know it seems like a shot in the dark, but maybe this is where Alexander is. I think maybe she wanted him all to herself and that's why she left you", James stated.

The king considered this, considered going to this unknown land, with unknown horrors, and an unknown outcome. But the king was determined. Whether he wanted to or not, Alexander was coming home. Alexander was the only thing that the king had left of Esme, his one true love. He would get him back.

He turned to the captain of the ship, and gave one instruction. "Set course for the island of Berk".

* * *

><p>AN: Hello everyone. I apologize for taking so long to update, I blame it on my lack of inspiration and my writer's block, but these are just excuses. These excuses are true, but they're excuses nonetheless. But despite these horrible afflictions, I refuse to give up on this story! I will keep writing this, I can promise you that. **

**I don't ask this often, but anyone who reads this chapter, please review and tell me honestly what you think of this this chapter, and

what you think of the story so far. Tell me what I need to improve on to make my story better and more enjoyable for all of you. That will be greatly appreciated.**

**And one more thing. My character playlist. Please if you have any ideas for character songs, or characters to choose songs for, please PM me. That will also be greatly appreciated. **

I hope you enjoy!

45. Out of Time

The Master was a particularly cunning individual. His control over others and his abilities to control others were unequalled, well, except by the mighty Bewilderbeast, no doubt, but with time, he could grow stronger than the mighty dragon itself.

As an Alpha, he has control over all of his Night Furies, or Light Furies he sometimes called them. But this was never enough for him. His power was unlike anything that anyone had ever seen, except for his Furies. He ruled by fear, by force, he was corrupt in every way, he alone had the power to bend the will of those within his sphere of control, that being the White Night Furies.

Those outside his sphere of control however, were dealt with in a very special way. Those outside his sphere of control, were branded. Now the thing about brands, is that brands are very tricky, sneaky things. The weak-willed are controlled instantly, without any difficulty, it doesn't require a brand for them. The brands are reserved for the strong-willed.

The affect that the brand has on the strong-willed is torture. Overtime, the brand puts images in their heads, amplifying their emotions, making them volatile, liable to do anything drastic. The brand overtime, can make them go insane, make them hard like stone, make them cut themselves off from the outside world, until there is nothing left for them, and the will to live is completely destroyed, without any hope of ever being salvaged.

Jane's POV

The thing about secrets, is that they come back to bite you in the ass. Take right now for instance. Here I am, riding with Alex on Aron, well, standing is more like it. It was yesterday that Alex had offered to help me, and it was last night that I had to break the news to Fenn. In hindsight, it probably wasn't the best idea, but what other choice did I have? The Master's soldiers were closing in on us, and it probably wouldn't be long before they tore Berk apart looking for us.

Did I mention that Hiccup to stay back? Weird, right? It could've been because Fenn didn't want to go, that he needed time to cool off, but the real reasons he stayed back were A)because he didn't want to see Aurora right now, even if we did find her, and B) right now, it took all of his willpower not to rip Aron's head off, but that wasn't important.

I kept looking over my shoulder, feeling like we were being watched, like we were being followed. I shrugged it off, just thinking that my

paranoia was switching into overdrive, but there was some small part of me that knew better.

"Anything yet?", I asked Aron.

"So far, her essence has been on every island we've passed. Clever little reptile", he muttered under his breath. She was a clever one indeed. I kept my eyes on the horizon.

"If it makes you feel any better, we're getting closer", Aron said, trying to reassure me, to no avail. I looked over my shoulder one more time, when I saw the clouds moving past us, like they were being fluffed out of place. Alright, now I was seeing things, or was I?

I was so lost in thought, I hadn't noticed that Aron landed on the beach of Changewing Island, running toward a cave and scraping at it. That was when the pain hit me. It felt like someone was driving a splintery wooden stake into my temples. I choked on my screams and I clutched my head, and that's when I got the images.

The center of the Catacombs, the Cavern of the Elders, blood, there was blood everywhere, and then the images faded, and then it stopped. Once it did, I was doubled over, gasping in an attempt not to have a panic attack. I almost didn't notice Alex in front of me, clutching my shoulders and looking at me worriedly with his ice blue eyes. Damn it, I was starting to love those eyes, but that wasn't important right now.

Speaking of his eyes, they trailed back to Aron, who was still scratching on the rocks. We ran over, and we found that there was a Catacomb entrance, which apparently Aron was trying to get into.

"Whoa, hey calm do-", Alex tried to say before we were all suddenly sucked into the entrance, tumbling down, down, down. Literally, these tunnels went straight down. Imagine free-falling in a bottomless rusty iron cage that had spikes on the inside of it and was too narrow for a dragon's wings to spread and to fly us out. That's what it was like, and it freaking sucked. Everyone kept bombarding into one another, and it continued like that for Thor-knows-how-long.

Then the tunnel curved and jutted out to the side, which resulted in a very painful tumble out of said tunnel. I now officially hated that tunnel, but I was perplexed. Catacomb entrances never just sucked in Keepers.

"What the hell was that?", asked Alex, who was rolling and rubbing his shoulder.

"That's what I'd like to know", I said. "Aron, is she down here?"

"No, but she was here recently. I think we should check it out", Aron said.

"Oh, sure. Go down the dark, creepy tunnel. _That's_ surefire way not to get eaten", Alex sarcastically remarked.

"Okay. Is _now_ really a good time for sarcasm? We just got sucked

into Catacomb entrance and you're worried about getting eaten by something from a dark creepy tunnel?", I snapped.

"Yes, actually I am. You know what? You should be thanking me. I volunteered to help you find Aurora, and all I'm getting is backtalk from the likes of you", Alex snapped back.

"The likes of me? What the hell is _that_ supposed to mean?".

"Hey guys", Aron said.

"Why should I have to explain myself to you, you brat?!", Alex shouted.

"Oh I'm a brat?! This from the guy who thinks and acts like _everyone_ is beneath them!", I shouted back.

"Guuuyys", Aron singsonged, trying to get our attention.

"Shut up! You don't know anything about me!", Alex shouted even louder, getting defensive.

"Don't tell me to shut up, you conceited, snot-nosed, low life,-"

"Godsdammit! Both of you, _shut _the hell up and listen!", Aron yelled. We would've kept going at it, but if looks could kill, Aron could've massacred an entire legion of men. So we did as he asked and shut up, and we listened. What I heard, I would never be able to forget.

I heard screams and battle cries, roars and rips and chews. I heard the sounds of the cries being cut short, choked sounds, like a light being snuffed out.

"What is that sound?", I whispered.

"I bet I know", Aron growled, under his breath.

I hoped like hell that we were wrong, but I guessed that we'd find out. Alex mounted Aron and then he held out his hand for me, as if the argument that we just had never happened, as if I didn't called him selfish, and I just took it without a second thought, and then I wrapped my arms around his torso, his strong, chiseled, firm torso.

'_Jane, this is not the time to fantasize about Alex!_', _my brain screamed. '_You're in the middle of a freaking emergency, this is no time for boys!_'

And as always, I listened to my brain, blocking out whatever thoughts that my heart had on the issue. I looked straight ahead and the cries dwindled, but they became louder, and we got closer to them. Aron ran and ran, even flew a little just to get to the source of the screams faster.

Aron used his echolocation to navigate through the dark, and he kept running. And then suddenly, there was a light at the end of the dark tunnel, which got bigger as we got closer. Then came the smoke, hanging like a thick fog, clouding our vision and constricting our

throats. The smoke was the least of our problems, the very least at that.

I coughed and wheezed as I tried to see through the smoke. Alex did the same, only he wasn't holding out his hand to shield his eyes. He held out his hand and the smoke seemed to move at his command, moving with his hand, moving away from it. I would've pondered what that meant, if I weren't distracted by the plasma blasts that seemed to be coming from the light within the dark tunnel.

The light was big now, and the sounds became more clear. "Get away! Run! Stand your ground!", the sounds seemed to say. The sounds were voices, the voices of the Keepers. We got closer and closer to the light, the sounds came to a climaxed scream, and then they stopped, just like that, they stopped.

When we finally got to the light, I saw why. Alex and I unmounted Aron and then we all hid, taking in the scene before us. I think I spoke for all three of us when I say that what we saw, we would never forget. We were in the Cavern of the Elders, the one where I had gone all those months ago, where the choice had been made. There was blood everywhere, just like in my vision. Only the scene before me was much more gruesome.

In the middle of the cavern, there had to have been at least a hundred bodies lying on top of one another. The bodies of Keepers, Keepers who fought to protect their sanctuary. There was no one else, no one but my small group and the bloodied bodies, dismembered and maimed, missing limbs and Thor-knows-what-else.

Alex, Aron and I walked out of our hiding place slowly and honestly, they were just as shocked as I was, if not more. The metallic smell of fresh blood assaulted my nose, and I nearly tripped on a chewed off arm. I got around the pile of bodies, and then what I saw next, well, let's just say I might as well have been clubbed in the face with a bludgeon, right then and there.

The graceful, snake-like necks of the Elder Dragons lay lifelessly on the floor, with nothing but one bite mark in each of their throats. And if that wasn't enough for you, the place was totally ransacked, but at least the Archives hadn't been touched. Oh sure, of all the things that were saved, it just_ had_ to be the Archives.

Finally, I was standing at Raia's head, looking down at who once was the High Elder, the leader of the Keepers, the one whom I answered to. I bent down and I started to stroke her forehead, fighting back tears. My feelings were coming to the surface, and as always, I blocked them out, or at least I was trying to this time.

I felt a hand on my shoulder, it's thumb stroking affectionately. I turned my head, and it was Alex, and then I looked back at Raia, and then to the rest of the Elders. Then without thinking, I instantly wrapped my arms around Alex's neck, pulling him close, because right now, I needed comfort. I didn't allow myself comfort often, but right now, I didn't really care.

To my great surprise, Alex wrapped his arms around me, returning the hug. His embrace wasn't tight, it was just meant to be comforting, and then we heard a low moan. I twisted around and then came the biggest relief I had all day.

"Raia?", I choked out as I hastily ran up to her. She tried to raise up her head, to no avail, it dropped back down to the hard, stone floor.

"We- we weren't prepared", Raia choked out. "We were careless. We- we didn't- think that he could-"

"I know", I whispered, trying to reassure her.

"Jane, you-"

"Don't try to talk Raia. You need to rest while I patch you up", I told her.

"No. You need, to hear this". When she said that, her speech was broken, like she was squeezing out every word.

"All- they are all dead. Last one- you are the last one", Raia said weakly.

"The last one, what?", I asked.

"You must, go now", Raia squeaked out. That was the last time she ever spoke, the last time she ever took a breath before she closed her eyes and started to shift and change, into flames of liquid gold, and she fused with my gem, her spirit and her aura of golden flames flowing into my gem, flowing into me.

I could not believe what just happened. Raia, of all the people in the world, chose to fuse with me, not something that I could dwell on for long, because not a few seconds after, I went still. '_No, no it can't be. How is this possible?',_ I thought after coming out of my vision.

I turned to Alex and Aron, who just stared dumbfounded at what just happened, at Raia fusing with me. When they saw the urgency that must've been in my eyes, they snapped back into reality.

"We gotta go. Now", I told them. And not two seconds after, Alex and I mounted Aron and he ran through the Catacombs. I told Aron which way to turn, where to go, which passage to take, until finally we reached my crypt. I opened the door and I ran through, trying to get to the Berk entrance, trying desperately.

"Whoa hey, what's going on? What's the rush?", Alex asked.

"There's no time! We have get to the village!", I shouted, and then I opened the crypt, getting through the tunnel and the opening crumbling as per the norm. I ran out into the cove, and ran up through the tunnel that Hiccup and I took to get here.

"Hey! Wait up!", Alex yelled, but it only took him and Aron three seconds to catch up with me, and then we all started running towards the village. It took us about 5 minutes to get to the outskirts of town, and that was the precise moment when we saw that all hell had broken loose.

****Jane's POV****

Time had always been a crucial component to my survival. Time was the thing that I had always kept, and it was time that had gotten me this far. Only now, time couldn't save me. Between right now and everything that went down in the catacombs, I couldn't catch my breath, and now this.

For a few seconds, all I could do was just stare. Stare at the pure, utter chaos taking place below me. The people of Berk scattered all over the village, going this way and that, like a colony of ants, some with raised weapons and others getting children to safety. The purple glow and the high-pitched whistling of plasma blasts resonated all throughout the entire island like a thousand battle horns, signaling that it was time for war.

All I could do was stare, and attempt to process that there was nothing I could do, there was nowhere to run, nowhere to hide. The White Night Furies were here, flying speedily and close to the ground, like shooting stars that had come down to Earth. All I could do was stare.

Like I have told you many times before, I had just about the absolute worst timing in the entire universe, so to say now wasn't a good time to be lost in my thoughts, would've been the understatement of the century. Finally, I felt long fingers grab me around my shoulders, jerking me back and forth as if I was being woken from a deep sleep.

"Jane!", a familiar voice yelled. As soon as the jerking stopped, I saw that Alex was the one that snapped me out of my trance, and now he was looking at me raptly, with something in his ice blue eyes that I could not place. Intensity? Anxiety?

"Jane, what the hell is-", Alex couldn't even finish his sentence when a plasma blast was hurled not ten feet away from us. I wrapped my arms around my head, preparing for the blast, preparing to get hit, feeling Alex slip away, feeling my feet leave the ground as the force of another oncoming plasma blast had me spiraling through the air. I ended up rolling on the sparse terrain and my eyesight had been momentarily clouded.

I attempted to push myself up off the dirt, and though my vision was distorted, I could faintly see white, hazy shapes that surrounded me, enclosing me in their circle. I blinked my eyes repeatedly, trying to clear my vision, even though I knew what surrounded me.

"Our search is over men", a voice said. The voice was thick with masculinity, smooth as glass, with a touch of despair to it. Matthias.

"Finally. Our suffering can end", Matthias whispered unsteadily. By that time, I could see the look on his face clearly, a look of complete and utter sadness and defeat, like he didn't have a choice, which he didn't in the matter, but that didn't mean that what he was doing acceptable.

I rose up, my chin held high, and I looked straight at Matthias. He wouldn't meet my eyes, no doubt ashamed about what he was being

forced to do, his sky blue eyes ridden with shame. "Please understand. If there were any other option-", he began.

"There is", I interceded. "You don't have to do this. You can live in peace here. You know this isn't right".

"Of course it isn't right! You think me, you think us all to be monsters? None of us had a choice in this. As long as he-, as long as the Master lives, none of us have a choice", Matthias roared. His chest heaved up and down as his breaths became deeper. For once, I had nothing to say. Matthias was right.

Before I could react, Matthias tackled me, pinning me to the ground with his paw. He pressed down on my chest, depleting the air in my lungs. I grabbed Matthias's paw, trying to pull it off me, trying to escape, but to no avail. As I lay there, I heard the voice in Matthias's head, and just two simple words were uttered.

'Kill her', the voice cooed. Matthias's claws dug into my skin as soon as the command had been spoken. Matthias's breath became shaky and ragged, complete and utter despair settling into his eyes. "I'm so sorry", he whispered raggedly. Then ever so slowly, he rose his free paw as high as his sockets would allow, claws extended to their fullest as he prepared to slay me.

So I shut my eyes, pleading to the gods that my demise would be swift. Was this how it was supposed to end for me, death by dragon? Considering the circumstances, I couldn't say that it surprised me. Honestly, right now for the first time in my life, I was completely and utterly terrified, but what was the point of that? I was going to die anyway. So I closed my eyes, and I accepted my fate, slackening my breathing and just waiting for the final blow to come. However, to my immense surprise, it never came.

So I open my eyes and what do I see? Matthias's eyes are thinned to slits and his limbs have gone rigid, as have his team of soldiers, but that wasn't what confused me. What confused me was the look on the general's face. "What the hell?", Matthias whispered. What the hell, indeed. Why did he seem confused? Wasn't this their Master controlling them? Only as I pushed myself up off the ground, my legs threatening to cave beneath me as my knees were bent, I realized that I was wrong, I was so wrong.

"Let. Her. Go". Alex's voice rang in my head, clear as day, making me question all that I knew about anyone who used magic, made me question whether or not he had been lying to me this entire time. Matthias's claw came off of me as soon as he was commanded to do so.

Alex's arms were reached out to their full extent, his fingers slightly curled at the tips, trying to hold all of them at once. I didn't know about Matthias, but I could see a slight tremble in Alex's arms, struggling to hold them all. I didn't know how he was doing it, but to say that he was biting off more than he could chew also would've been a major understatement. I looked back at Matthias, who was staring incredulously at Alex like by some freak miracle of nature that he'd been risen from the dead to the land of the living.

"No. No it- it cannot be", Matthias whispers. "You're- you're

supposed be dead, we all thought you were dead". Matthias started to tremble, as if Alex were the Lord of Hell itself. Why would he be terrified of Alex? What the hell was going on?

Alex kept his hold on the group and with one swift and fluid motion, he wrapped an arm around my back and scooped me up off the ground with one heave. Damn, he was strong. '_Hell yeah he is!_', my heart shouted, doing an Irish jig and clapping her hands together, giddy at his touch. My brain glared daggers at her, her scolding eyes never leaving the Irish jigging heart, reminding her that I was facing imminent death, but I ignored them both.

Alex kept his arm wrapped around me, his ice blue eyes never leaving Matthias. The thing that intrigued me the most was the protectiveness behind those eyes. The guy had barely known me for three weeks, and already he looked like he wanted rip Matthias's head off for trying to kill me. What the hell?

Alex lowered his arm, but his piercing gaze never left Matthias. The white dragon bowed quite tremblingly under the weight of said gaze. Literally. It was like Matthias had been forced to carry the sky and was finally collapsing under the sheer weight of it. The others bowed too, and just like Matthias, forcedly.

I stepped in front of Alex and I couldn't say that he looked any different than the rest of them. The veins in his neck were pulsing and there was a slight tremor in his head. I looked to the group of dragons and then Alex, and then back to the dragons. It took a few seconds, but I finally made the connection.

"Alex, stop", I urged. "Stop".

Alex looked to me and to the dragons and then to me again, and only then did I see him visibly relax. I caught him around his waist as he almost fell to the ground. His trembling hands found my shoulders and grasped them for support, his eyes finding mine and locking onto them. "You alright?", he asked, his eyes matching the tone of concern in his voice.

"Yeah", I answered, still confused about why Alex had saved me. Why? Honestly, I wished I had time to dwell on it, but I didn't, which sucked. '_Oh would you stop thinking about Alex for one damn second?! You're in the middle of a frikkin' emergency! _', my brain screamed at me. So I instantly snapped myself out of it. All those people down at the village were fighting for their lives, and here I was trying to figure out why a boy who barely knew me saved me.

Wait a minute. People, village. _Hiccup_.

Oh my gods, _Hiccup_! Shit, where was he?! My breathing accelerated as I realized that he was still down there, or maybe he wasn't. I didn't know. What I did know was that I had to get to him. So I turned my head down to the village of shrieking, scattering people, my eyes searching for my twin, praying to the gods that nothing had happened to him.

"Go", Alex said huskily. I swiveled my head around to face him, his mesmerizing eyes, piercing me, staring at me fixedly. "I'll be fine, don't worry about me. Go".

"But what about you? I can't just leave you here alone", I said, determined to look out for him the way he did for me just moments ago.

"Aw, princess. You're worried about me?", he teased, wearing his signature smirk even in times of peril. A ghost of a smile played at my lips at that, when a series of growls broke out of the group of White Night Furies that had tried to kill me. So I turned around and who do I see but Aron and Matthias, locked in a classic dragon standoff.

"I think I'm good", Alex pointed out, noting his reptilian companion. "Now go".

I looked down at the village, and then back at Alex. He gave a slight nod of his head, understanding what I had to do. And then before I knew it, my hands cupped his neck and my lips were on his. The only way I could really describe it was that, for a brief second, it felt as though our lips just fit together perfectly, as if they were meant for each other alone, but that feeling only lasted about 2 seconds, before I had to break away from it.

My hands were still on his neck and he didn't seem to be resisting it. It surprised me to find out that I didn't want to leave him, but I ignored the thought as soon as it came to be. I had to go, there was no doubting it. So I looked Alex dead in the eye, and I whispered just two little words. "Thank you".

Then I turned and ran straight for the village, straight into the pure and utter chaos.

47. Compulsive Tendencies

**Hi everyone! I am so so very sorry to be updating this late! Finals got in the way and I've been traveling a lot this summer, I haven't been able to get a chapter in. Again my humblest apologies for taking sooooo long to update, and you'll be pleased to know that this chapter is 6000+ words. A shout-out to these people who have most recently followed my story: AnonymouzZzzZz, Hydroknight505, DiamondBbbles02, Moonchaser the Night Fury. I hope y'all enjoy! **

* * *

><p>Alex's POV

I never even saw it coming. Considering the circumstances, I probably should've expected an oncoming plasma blast to hit us, but all my thoughts were focused on making sure that a girl that I barely knew was alright. _'What the hell, man?_', my brain asked, staring at me accusingly. I seriously was at a disadvantage, because I didn't know what the hell was going on. Then it hit us. _'Stupid, Stupid, Stupid!'. _

For a few ephemeral seconds, I was spiraling through the air, my arms revolving with my body. I tumbled onto the ground, landing on my back rather hard, briefly getting the wind knocked out of me. I heard roars not too far away from me, dragons battling other dragons and probably getting a scar out of it. _'That's the only way it'd be

fun'_, I muttered subconsciously.

I rolled on my stomach and tucked my hands under my chest, pushing myself up off of the ground and having to roll my shoulder a few times to pop it back into place. Would my shoulders ever find peace? It'd be a miracle if they even survived when this whole spiel was over. I quickly patted the dirt off of myself and scanned my surroundings. Let's see, Aron wasn't around, neither was Jane, everything was exploding, and I was completely alone. Shit.

I searched frantically for either one of them, shouting each of their names and realizing that neither one of them could've heard me over all the screaming, shouting and battle cries. Vikings _were_ known for their loudness. Speaking of whichâ€¦

"Dude! Why the hell are you just standing there? Are you trying to get yourself killed?!" yelled a growly, baritone voice. I turned around to find Aron loping towards me, skidding to a stop once he reached me. Thank God he was alright.

"Where have _you_ been?" I questioned.

"Making sure _you're_ sorry ass doesn't get burnt to a crisp!" Aron yelled over all the commotion. I looked around at all the stuff that was being caught on fire and the people running for the woods, and the dragons shooting scarlet and amber infernos.

"Point taken", I answered back to him.

"Speaking of which, we have to go save your girlfriend", Aron quickly stated, inclining his head toward a group of White Night Furies surrounding something.

"She's _not_ my girlfriend", I shot back, to which Aron snickered to himself and then focused on the task at hand.

Aron and I crept nearer and closer to the group to acquire a full view of the situation. Jane was sprawled on the ground and right in the middle of the white dragons. The expression that she wore was hard to place, but I was pretty sure that she was thinking that she was done for. They circled around her, cornering her and cutting off her escape. She started to speak to them, raising her hands in front of her body. It looked like she was trying to reason with them. Obviously they wouldn't listen.

Once I saw the leader of the group pin Jane to the ground, it was like something in my brain flipped a switch. A compulsive instinct took over and the next thing I knew, I reached out with my mind and grabbed hold of her captor. I attached little mental threads to his limbs and within five seconds, I had him. I commanded his limbs to go rigid and for him to be still. I commanded them all to be still as only three words left my mouth.

"Let. Her. Go"

I walked through the group, giving them a look that dared them to challenge me, dared them to throw down the gauntlet, but none of them did. I'd never held down that many at once before, and it required extreme concentration to pull it off, but I did it. I stepped through the group to Jane, and I scooped her up with one heave.

The leader trembled beneath me, both terror and amazement written all over his face. He should've been terrified. What he had done was unforgivable, and it would not go unpunished. 'Wait, what? What are you doing?', my brain asked. I was asking myself the same thing. What was going on? Why was I doing this?

'They are a threat to her. Destroy them' I instinctively thought. What? No, no, no I did not want to do that. My body ignored my brain and my fingers clenched even more, and the dragons shuddered under the pressure, their bodies constricting in on themselves. 'No! No stop! You'll kill them!'_, I mentally screamed at myself, but I couldn't stop.

I wanted to kill them, but at the same time, I didn't. It didn't seem to matter what I wanted, because the compulsive feeling was taking over. The reasonable part of my brain and the instinctual part of my brain were at war, and Instinct was winning, kicking Reason to the dirt. Instinct was guiding me at this point, past the point of no return.

Instinct forced the dragons to bow beneath me, and they trembled under the weight of it. 'Stop this! This isn't right! You'll kill them!'_, screamed Reason, but it didn't matter. Instinct was my master now, and he was telling me to protect Jane no matter what the cost. I couldn't resist the compulsive need to protect her. I couldn't snap myself out of it. There was nothing I could do.

"Alex stop", I heard a voice say with determination. Then, the switch in my brain had been flipped again, and I would've fallen to the ground had someone not been there to catch me around the waist. I sighed in the relief that I had just been given, and I reached my hands up and found a pair of shoulders. I pulled myself up and I found the owner of the shoulders. Jane. How she had been able to flip the switch, I may never know.

I looked right into her emerald eyes, searching for any scars in my peripheral vision that may have been inflicted on her, but there were none. Still I wasn't convinced that she was totally unharmed.

"You alright?", I asked, my voice sounding a little too hoarse and husky for my taste.

"Yeah", she panted, her green eyes looking at me with something resembling concern, which was weird because it wasn't in her nature to be concerned, or was it? I didn't know. We stared at each other like that for what felt like ages, yet only seconds had passed by. Then the look wasn't directed at me, it was directed over the town of people, scattering like ants.

I saw something spark, and her emerald eyes were alive, burning with the need to go and rid the island of the problem, a problem that she had to take care of. She needed to go down there. She had to do this. "Go", I told her. "I'll be fine. Don't worry about me. Go".

Her eyes snapped back up to mine, adversely disagreeing with me. "But what about you? I can't just leave you here", she declared with determination.

I flashed her one of my signature smirks. To hear that, I was so

going to milk the hell out of this, or at least I would've had I the time. I would just have to settle for a small milking. "Aww princess, you're worried about me?".

I saw the corner of her lip curl up into a ghost of a smile. The next things I heard were low growls, and who do I see but my dragon and the leader of the group in a classic standoff, which conveniently proved my point. "I think I'm good", I told her, pointing out my reptilian companion. "Now go".

I could tell by the look in her eyes that she did not want to leave, but one more look at the people down there did the trick. She looked back up at me, and before I could react, she cupped her hands to my neck and pulled my face down to hers, our lips meeting perfectly in the middle like they were made just for each other.

For a moment, it felt like that I was where I was supposed to be, like everything that had happened in my life was for this moment, and then it stopped. She had broken away, keeping her hands on my neck. I was so confused at this point. Seriously, why was I feeling these things? First it was the compulsive instinct to keep her safe, and now the kiss. I barely knew her, so why did I feel like that we were connected?

"Thank you", she said, right before she turned and ran off into the chaos. As I watched her run into the unknown, not knowing if I'd ever see her againâ€|

"Snap out of it Alex! In case you didn't already catch this, you hardly even know this chick, so stop worrying about her. Besides, she can take care of herself", Reason chided. Right. There was no reason to be worried about her. She was a badass that could totally handle a sword among other things. She'd be fine. I had to keep telling myself these things, because it was all I could do not to go after her, all the while asking myself why I'd even have to tell myself these things.

I mean, she just ran into the chaos of the village that kept getting blasted, resulting in fire all around the village. "Who are you kidding man?", Instinct asked. "There are a million ways that she could die and you're the one who told her to go. Are you just gonna stand by and watch?"

"Oh would you just shut up?", Reason chastised Instinct.

"How about the both of you shut up or you'll get us all killed?!" I mentally screamed at Reason and Instinct. They did as I commanded, and neither one of them opened their irritating mouths. Finally, I get to have some peace and quiet in this maddening chaos, or at least I would've if my dragon wasn't in a standoff and growling at the leader, who whilst he was trying to prove that he was the dominant male, he kept eyeing me suspiciously. Then out of nowhere, the leader leapt up and when he was right above me, he came down and forced me to the ground. I lay on my back as he dug his claws into my chest, breaking the skin and freeing a few tiny pools of blood.

The look that the leader gave me was of pure malice, devoid of anything else. What I didn't know was why. Why was he doing this? What had I ever done to him? Fortunately, he was only on top of me for brief second before he was gone again, before he had been tackled

by my dragon.

I gaped incredulously at the two reptiles, grappling with each other. Then along with the other cacophony of sounds that I heard around me, one stood out in particular. The sound of clashing swords, the cries of charging men, but most of all, the sounds of clanking metal. I mean sure, there were swords involved in the skirmish of Viking and Light Fury (at least that's what they should be called) and the sounds being made those particular weapons in said skirmish were the squelching sounds of removing a sword from a kill, but when swords actually clash against each other, they make a distinct clang, almost a sharp ringing sound really.

The sounds that I heard were just that, along with clanking, clumsy metal sounds, like armor. Vikings didn't wear armor (kind of stupid really). So what did I do? I turned around andâ€¦

I stopped breathing. No, no this couldn't be happening. Men in clad armor fought against the beefy, burly Vikings, but that's not what caused me to freeze. Those armor clad men wore my family crest. When I saw them, fear clouded my mind. No, no, no. How did they find me? No, this was not supposed to happen. Oh god, oh god when my dad found meâ€¦

I was yanked out of my fear induced state by a hand that that grabbed my shoulder. I swung my arm around and smacked my assailant in the face. I assumed a fighting stance, feet planted firmly on the ground and arms bent, ready to take a swing. My assailant stumbled back against a tree, clutching his eye and cursing. "Bloody hell", he cursed under his breath.

Wait, that voice. I know that voice. "James?".

"Nice to see you too", James retorted rather snippily, rubbing his eye one last time.

"How did you find this place?", I asked, staring at him incredulously, no doubt.

"In case you haven't noticed, Father has gone completely mad".

"It took you till just now to figure that out? Hate to break it to you, but that ship sailed years ago", I retorted.

"Well, since you ran away like the scared little child that you are, it got worse. Father resorted to using magic, of all things, and I'm here to take you back home so this can end. If I don't, Father will have my head", James spat out frantically, with eyes that matched his tone. The next thing I knew, he grabbed my arm and forcedly yanked me out of the protection of the woods.

Naturally I resisted, to say the least. As soon as his fingers wrapped around my forearm, my heart started to race, thumping and beating faster than a Night Fury could fly. I could feel my eyes widen as I saw the fear mixed with anger in my brother's face. On any other occasion, that would've warmed my heart to the brim, but today, not so much.

I won't lie. Given what I'm capable of and what I've been taught, bad things tend to happen when I feel threatened, and in that moment, I

felt_ very_ threatened indeed. So what did I do? I grabbed the bastard's wrist and I squeezed. My fingers closed tighter and tighter around it like a vice. As my grip tightened, his loosened. I could feel the bones cracking, and I could hear the grunts of agony from my older brother's mouth.

His knees caved out from under him and then he was sitting in them, quivering with pain from my grip. I could feel the muscles in my neck clench as I watched him cower. I looked him dead in the eye, and with my voice cold as ice and completely devoid of emotion, I left my big brother with a few words that he would never forget.

"Father means _nothing_ to me. A real father would _never_ do the things that he did to me, and if you think for one_ second_ that I can be bullied by his lapdog son, you've got another thing coming. If you _ever_ grab me or threaten me like that _ever_ again, you can sure as hell bet that I will _end_ you. Understand?"

Finally, I let him go. He staggered back and fell onto the grass, the fear of God in his eyes. I was almost tempted to feel satisfied, had I not been so disgusted with myself for wanting to end his pathetic life. The guy was a spoiled brat who _always_ got what he wanted because he was the good son, because he was scared to death of our father, because he was a weakling. I'd been reading him all his life. When Aurora came to the castle as _Elsa_, it was all James could do not to let his tongue roll out like a dog. He only _thought_ he was in love with her, but if he knew the _real_ her, he'd run for the hills like a scared little girl.

There were so many reasons for me to just end it. It would be so easy to just walk over there and snap his neck in two, but there were just as many reasons to leave him alive as there were to kill him. I didn't want to be a killer, and it took all my self-control not to go over there and give in to my urges, but I held it together. With my fists clenched, I looked James right in the eyes.

"Go", I snarled, sounding like a monster. Like the coward that he was, he did as the monster asked and ran off into the chaos. At least he would've, had someone not grabbed him round the waist and jerked him back. The standing figure quivered over James form. James looked up at the figure with a mixture of shock and fear. The figure's hands reached out, and they too were quivering, as if trying to restrain itself.

"Please", I heard the figure plead, his voice brittle and shaky. "Please don't. He's my son".

The voice sounded familiar, with a British accent to go along with it. One look at the guy, and I knew who he was. King William Grayhem of England, the man who had made my life hell for the past five years. James scrambled away from him as he advanced, and ended up grabbing him and wrapping his bicep around James's neck.

When he turned, I saw his face. It was red and puffy, his eyes the same shade of red and brimming with fresh tears. His other arm wrapped itself around the top of James's head. His arms shook with resistance, trying to fight his muscles, trying to delay the inevitable, but it was futile. He was going to do it; he was going to snap his own son's neck. I stood back and watched, horrified at the scene unfolding before me.

Sure, the guy was nuts, but would he go so far as to actually kill his own flesh and blood? I didn't know, but something was off about him. His movements were choppy and it looked like he was being jerked around, forced to move here and there, quivering like he was fighting himself every step of the way.

As he was getting ready to kill his oldest son, I decided that it had to stop. Were they my favorite people in the universe? No. Was there some small part of me that wanted to see the man suffer for what he did to me? Yes, a tiny fraction of a sliver of a part. Be that as it may, I couldn't take this any longer.

As I did with the dragon leader, I closed my eyes and I focused. I reached out with my mind, attaching little mental threads to the man's limbs and commanding him to be still. I walked up to the man who was my father, my slap-ass crazy father, with my snarled expression still in place. "Back away", I growled.

William's head immediately snapped up, his eyes wild and frantic. They fell on me, and he immediately back away as I commanded. James scrambled away from his father, his chest heaving up and down as he went through a panic attack. Soon, both of their eyes were on me, staring incredulously like I was an angel that had come down from heaven. _There's a first._ I ran over to James and helped his trembling body to stand upright.

"Get back your ship. You'll be safe there", I instructed. James whipped his head around to look at his father, who nodded his head in agreement. James faced me and nodded his head in understanding, and then he ran like hell through the chaos. I kept looking in his direction, when I felt hands on my shoulders. My head whipped around to find William himself staring intensely at me with deep gratitude in his eyes.

What the hell? He's _never_ looked at me like that before. Why start now? Oh, and as if it can't get any weirder, the guy wrapped his arms tightly around me and he started to quiver again, and he started to weep.

"Thank you. Thank you", he whispered in my ear. When he pulled back, his hands were cupping my shoulders and his eyes were filled with more love than he'd ever shown me in the years that he'd been my guardian. I'll admit this sounds cliché, but in that moment, I was completely and utterly speechless despite everything going on around me. William's eyes tightened into an expression of urgency, begging for my attention, and so that's exactly what I gave to him.

"Alexander, you must listen to me. All those years, everything I've done to you, it wasn't my fault. I was forced to do those things to you. I _never_ _would've_ -"

"Wait, what are you talking about?", I asked, cutting off his swift speaking.

"You must listen to me. Leave here right now. Run. Get as far away from here as you possibly can. Run!" he shouted, warning me away. I couldn't move because I was in complete and utter astonishment.

"Why? What's going on? What do you mean you were forced?" I asked breathlessly.

He opened his mouth to respond, but before he could, his body arched back and his breath was abruptly cut off. The blood rushed to his face as the veins in his neck made themselves known. He clutched his throat and his breathing sounded labored, getting in tiny exhalations here and there. Like before, his movements were choppy and jerked around. I tried to stop it, tried to reverse the process, but I kept getting bounced back like I was in a bubble and before I knew it, William wrapped his arms around his head.

It was all over in seconds. The snap pierced my ears and would forever reside in my mind. I stared incredulously at his limp form, his neck hanging at an odd angle. I could feel my eyes grow hot as I bent down to his body, tremors of shock raging through my own. His eyes were still open. I rose my fingers and brought them down again as they brushed against his eyelids, knowing that they would never open again.

For a few prolonged seconds, all I could do was stare at the dead limp form of the man that I grew up with. His limbs were spread-eagled across the ground, stagnant and lifeless for obvious reasons. I stood up, dusted myself off and walked over to his body to hide it properly. I wrapped my fingers around his forearm before dropping it and hissing in pain. What the hell?

His skin had singed the inside of my fingers, and as I was rubbing them, a faint red glow caught my eye. The dim scarlet light glimmered and flickered until finally it just died. I slowly brought my knuckles just above his forearm, searching for any sign of heat, but there was nothing. I removed his chain-metal sleeve to see what could cause such a thing. My heart nearly stopped at what I saw next.

I grew up with the man, so how could I not have noticed the ostentatious dragon tattoo on his wrist? Not just his wrist. I mean seriously, the ink took up the entire inside of his forearm. The dragon's head was long with the snout resting at the very end, and its barbed, snake-like neck was recoiled as if it were preparing to strike. It was mostly made up of Celtic markings, its body intertwining with itself and its tail forming the shape of a Celtic Trinity knot. It seemed to radiate anger, and the ink dragon seemed to mock me with its cruel disposition.

"Get up", I heard a gruff voice growl. My shoulder was grabbed and yanked up by a meaty fist. My head whipped up only to find a crap load of pissed off looking soldiers. The fist that held my shoulder captive belonged to Gareth, head of the Royal Guard. He looked the most pissed out of all of them.

"What the bloody hell 'ave ya done, boy?", Gareth asked incredulously, staring at William's limp form. I tried to answer him but my voice wouldn't work, and my breath chose to come out as brittle and shaky.

"Ah ya blind Gareth? You saw what the boy did. He murdered his own father with only a thought. That boy is a demon", affirmed one of the guards. What was he talking about? I wasn't the one that made William snap his own neck. That wasn't me, I know it. Unfortunately, the

guards thought otherwise. There was nothing that I could've done or said to change their minds. So what did I do? I ran like hell into woods.

What did the guards do? They ran after me like the loyal sons of bitches they were. As I ran deeper into the thicket, I could hear their voices clear as day. They hollered and they shouted, yelling to one another to catch me and put me in a cage like the monster that I was. I ran through sharp branches and ended up getting scratches on my face. I felt my feet being cut into as I ran across pointed boulders, but I would not stop running.

As I ran, I came upon a hill of boulders that were jagged like the ones I had run across. I made the mistake of looking back at my pursuers as I feel my right leg slip between two of the boulders and snap in two, causing me to lose my footing and tumble across the sea of jagged boulders and down onto the forest floor.

So to sum up, I was immobilized, energy spent from running, and to top it all off, I was now surrounded. Basically, I was screwed. I tried to drag myself away, only to be stifled by gut-wrenching, sharp, piercing pain making its way through my leg. I clutched the ground to keep myself from releasing an agonized cry.

So I eventually flipped myself onto my back, and who do I see but Gareth towering over me? An angry, wolfish expression was plastered across his face, his mouth releasing a snarl as such. His meaty fist came down and clamped itself around my throat, lifting me up off the ground and letting my broken leg dangle. To say the least, it hurt like hell and then some.

"I'm goin' ta enjoy vis", Gareth growled, his fingers tightening around my neck.

"Oh sure, because the only way you can feel like a real man, and prove to yourself that you're not a coward is to choke someone smaller than you to death", I hissed, which resulted in his fingers tightening around my throat even more, cutting off my air supply. I claw at his hand, but it makes no difference.

"I've wanted to do vis since the day that the King plucked you and ya gold-diggin' mother from the depths of the dirt. Your charmed life was handed to you on a fucking silver platter, and you 'ave the nerve to be an ungrateful little wretch", he growled. I had no idea what he was going on about. Today was a day of confusion it seemed. His fingers tightened once more, right before the veins in his neck popped out and he started clutching his throat with his free hand.

His grip on my throat loosened before he let go altogether, resulting in me landing on my bad leg. In case you didn't already know, having a broken limb sucks worse than you could imagine, then again I could just be over exaggerating a little. I sucked in as much air as I could, giving my lungs relief. As I tucked my hands into my chest and pushed my upper body up off the ground and into a sitting position, I could get a full view of what was happening to Gareth.

His face was beet red, blood vessels popping out everywhere. He clutched his neck as choked grunts escaped his mouth. In my peripheral vision, I could see a hooded figure in the distance. The

cloak was black velvet and full-length, the hood completely covering their face, and their body for that matter.

"If there is a problem, you should take it up with me. Leave the boy out of it", a feminine voice spoke, clear and sharp as a single shard of glass. The tone in the woman's voice was threatening, so I knew she meant business. Her thumb and index finger were curled in, quivering as the tips grew closer together, and with that Gareth's windpipe constricting more and more, until finally she released.

Gareth inhaled as much air as he could, gasping and coughing in the process. He turned to face the hooded woman, slowly unsheathing his sword until it was completely revealed. "Capture her!", Gareth rumbled, right before he and the guard charged in her direction. She didn't move and she didn't try to run. She just stood there, and when the moment was right, she brought her hand up and clenched her fist. At this, the men were jerked still, and then they raised their swords, which were pointed downward.

When she brought her fist down, the guards brought their swords down into themselves, and it was all over within seconds. The entire guard lay limp on the ground, pools of blood spouting from their bodies as they lay dead. The hooded figure looked down at all of them briefly before running frantically to me. When she finally reached me, she wrapped her arms around me in a warm embrace. "Oh my boy, my beautiful boy", she whispered. What? No one _ever_ called me that, no one except-

When the woman pulled back, she removed her hood. Seeing what was underneath, it was one of those things that you needed to be slapped in the face for just so you know that you're not hallucinating or dreaming or anything that falls into that category. The woman was just as I remembered her. I remembered her long, ice blonde hair, her light olive skin, her lithe form, her square shaped face, and above all her eyes. The ice blue eyes that stared back at me were my eyes, the eyes that were given to me at birth. The eyes that stared back at me had belonged to the woman who'd brought me into this world so many years ago. She looked like a stronger, less delicate version of '_Elsa_'.

"Mom?", I croaked out, not believing this was true. It was too good to be true, and if I believed that she were here, she'd be gone again just like that.

"I'm here, baby", she spoke, her voice quiet and jovial as her long fingers cradled my cheek. She took her hand away, and at first I was angry. How dare she? All those years that I had been tortured, I deserved_ some_ kind of positive physical contact, didn't I? However, my anger quickly dissipated when I saw what she was doing. She was bent down by my broken leg, cradling it in her cool, soothing hands. When she lifted it, I clutched to ground, hissing in agony.

"_Sana_", she whispered, running one of her hands over the break. I felt the bones mend and the marrow knit back together. My mother gently lay my leg down on the ground and stood up, holding out her hand, waiting for me to take it.

"Can you stand up?", she asked, concern lining her words. I tucked my

hands under myself and put weight on my leg. I felt elated as I stood up, putting weight on it again. It was healed. I could walk again. Victory! Though I shouldn't've been surprised, I didn't care.

"Come on. Let's go find your sister", she said breathlessly, before yanking my arm and running into the forest, with myself following suit.

****Jane's POV****

I ran like hell through the chaos below, or at least I would've had there not been so many people. Why did there have to be so many people? Why? I searched frantically for my twin, my heart tightening with every minute that passed, not know whether or not he was still alive. Damn it. Why did I have to come back? Why did I have to be so selfish? This is what I get for making myself known.

The thoughts whizzed through my head as I kept running every which way. Fiery infernos rained down upon the village. Axes were raised, limbs were lost by both opposing sides, and some were trying to get to safety, as if it were possible. The only way I could describe what I was seeing was that the whole village was on fire. The fire hadn't reached the woods yet, but I was sure that it would soon.

I kept running and running, soot and ashes covering me as I tried to see through it all. Blast after blast came down, more dirt and soot were stirred up, and at last I felt that it was hopeless. I was never going to find Hiccup, not in this disaster. Wait, not in this disaster. Of course! Why didn't I think of this before? Hiccup never went anywhere without Fenn, so I could just tap into his sight. I mentally kicked myself for not thinking of it 10 minutes ago.

First things first, I had to get out of here. I had to clear my mind, and obviously that wasn't happening here. So again, I started running. Well, not so much as running, more like having to stop every 5 seconds because a Viking got in the way. Again, there were too many people. Too many, scattering all over, all around me and there's no escape. My body froze as my heart threatened to beat out of my chest.

I looked frantically around, desperately seeking an opening amongst the sea of people, but I'm drowning. There was no way out, it seemed. As my heart raced and my body temperature rose, I looked around one last time even though it was futile to try and escape. I would never get out, I would never find Hiccup, or Fenn or Aurora, or anyone that I cared about ever again. This was it. Sooner or later, one of the White Night Furies would swoop down and snatch me up like a hawk, bringing me back to their nest like I was a meal, which I probably would be.

Then out of the corner of my peripheral vision, there it was. A light at the end of the tunnel, an opening, a gap within the raging sea of Vikings that led to the woods. So what did I do? I made a bee-line for it, putting all that I had into my strides, my legs burning with the effort. The opening was just within my grasp, and I was getting closer and closer to it, a feeling of elation coursing through my veins as I closed the distance between me and my destination.

Then out of nowhere, a battle cry pierced through the wall of sounds that blocked everyone from thinking coherently. I whipped my head

around and what I saw made me stop dead in my tracks. There at the edge of the cliffs in the village, were Stoick the Vast and Matthias. Wait, if Matthias was here, then where was Aron? I didn't have time to think about it as my instincts took over.

I ran through the sea of Vikings, cutting my way through and making my own path as I fought to get to my father. Sure I would have some major bruises by the end of this, but at the moment I didn't care. Once I finally got through, my body froze up again as I watched the scene unfold before me.

There was Stoick the Vast, lips tightened into a low growl and fists clutching his prized hammer. He stares Matthias dead in the eyes before he locks onto his target. He hollers a battle cry and he runs towards Matthias, who easily deflects the human's attack with his powerful tail. Stoick is now at the edge of the cliff, still gripping the hammer and still having the fierce expression on his face. Haddocks were always known for their stubbornness.

Unfortunately, so were dragons. Neither showed signs of backing down, and Stoick charged again, and Matthias fired the hammer out of his hands. The hammer dropped like a rock over the edge of the cliff, and Stoick was left defenseless. Now there was nothing to stop Matthias from burning the man that abandoned me in the woods to death. So what did I do? What I always do. It all happened in a split second. Matthias getting ready to fire, Stoick bracing himself, and then there was me. As soon as the plasma blast left his mouth, I jumped in the way of it.

The next thing I know, my vision fades to black as I'm falling, falling, falling, fading. There is next to nothing, and I see nothing but empty darkness as I fall and Stoick calls out my name. His voice is muffled though, and I can barely hear him as I plummet down, down, down.

48. Cornered

****Hiccup's POV****

It all just came out of nowhere. One minute I'm in the forge, pouring molten metal into its mold. Toothless is outside, rolling around in the grass like he died and went to a heaven filled with dragon nip, his body nuzzling the ground in pure bliss. The Terrible Terrors are singing and all seems right with the world, then the next thing I know, it all goes up in smoke. Literally. Suddenly the front of the shop is burnt and charred and splintered.

Fire rained down upon us from all sides, and it doesn't stop, it just keeps on coming. Weapons and miscellaneous items are flying without having bee thrown and there's even one guy that's been set on fire. Suddenly I can't see past the flames and the ashes and the smoke. I've been through dragon raids before, but none like this, none so relentless. I run out of the forge like a stupid idiot and I try to see through the fire and the brimstone and all that shit. I can't find anyone. I can't find Astrid, I can't find Toothless. I call out for him but he is nowhere to be found. I don't see anyone, not my dad, not Jane. Oh no, Jane!

My brain goes into overdrive as I search for my twin amidst the chaos

and destruction. I hope to Thor she's alright. Then amidst the sea of frantic Vikings, I see an opening. I run towards it. I cough and retch as I try to get the soot and ashes out of my system, and then I make the mistake of looking up. What I see next is one of the most terrifying moments of my life. It all happens so fast, and time seems to speed up and slow down all at once. I see my father being cornered into the edge of the cliff by one of the Light Furies (or is White Night furies? Whatever). I see the bright indigo hue of the plasma blast, and I see my sister jump in between the two. She's hit. I watch helplessly as she spirals through the air, and then tumbles over the edge without a hope of salvation.

****Aron's POV****

I dig my claws into Matthias's throat, trying to crush his windpipe despite the fact that he was part of the reason that I was brought into this world. The last time I saw this dragon was when I was a hatchling, but I couldn't allow myself to get sentimental as I stared down at the general. He struggled against my weight for a few more minutes and then finally gave up. He grunted dejectedly and let his head drop to the ground as a sign of surrender.

"Do me the favor, I _beg _of you", he growled.

"Then you'll never know who I am", I retorted, which resulted in a confused expression and a head cocking to one side.

I retracted my claws and took my sweet time climbing off of him in case he decided to try anything. He was known for his tricks, I knew that better than anyone. I receded from Matthias as he regained his footing and shook himself off, the corners of his mouth curled into a snarl. His sky blue eyes were every bit as threatening as a wolf defending his territory. The slight angle in his head suggested that he was still confused as to why I let him free. It was just us in the woods, no other of his group there, just us.

His head still remained tilted. He squinted his eyes as if trying to get a better look at me, then they widened with realization.

"I _know_ who you are", he whispered, his expression softening into that of sadness. He paused for a spell, then spoke once more.

"What I don't know is why. _Why_ do you insist on protecting those two?", he asked breathlessly, clearly referring to Alex and Aurora. Did he really not remember?

"You _know_ why, Father. I made a promise to their parents before all this started", I answered.

"And look what it has gotten you. When you were only five years old, our Master stuck you on an island where you could only leave when he needed you. How you escaped is beyond me, but all those years, separated from the rest of your herd, from me. All because you refuse to break a promise", he mused, staring at me incredulously.

"What can I say? The Murdochs are known for their loyalty, right?", I retorted, knowing that I had struck a nerve. There were very few things in this world that Matthias Murdoch truly valued, and his family name happened to be one of those things.

"That they are", he spoke at barely a whisper. Then out of nowhere, he tackled me, digging his claws into my skin and pressing his full bodyweight onto me so that I couldn't even form thoughts of escape. As I looked up at my father, I could see deep sadness in his sky blue eyes, and maybe a hint of remorse. Who could tell? I narrowed it down to the two reasons as to why he suddenly wanted to harm me. He was either being controlled or doing this of his own free will. I was really hoping for the former, but knowing him I doubted it. I was still surprised. I didn't even think that he would go this far, but I should've expected it. His reasoning was that it was better I die at his hand than the Master, our Alpha.

I wanted to be angry. I should've been angry, should've thrashed and kicked and screamed and yelled at the top of my lungs. Although, when I was looking into his eyes, all I could do was pity him. I couldn't imagine what he'd been through the last 10 years. Not seeing his son, being under a corrupted leader's rule, being forced to carry out tasks that he'd never do otherwise. It was understandable that his mind may have been twisted and brainwashed over the years.

Be that as it may, I couldn't let him kill me. Not because I wanted to live, but because if I died, then I couldn't keep my promise. But I couldn't kill him either; he was my father after all. Sure maybe he deserved to die, but not at my hand. Or maybe he did, I didn't know. All I could think about was the way that he looked down at me with such remorse as he was crushing my windpipe.

"Dad, no", I managed to croak out, even though I knew he wouldn't listen.

"It is better you die at my hand than his", he said, his voice brittle. "I just pray that one day, you can understand".

"This isn't what Lucian would want", I croaked out, knowing that it would cut him deep.

"Lucian's dead! He's been dead for years. You know that as well as I do" Matthias shouted in my face.

"I don't believe that", I croaked out.

"Then you're a fool", he whispered.

His paw rose, his front leg and claws extended to their fullest. At this point I was very conflicted. What could I do? The only way that I could get free was if I killed him, but there was no way I was doing that, so was I supposed to do? I could feel my eyes widening as it dawned on me. He was actually going to go through with it. I didn't want to believe it, refused to believe that this was happening, but all the while it was happening right before my very eyes.

I froze. My mind and my body just stopped working, and I froze. I couldn't have picked a worse time to do it, but that's what happened. I almost couldn't comprehend what had happened next. There was a plasma blast involved, that much I knew. Matthias's body pitched sideways, giving me an opening to get up and regain my footing. Matthias got to his feet and shook his body to recover from the blow. Murder clouded his face as he stared at his assailant. I followed his gaze.

Of course, why was I not surprised? There, standing with all the strength of a lion and eyes burning with the territorial nature of a wolf was none other than Fennrys. His entire body was recoiled like a cobra waiting for the perfect moment to strike, his mouth recoiled as such in a snarl. He and Matthias circled one another, evaluating and measuring each other up. I could tell by the slight curl in the corner of Matthias's lip that he had looked at Fenn's prosthetic.

"Aahh, you're the famous Night Fury that everyone speaks of?", Matthias sneered.

Fenn's expression never faltered, nor did Matthias's. A classic standoff between us dragons, if you will. Both of them were wound tight, and then I knew that both of them were about to strike. I'd seen plenty of standoffs in my lifetime, and if this wasn't stopped soon, they both might very literally kill each other.

I had to do something. I had to stop this. In that moment, I realized that I had to take charge. I had to do what was necessary. All my life I've waited for someone to stand up for me, someone to fight my battles, because that was what I had been brought up to believe, because I had been taught at a very young age that that was what was supposed to happen. Maybe I should've had this epiphany earlier, when I had been isolated all of those years. I was a fool for not realizing it before. Maybe in a few days I'd have to fight a battle, but I would fight, that much I was sure of.

The next thing I knew, Matthias leapt for Fennrys. My instincts took over and in a second I was on top of him. "Son", he choked out. "How could you do this to me?".

"Murdoch's are known for their loyalty, right?", I retorted darkly. He looked at me incredulously, then let his head drop to the ground in defeat.

"I'm not gonna kill you", I said as I slowly got off of him. The look on his face could've been described as many things, but the main thing was utter disbelief.

"You've made it perfectly clear whose side you're on. At the end of this, one of us will rise, one will fall". I paused, letting my words sink into Matthias.

"The next time we meet, I promise you this. We are enemies. Is that clear?", I uttered, the emotion in my voice non-existent.

Matthias looked at me as if I had murdered one of my brothers. I thanked Odin that they weren't here to see him like this. I growled at him to make my point, and he flinched. He turned away, looked back at me with the most pain that I had ever seen in him, and then he finally ran off into the chaos he was partly responsible for.

It took all of my willpower not to break down right then and there. Basically, I had just disowned my father, something that was unheard of in the dragon world. But not only that, I had just disowned my own kind by taking the opposing side in this battle, but it was the only way to set things right. I had to make things right. I had to keep Alex and Aurora safe. As of now, my promise was the only thing I

had left to live for. "Hey!", I heard a voice shout. I turn to the direction of the voice to see Fenn loping towards me. As he approached me, he slowed to a stop.

"What the hell was that? Do you always let yourself get trampled on?", Fenn sneered angrily. I gave him one of my hardest stares, but did he back down? No. I didn't expect him to. He meets my gaze with an equally daunting snarl, recoiled as if about to inflict the same fate that Matthias had. "Would you fight your father?", I retorted, answering his question with a question. His eyes widened suddenly, and his rigid posture relaxed. Overall, he looks taken aback. He slowly looks down as if in shame.

"Didn't think so", I whispered venomously. Suddenly I double over. It feels like a thousand tiny needles are being hammered into my skull, the pricks getting stronger with each pound of my head. For about two seconds, it's completely dark, and then the image comes to mind. At first it doesn't make sense to me. I see the sides of Berk's cliffs and I feel the wind pricking my face, though I'm standing still. I'm flying fast, it looks like. I'm coming up on the cliff that juts out from the village. I see the chief, I see my father. He fires a blast, but it never gets to the chief. Someone has jumped out in between the two outside forces.

I get closer, and I see a body plummeting to the bottom. The body is thin with long auburn hair. '_No, no, no. This isn't happening. I'm coming Jane, hold on! I have to get to Jane, I can't let her fall, oh Gods this is all my fault!', _I hear a familiar voice ramble on. The voice is soft and spectral, disembodied as if in a dream. I knew this as a mental voice, otherwise known as a thought. I quickly realize who the voice belongs to, and then it goes black. The next thing I know, I open my eyes and I'm sucking in as much air as I can because my body is going through a brief panic attack. "Whoa, dude calm down", Fenn says, backing up as if I'm about to spontaneously combust.

"What the hell was that?", Fenn asks as I'm breaking into a run towards the cliff.

"Whoa!", Fenn shouts as he blocks my way. "Aron, what is going on?".

"Go find Hiccup and get ready catch some air", I instruct him. "I'm going to find Alex".

"Aron if you don't tell me what the hell is going on _right_ now, I swear to the gods-"

"Fenn do we really have to do this right now? We're under siege. We can continue our feud later, but right now, we need to make sure that everyone we care about makes it out alive. Agreed?".

When he doesn't nod due to the pure shock plastered onto his face, I shrug.

"I'll take that as a yes. I'd advise you go find Hiccup. If you're lucky, he still hasn't suffered a painful fiery death", I say. I race off into the woods before Fenn has the chance to respond, and I see exactly who I'm looking for, along with an unexpected visitor I hadn't seen in a long time.

****Jane's POV****

I feel the blast as it hits the right side of my stomach. I feel the force of the blast catapulting me over the side of the cliff. As I fell, the only thought that registered with me was that today was a day firsts. I had never ridden passenger on a dragon before, I'd never been blasted before, I'd never kissed a guy before, and now I was falling to my death for something that I never thought I'd do in my entire life. On my way down, I don't scream. I don't make any sounds, and the ones that I_ do_ hear are the sounds of my father calling my name.

My vision is almost completely black. That blast must've hit me harder than I thought. I feel my grasp on consciousness weakening, my mind slipping off to Limbo for all I know. In that moment, all I am able to comprehend is how time seems to speed up and slow down all at once. The voices that I hear are growing softer and more muffled. My eyelids are getting heavier and heavier with each passing second.

I'm going to die, that much I know. There's no way that I'm going to survive the fall, and after everything I've been through in the past five years, I finally close my eyes and accept it. Everyone would be better off without me. I feel my hair brush up against and I hear the sounds of waves crashing against the rocks of Berk. That's when I know that I am near the bottom. I wait and I wait for my body to reach the bottom, for the water to feel like the densest rock ever to exist as I collide with it, for my bones to shatter. But it never comes.

I am unable to register how I've been saved, but all I know is that I'm able to lift my heavy eyelids, and I see myself flying over the seas and I feel the wind pricking at my face. I feel myself dangling slightly. I try to move, but my limbs don't work, and I feel myself drifting away into the expanse of darkness that awaits me.

****Alex's POV****

My mother and I are running through the woods. I don't have time to process everything that went down just now, all I can do is run. I search frantically for my sister. She must be here somewhere or else Mom wouldn't be trying to find her. Where could she be? My mother hurries me on repeatedly as we run through the seemingly infinite forest.

Mom's trying to locate Aurora. Her eyes look that of the blind, her eyes milky white and the irises nonexistent. She might as well be because her sight is not here, being utilized elsewhere. I have to guide her through as we get closer and closer to the chaos. The smell of smoke and ash assaults my nostrils as we reach the outskirts of the village.

From our vantage point, I can see everything. I can see the entire village covered in soot and ash and furious waves of amber. They're making progress with the fire, it's getting smaller now. The Light Furies are flying away, so I look out toward the direction that they are flying, toward the horizon, and I see why. They're chasing something, but I don't know what it is. The sky is filled with white clouds, so they blend right in. Suddenly, they're gone. They've

disappeared into the clouds and the villagers are left with the task of salvaging their charred village.

"Alex?", I hear a familiar baritone voice call out. Aron logs toward me and stops cold, staring in wonder. I'd never seen his eyes so wide, never this magnitude of astonishment. He suddenly lowers his head and then his body, bowing to her as if she's royalty. Sure, technically she was a queen in the human world for a few years, but I didn't see how that translated into the dragon world. "Aron you don't need to be so formal", my mother says, Her irises back in their rightful place and her voice a rich, velvety alto. Aron rises up and goes back to the way he was staring.

"I'm sorry. I just- I'm surprised to see you, that's all", Aron stutters.

"Whoa whoa wait back it up. You two know each other?", I ask incredulously.

"Long story", Aron says, his focus on me and his trance broken. "We have bigger things to worry about".

Aron has a knowing look on his face, and it's not the good kind. It's the kind of face that you get when you have bad news and you know that the person's gonna freak out when they hear it. Most likely, I was going to freak out, but you never know, maybe I'd be surprised. "Aron, what happened?", I asked, concern sneaking its way into my tone.

"Short version of the story, after you had your little lip-lock with your chickie-poo, she must've run down into the chaos looking for her brother, am I right? Anyway my dad tried to kill her dad and just when he was about to finish off Stoick, Jane jumped in the way of the blast. It was a direct hit. She fell over the edge", Aron stated quickly and bluntly. Damn, he didn't feel like sugar-coating today, did he?

"What?! Is she alright?", I ask, the volume in my voice reaching a yell.

"I'll explain the rest on the way, but we gotta go now, like right now", Aron urges.

"Wait", I say before I turn to my mother. "Mom are you coming?".

"Soon. Gather your friends and then meet me at the cliffs", she instructed before racing off into the woods. My heartbeat grew in speed, thumping furiously at my chest as I watched her leave. I had just gotten her back and now she was leaving again? I had to remind myself over and over again that it was only for a short time. She'd be waiting at the cliffs for all of us. Aron and I had to go and get Hiccup and Fenn, wherever the hell they were. Aron looked up at me, seeing the incredulous look plastered onto my face.

"Dude you okay?", he asked.

"I will be once all this shit is over, and when you tell me the part about how Jane's okay. She is okay, right?", I ask.

"Don't worry. Your little chickie-poo is fine", he teased. I released a breath that I hadn't known I was holding. I felt as though an enormous weight had been lifted off of my shoulders. If I hadn't been so relieved, I would've slapped Aron for making jokes at a time like this. But then who was I to talk? I would've done the exact same thing.

"Oh and your sister's here", he says, not leaving me any time to bask in my relief. Oh sure, drop another bombshell on me, why don't you?

"What?! Aurora's here?", I ask incredulously. After all these months of hiding, my big sister chooses now of all times to turn up. Impeccable timing, that one.

"Where is she?", I ask.

"I'm not sure", he says in a low, brooding voice. "She's headed somewhere, I know that much". He begins to jog towards the town, then looks back at me expectantly. I look down at the village. There are still a few Light Furies left, no doubt staying to finish the job of completely destroying this place. There's a group of them surrounding something, but I can't see what. They don't seem to be angry at it, or looking to destroy it. They seem curious, actually. I have to squint my eyes a bit to see what it is they are surrounding. As a familiar speck of auburn and a larger spot of onyx comes into view shortly after, I know one thing.

If Hiccup dies, Fenn will make sure that there's hell to pay.

****Hiccup's POV****

After seeing their sister being blasted over the edge by an angry Light Fury, a sensible viking would be shocked but still stay in the safety of their forge. Like the oh-so-sensible person I was, I did the exact opposite. I immediately ran to the edge and looked over. She's nowhere to be found. There were no signs of blood anywhere and no sounds of bone being crushed, so it's like she just vanished. '_Oh sure, she disappears when she reaches the bottom of a cliff, that's totally logical', _I sarcastically thought to myself. My heart starts to race. She's nowhere to be found, but since there's no blood, I'm assuming that she's still alive.

I hear growling sounds behind me. I'm hoping that it's Toothless being annoyed at me for not staying out of trouble. So I turn around, and I'm thinking to myself that things cannot possibly get any worse, but with my luck, who the hell knew? When I see what was behind me, I'm thinking that for some unknown reason that the gods truly despise me, because right now, I was being cornered by two Light Furies over a cliff.

They're growling at me, but their hearts don't really seem in it. Everything else about them is angry and menacing, but then I see their eyes. The eyes seem dejected, tired, and this is when I start to notice other things. Their motions seem mechanic, and I think to myself that maybe they don't want to do this, and I can see in their eyes behind the growling, a hint of sadness. And I realize that they aren't bad dragons. These two didn't want to hurt anyone, maybe none of them did. Their scales were pearl white like the rest of their

kind, and their eyes both sky blue.

I struggled to calm my breathing as they came closer towards me. Without thinking I carefully extended my hand like I always did when confronted with situations like this. I could do this, right? I'd tamed a _Night_ _Fury_ of all things for crying out loud. I could get through to these two. So I keep my hand out and I establish eye contact with one of them. The white dragon cocks his head to one side, not quite in confusion, but more like it was curious, as if to say: '_Okay puny human. You've got my attention. _The other one started growling at its companion, not threatening. It sounded more like a warning growl, like it was saying '_watch your back dude. This guy could pop out at you at any moment, like a Terrible Terror on a sugar high'. _ At least that's what I assumed it was saying.

I held my ground as the dragon approached me hesitantly, heeding its companions warning. He proceeded with caution. He stepped closer to me ever so slowly, his snout quivering as he sniffs my hand. When he's finished, he looks satisfied, as if to say: "_Okay there are no explosives on you, we're cool. _I close my eyes and reach my hand out to its full extent, and soon after, I feel a rough, scaly surface rubbing against my palm. I open my eyes and sure enough, the Light Fury has his face on my hand, and then he pulls back. I expect him to run away, like Toothless did when he first let me touch him, but the dragon stays where it is.

The companion eyes me warily, and the dragon warbles to it, as if to say, '_It's okay. He's cool'. _The companion steps toward me slowly, but he stops dead in his tracks. Its eyes widen and pupils grow narrow. They're staring at something behind me. I hear growling behind me, and in that moment I think I'm going to die. So like the oh-so-sensible person I was, I turned around. The face that I see is familiar. A pair of forest green eyes looks bloody murder at the two white dragons, but then they look up at me, his pupils now wide with anticipation.

Words cannot describe how relieved I feel as Toothless affectionately rubs his face against my chest. He pulls back and looks up and down, scanning my body. I can tell he's looking for injuries. "Buddy, I'm fine. See? No scratches at all", I say in an attempt to reassure him. He cocks his head to one side and raises the spot where his eyebrows would be, as if to say, '_Really, Hiccup? Are you being serious right now?_'. He stares back at the white dragons, his eyes scrunching together and reassembling his '_you piss me off, I'll kill you_' face. I would've rolled my eyes on a normal day. On a day like today, I begin to search for a familiar face, for someone that might remotely have an idea of what the hell was going on.

"Hiccup! Fenn! Guys!", I hear a voice shout. I turn towards the direction the voice is coming from and who do I see but Alex and Aron? The two are sprinting towards us with the most urgent expressions on their faces, like they have extremely bad news. Aron stares at the two white dragons incredulously, and they reciprocate his stare. But I don't focus on that, not right now. Right now I'm relieved that I've found my familiar face.

"Alex, dude where have you been?", I ask.

"Long story", he answers breathlessly. We gotta go now, like _right_ now".

"Why? What's going on?", I asked. From the knowing/frantic look in his eyes, I can deduce that it has something to do with my twin.

"Okay the good news is that Jane's alive". I release a breath I didn't know I was holding.

"Don't relax yet", Alex says. "The bad news is that Aurora's back, she caught Jane before she fell, and now I think they're being chased", he said quickly as if I'd kill him on the spot.

"Whoa whoa wait back it up", I say, my mind still processing the information. "Aurora's back?", I ask. Toothless growls angrily next to me, and I run my fingers across his neck in order to soothe him.

"Yes and she has your sister and their being chased and-", he doesn't have a chance to finish his sentence before I jump onto Toothless's back, clicking our prosthetics into place. I look back at him.

"Are you just gonna stand there? Like you said, we gotta go", I instructed. He nods quickly and he mounts Aron. Aron is still looking back at the other dragons. They give him a determined stare and Aron looks away. As we run toward the cliffs, I can't help but glance back. The two dragons are following us, but I don't have time to question it as Toothless leaps off of the cliff and extends his wings for the wind to catch them.

****Aurora's POV****

I feel the wind pricking my eyes as I beat my wings harder and harder. They burn with the effort I'm putting into them. Faster, I need to go faster if I want to lose my pursuers. I beat my wings again and again. I can sense that they're a good distance behind me, but I don't let up for second. I clench Jane's arms in my claws, but my grip has to be just right. Too hard and I'll break her skin, and quite possibly her arm. Too loose and I might drop her. I couldn't let that happen. I had to protect her, I had to keep her safe, no matter what that meant for me.

Sea stacks come into view. Maybe I'll lose my pursuers if I fly through them. I cocoon Jane's petite frame in my legs, then I dive down into the grey fog below. They follow me down. I dodge, I spiral, I even blast through some of the sea stacks. I manage to slow down some of them, but there are still a few left. These guys just don't give up do they? But then again I would know. I was one of them after all.

"Hang on Jane. I'm gonna get us somewhere safe", I say, trying to reassure her. I don't know why I do that, it isn't like she can hear me. Or maybe she can, but I don't have time to focus on that right now. I need to focus on getting somewhere safe. I need to focus on finding a hiding spot. I don't want to hurt anyone, but something tells me that if I don't lose my pursuers, I won't have a choice. I snake through the maze of sea stacks. The flapping of wings is absent behind me, so I must've lost them a while back. I still have to find somewhere safe to land. I stay in the sea stacks so they don't find me.

Once I come to the end of the maze, I shoot up, flying close to the clouds so I blend in and also so that I can see below. My pursuers are nowhere to be found, but I still don't let my guard down. I keep going until I see an unfamiliar island. I don't have time to think about whether or not it's safe, so I take a deep breath and dive straight for it. I'm coming in really hot, and I almost crash into it, but I pull up just in time. Not enough time it seemed, because I end up coming to the ground too fast and I end up rolling on the ground.

My head is spinning a bit from the rough landing, and I'm covered in twigs, but I quickly shake them off and regain my focus. I scan my surroundings for any threats that could come to me or Jane. _Jane._ Suddenly it comes to me. I look under myself, and there's nothing. No. No, no, no, no, no, no, no, NO! '_Where is she?!_', I think frantically. I start to panic and my heartbeat goes up to a million in two seconds flat. I look around and for her, calling out for her even though that probably isn't the best idea. I might as well be sending up a flare shot by doing that, but in that moment I can't think about anything else other than finding Jane and making sure she's still in one piece.

I stop my panicking when my eyes lock onto something in the distance. It looks auburn and pale and green and brown all at once. I begin running towards it. As I get closer towards it, the thing starts to take shape. It forms arms and fingers and legs and toes and hair and it looks like a human. It looks like _my_ human, it smells like my human. I circle to get a good look. When I at last realized that it was her, I felt like I had never been more relieved in my entire life.

The first thing I did was cocoon her, encasing her in my legs so that no one would hurt her, so that no one could ever take her away from me. Then I remembered that as far as the world of the Light Furies, we were fugitives. So I unwrapped my legs from around her small body and I retracted my teeth. I grabbed her shirt collar and I started to drag her as if she were a cub. I jog through a clearing. It's hard to run without Jane getting caught under me. I come up to the side of a rock wall.

The next thing I know, we're surrounded by Light Furies, and the first thing on my mind is: '_If they try to hurt Jane, I will kill them_'. I give them my best death stare as they begin to surround me, backing me into a corner. _Big mistake. _

End
file.